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The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

A Monthly Journal devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts ✠ *2.00 a year 25c a copy*

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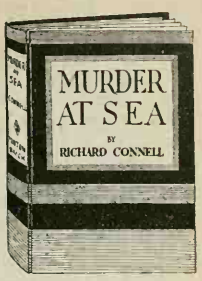

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Inside Stuff. . .

OUR subscribers will have received their copies of the December and January issues within a week or ten days of each other, and we take this occasion to explain that the change to publishing the magazine in the first instead of the last week of the month was made possible by the nature of the December issue—entirely devoted to poetry—the complete collection of the poems of Christina Willey, of Bredenbury, Saskatchewan. This restriction to one writer in the Annual Poetry Number does not necessarily set a precedent, but in this instance was combined with the issuance of the collection in separate book form—one of "The Canadian Bookman's" Chap Books.

While on this subject, it gives us pleasure to say that a number of these poems have been selected for the forthcoming anthology of Canadian poems, being prepared by Craven Langstroth Betts, who said in a recent letter: "I have tried to cull out half-a-dozen of these poems and am lingering over ten, loth to let them go." He gives first place to "The Wanderer," first published in "The Canadian Bookman" in its 1926 Poetry Number. With further reference to Mrs. Willey's work, Mr. Betts writes: "Not since Marjorie Pickthall has there been so opulent and perfect a Canadian singer—at least among the women."

* * *

The New Size

We hope that our readers will appreciate the change in size, beginning with this number. It will be observed that the forepart of the issue is set in wider measure and larger type. One reason for this is that it is proposed to re-issue some of the articles and essays in book form, notably the series devoted to "Who's Who in Canadian Literature," which will be resumed next month, being omitted this month because of the nature of the leading article in this number.

Other new plans for the awakening of greater interest in Canadian literature and the encouragement of Canadian writers will be announced in an early issue.

Meanwhile, in the work which "The Canadian Bookman" is endeavoring to do, may we not hope for encouragement in the form of letters from subscribers. These need not be restricted to words of approval. Constructive criticism and suggestions will be welcomed. No reader who has followed this journal in recent years can possibly have connected it with cold commercialism. It is not that kind of a magazine and, strange to say, in this materialistic age, "The Canadian Bookman's" chief objective is not the building up of a money-making machine, but rather the further development of a medium of genuine Canadian expression. If prosperity ensues in a journalistic sense, so much the better!

The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts

FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

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The Canadian Literary Scene

By John Mebourne Elson

CREATIVE minds in Canada are rapidly bringing the literary powers of this country to the attention of the world. Few persons realize, perhaps, unless they have given considerable time to the subject, just how much has been written in both poetry and prose during the past two or three years alone, and of how good a quality much of it has been.

For one, I did not appreciate, until I began to make a list of titles from Canadian pens, how prolific have been our writers. The total number of books that have come from the press in the Dominion has been to me surprisingly large, particularly when I recall how few came annually into existence twenty-five or thirty years ago. Of course not all have possessed a noticeable degree of merit. That could not be expected, but one may say, however, that a hundred at least have presented themselves with a reasonable claim to more than local and ephemeral recognition. Some of that number have won attention throughout this continent and abroad.

Too often people are disposed to measure the literary output and standing of a country merely by its fiction. That is the type of writing which finds the quickest and widest appeal. But though novels like "Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche, and "Wild Geese," by Martha Ostenso, are examples of rare success in this popular field, there are other books in the realm of poetry, biography, essays, belles lettres and history that are quite equal to these and probably more likely to have an enduring place in that extensive assembly of writings which goes to make up a country's literature.

Considering fiction alone for the moment, I am of the opinion —and it is an opinion formed after a rather liberal amount of reading of books imported from the British Isles and from the United States and of some translations, as well as those written and published in Canada—I am of the opinion that the literary average in this country is higher than the average in the other English-speaking countries mentioned. At the same time, with two or three exceptions, I do not think we have reached the lofty heights attained by several writers in the United States and in Europe.

Let me explain. I have found few novels from Canadian pens as poorly done as a number I have read from abroad—books that come through in the ordinary course of events for review. Indeed I wonder, often, how some of the imported work ever gets into print. It seems to have neither good English, ingenuity, strong characterization nor mature craftsmanship. I suppose that with such large populations at hand as exist in the British Isles and in Continental countries, and in the Republic to the south of us, publishers know they may find a certain market for even inferior fiction. But in Canada, with our very small English-speaking population—for as yet few books are translated for the French-Canadian public—with this small population publishers do not think there is sufficient market for this kind of reading to reimburse them for their necessary investment.

In any case this is the conclusion reached. Probably the economic situation has much to do with what one finds, but I feel that the mind of the Canadian public as a whole is averse to what is obviously cheap and tawdry in book creation. The people of this country can get all the light, inane and frothy reading they want in the scores of flimsy imported magazines that flood the market, but when they go out to buy books they desire respectable work.

In fact I may say that almost without exception—there have been two or three books of the other class during the period under review—the many novels that have come from Canadian pens have at least been healthy, decent and enjoyable. So far our writers have found more to talk about than the sordid, the salacious and the vulgar.

But while this is true, on the other hand very few indeed, in my humble judgment, have been masterful enough in style, treatment and subject to challenge more than ordinary notice. They have reached a medium level and maintained it with growing improvement, but they have not climbed to the mountain peaks. They have not produced masterpieces. The reason probably is two-fold: first, because they have not steeped themselves sufficiently in the great underlying philosophies and yearnings of life in order to bring out powerfully the conflicts of spiritual, moral and mental forces with those of ambition, greed, envy, jealousy and hatred; secondly, because they have been too much dominated by commercial considerations.

To produce best sellers seems to be the controlling wish of every nine in ten fictionists, and yet best sellers are generally like hothouse plants. They die a few months after they bloom. If one analyses the works that have lived through years, I think it will be agreed their endurance—either brief or long—has been due, not to some extravaganza in style, some literary freakishness or some orgy in ludeness and obscenity, but to the ability with which creators have interpreted universal feelings and experiences, or the largeness with

which they have presented epochal events and interesting changes and developments in the social structure.

Returning to the Canadian bookshelf, I can think of only half a dozen works of recent years that deal effectively with the big, moving forces of life. Three of these are "Marie Chapdelaine," by Hemon, who was, however, not a Canadian, though he lived here a while; "Our Little Lives," by Miss J. G. Sime, a book which deserved a much wider circulation than it probably enjoyed; and "The Viking Heart," by Mrs. Laura Goodman Salverson. All of these came out, of course, prior to the period now under review—and, if I were to go back further, Sir Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," and William Kirby's "Golden Dog," would, of course, be included—but they serve to illustrate my point. They are in a superior class because they represent finesse in workmanship, spaciousness in sweep and strength of human emotions.

Returning again to what has been published within the last two or three years, it seems to me that two of Frederick Philip Grove's books approach nearest to the high standard to which I refer. These are "A Search for America," and "Our Daily Bread." This latter is a novel whose motif is significant. It throws into bold contrast the old, patriarchal idea of family life as against the modern tendency toward early disintegration and carelessness. Every thoughtful student of sociology knows what is going on in advanced civilization, but what other writer here has been able to present the conflict in such a skilful way as has Grove?

It appears unquestionable to me that the book is decidedly lame in logic. The author entirely ignores the law of average, operative in all things, when he makes practically every member of a large family, despite a solid parental oversight, turn out badly, or at best indifferently. The work, too, is rather gloomy and depressing, as are many writings of Scandinavian and Slavic origin, but excepting these phases, it is a piece of writing away above the average and comes somewhere within the classification of which I spoke when mentioning the treatment of big themes. Not until Canadian writers emphasize more in simple but moving style the dramatic, spiritual and tragic influences in human relationships and acts, and emphasize them in a gripping way, will their fiction become masterly and impressive.

Of course it may be said that it is rather unfair to compare Canada, whose total population is not over ten millions, with countries like the United States with a hundred and fifteen millions, and the British Isles with fifty or sixty, or with France or Germany or Russia or Italy, but I do not agree with this contention. Mere numbers have little to do with great creative efforts in any of the fine arts. It is the individual soul and mind behind a pen that make the masterpiece possible. The renowned classics left to posterity by the Grecian and Latin world of early centuries were not the offspring of enormous populations, but of an age—an age when philosophy, in-

tellectuality, and idealism, pagan though it may have been, dominated the body politic. At one time Cairo and Alexandria were centres of philosophy, and yet the population of Egypt at that time was small. Scotland has contributed a good deal to the sum total of the world's literature and yet it is a small country and not wealthy.

No, mass population has little, if anything, to do with the birth of great literary work. There was a period of some two or three centuries in the history of England which was practically barren. That was the period from the time of Chaucer to the appearance of Spenser, or from the end of the fourteenth to near the end of the sixteenth century. The population was there, but it was largely non-productive, probably because the mind of the race was busy with foreign and domestic wars, with the struggle of the people for the advancement of their political power, and with the religious controversies preceding and attending the Reformation. On the other hand, during the Elizabethan and Victorian periods exceptional distinction was attained in letters and other arts and sciences, because of national moods and conditions.

To come to a more recent time, Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, Arnold Bennett, Henry James, John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling, and other outstanding figures in contemporary English fiction have not climbed to high altitudes because England has a large or small population, but because these men have mastered their craft, they have been able to write what has found a universal response. Russia has for some centuries had vast hordes of human beings, but it has given comparatively little to the world's library till Tolstoy's genius flourished. France, on the other hand, with a much smaller population, has long been a leader among the nations in great letters, and Anatole France, Voltaire, Rosseau, Hugo or Balzac, as examples, could have, and undoubtedly would have, written just the same had their countrymen numbered only ten instead of forty millions. The Scandinavian countries are small and yet they, too, have done some excellent things in literature. The United States has one of the vast and wealthy populations in the civilized world to-day and yet it has given birth to comparatively few men of the first literary rank, and most of those have made their reputation during the last half century. Even as it is, that mighty Republic, almost bloated with material riches, in the very forefront in commerce, trade, industry, research and education, can boast of few literary giants, considering the enormity of its mass citizenship.

I cannot think, therefore, that Canadians should argue themselves into the weak and supine belief that because they are few in numbers, as races go, they are seriously handicapped in the field of arts and letters. That seems to me to be utter nonsense. Great art, in whatever expression, comes from great minds and souls, not from material wealth and influence, not from throbbing hordes, not from far-flung territorial areas. The most beautiful and exquisite

flowers may bloom and give out their fragrance in isolated places. So, too, the most exalted things in language may come from small, even poor and struggling peoples.

What does play an important part, however, is the attitude and temperament of the public at large in which the creative mind functions. The history of nations shows this conclusively. Let the public pay high honor—not simply high prices—to art, let it glorify creative talent above material possessions, let it be eager for culture, learning, spiritual and intellectual things and then an atmosphere and environment will be provided in which genius will become splendidly florescent. One has only to encompass the history of Athens, to look back into the salons of Paris and Versailles, to feel the pulse of Germany in the time of Goethe and Schiller to realize this truth.

It is this point of view that Canadians should develop. As a people, among peoples, we are a virile, strong, resourceful and sturdy race, but in the fine arts we have not gone through enough creative travail. We have been influenced too much by old world conventions and styles and technique. Too many young writers are ready to jump into print or into canvas or into sculpture without adequate scholarship, reflection and knowledge of deft craftsmanship. Whatever may be said, for instance, against the Group of Seven in painting, and I am not a worshipper at their feet, they have at least been independent, courageous and ambitious. They have tried to do something distinctively Canadian instead of merely following along the grooves of European schools. This striving for originality, for a true interpretation of one's own country and for an art expressive of the age in which one lives is what we need more positively in literature. To do this, creators may have to suffer temporarily, at least, from empty pockets. They may not be discussed by superficial tongues over "smart" teacups, but they will in the end carve out a name.

Indeed, one cannot view the Canadian literary development broadly without feeling, it seems to me, that the point has now been reached when our aim should be not more books, but better books. We should foster a deeper and keener critical sense. It is well to encourage youth, but when full manhood and womanhood are reached stronger character is made by enlarging the vision, learning the value of constructive criticism and profiting by what history teaches. If we do not achieve in the next forty or fifty years all that we should achieve in letters it will not be for lack of creative ability, but because we do not set up high enough standards. We should not flatter ourselves over mediocrity. That is a natural, but a baneful tendency. Wholesome criticism will save us.

And now, what of the hundred or more books of which I spoke? It would be a delight to spend a moment or two with all of them, but that is impossible here. All I can do is to refer to a few in different classifications and subject myself to possible attack for apparently

neglecting others. It is not neglect, however. The names of all are before me and I feel that in leaving any out I am disregarding friendships, but it is for no other reason than the obvious limitations of space.

As I run my finger down over the titles, it pauses every moment or two and hesitates to go on. Here is an inviting book by Martin Burrell, "Betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross," and another, equally alluring by Prof. Maurice Hutton, "The Rivers Run Into the Sea." These two men—literary savants one might call them—know how to select titles that delight the fancy, and they know also how to put between covers material permeated with scholarship, wit, rich reflection and artistic charm. Books of essays such as these may be read in any country with pleasure and be read years from now with the same intellectual enjoyment as to-day.

Just below these twins I see "Canadian Footprints," by M. O. Hammond, who has demanded that the historic past shall yield up its best for preservation in brief, but thorough and accurate form. Next is Katherine Hale's "Canadian Houses of Romance," for the entertainment of those who like to know something of the glamor and romance that entwine themselves around notable homes of a bygone generation.

Then I see "More Candid Chronicles," in which Hector Charlesworth, drawing on a long and active journalistic career, discusses men and events with freedom and rich reminiscence. Kindred to this, in a way, is "Under the Studio Light," by J. W. L. Forster, who has woven around distinguished figures whom he has painted, intimate and illustrating stories and personal references.

Close to these are four other books that every Canadian should also read. They are "Canadian Folk Songs," by Murray Gibbon, "On the Athabasca Trail," by Lawrence Burpee, "Under the Red Jack," by C. H. J. Snider, and "The Spell of French Canada," by Prof. Oliver Call. Surely no one who wishes to know his own country and people, who wants to understand the present better by acquiring something of the past, and who appreciates all the elements that go to make up a nation's literature will fail to spend a little time with these authors.

Biography has always been a mental and moral tonic for me. A good biography of a renowned person is readable in any language by any people. Prof. Pelham Edgar has given the public a superior work in his book on "Henry James." Has a better thing been done in its field during the last few years, either in America or abroad? And then there is W. T. Waugh's "Life of Wolfe." Go through it and then thank the author that he has given the public so much in such mature form.

In the treatment, too, of modern times how indebted we all must be to Prof. C. M. Wrong, that ripe historian, for his "Rise and Fall of New France," showing engagingly, as he does, the forces that were at work in the setting up and in the decline of what was in-

tended to be a vigorous offspring on this Continent of a powerful European nation. Coupled with this I have found unlimited interest, also, in "Voyages of Mackenzie," edited by a careful workman, John W. Garvin. Much of the story of this penetrating traveller is as fascinating to me as a novel.

"The History of Ontario," by J. E. Middleton, while more local in its purpose, is in its classification an unusually large and comprehensive record that should be a rich mine of information for students and writers for decades to come.

Here, too, is Prof. Chant giving color and pulse to an ordinarily uninviting subject, except to those who revel in scientific matters. "Our Wonderful Universe" is pleasantly readable and places before the general public knowledge that should be the property of minds in all countries.

Always a lover of poetry, I look down the list and note a most remarkable book from the pen of Prof. Watson Kirkconnell, namely, "European Elegies." I wonder if there is to be found anywhere a more unique volume than this, and one that represents more labor and devotion to an emotion? I think not. It is a distinctive production of translated verse from numerous languages, and ranks among the best of attainments.

In the field of poetry some excellent work has come from the pens of four or five men. Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, with his firmly-established reputation, has given the public "A Vagrant of Time." Arthur Stringer, always a poet at heart, has added to his creations by "A Woman at Dusk." Dr. E. J. Pratt, who has struck a distinctly original note, has produced "The Iron Door," and Wilson Macdonald has increased his renown by "Out of the Wilderness." A. M. Stephen, too, has won considerable recognition by his "Land of Singing Waters."

At least a dozen other singers have been appearing in neat little volumes, or in chap books, among whom should be mentioned Nathaniel Benson, Norman Gregor Guthrie, Mrs. Alice Winlow, Constance Davies Woodrow, Dorothy Livesay and Anne Sutherland, Annie Dalton and "Seranus." Others are known to me by name, but I am not familiar with their compositions.

There is a considerable list of novels, books for boys and girls, books of travel and description, works on sociology, and other subjects, but this article is not intended as a catalogue. Rather certain books have been referred to for the purpose of showing the types of creative effort coming from the press. On other occasions, either in public addresses or general reviews, I may mention a number that have been omitted here and probably leave out some included in this resume.

There are, however, a few to which I would invite attention because of certain qualities in them; of these Florence Randal Livesay's "Savour of Salt" comes among the first. In "Lord of the Silver Dragon" Mrs. Salverson has done another piece of good work. Judge Howay, that tireless historian of the Pacific Coast, has preserved a lot of valuable data for posterity in "The Making of a Province," and on the extreme eastern side of Canada Dr. Archibald MacMechan has given us another evidence of his love of the sea in "There Go the Ships."

When one adds to these the names of Stephen Leacock, who has made us laugh again with "Short Circuits," of Bernard K. Sandwell, who is making his name as a humorist, and now offers "The Privacity Agent," of Mrs. L. Adams Beck, Ralph Connor, W. A. Fraser, Morley Callaghan, D. A. McKelvie, Leslie Reid, Frank Parker Day, Ethel Hume Bennett, Marshall Saunders, J. E. Wetherell, Emily P. Weaver, Fred Jacob, Alan Sullivan, Merrill Denison, Marian Keith, L. M. Montgomery, Frank L. Packard, J. H. McCullough, Archie McKishnie, Arthur Heming, W. A. Deacon, Dr. Lorne Pierce, Johnston Abbott, Robert Watson, Robert Stead—when one adds these and then admits he has left out a score at least of others who are writing, and getting a market, the statement, I think, is established that Canadian pens have been prolific. Those who want to argue as to whether the quality is high or low will find their time well spent in reading a hundred or so of the volumes during the next few weeks, so that any judgment reached may be supported by personal knowledge.

Home

By C. F. Lloyd

LATELY I have been wondering whether apartment blocks, the continuance of women in industry and the professions, plus companionate marriage, falsely called marriage, will ultimately banish home from the earth, rendering the word itself obsolete in our dictionaries. We live in such an astonishing age that I hesitate to predict what may happen next. I pick up my paper one night to learn that a Liverpool scientist and his son have made a discovery which will increase the power of the microscope heaven knows how many hundred fold, forcing crystals to reveal secrets hitherto undreamed of even by Jules Verne. Again I pick up my paper to learn that a professor at Cambridge seems about to penetrate that dark chamber which has so far preserved inviolate the mystery of life and its cognate mystery, death. Ten short years ago I would have greeted these announcements with a sceptical shrug of the shoulders followed by some sarcastic reference to fools rushing in where angels fear to tread; but now I merely turn the pages of the paper murmuring a little wearily—Why not? We live, not in a dead time, a barren time, but in a truly wonderful time when the human mind is expanding in every direction, discovering new weapons of attack and defense, new instruments of industry, new methods of art, a new delight in life, a whole new technic of living and what is of still more importance, new and strange powers within itself. A brutal murder is committed in Alberta. The police are at fault, like dogs thrown off the scent. An Austrian professor arrives on the scene, reads the murderer's thoughts, his past thoughts mind you, still lingering, ghost-like, near the scene of the crime, and thus compels the brute to confess. I wonder how many people sense even dimly the terrific possibilities, not all beneficent by any means, latent in that curious experiment in the new technic of criminal investigation.

What has all this to do with the home? Well, I should be inclined to suppose that anything intimately affecting the lives of men and women, their habits, thoughts, affections, suspicions, duties and mutual relationships would ultimately be reflected in every home in the land. Perhaps the home, as we have known it in the past, is about to vanish from the earth. Being old-fashioned, I hope that the home will remain as a permanent heritage of the race, at once the oldest and the freshest of institutions, the epitome of the nation, the league-of-nations, the world; a microcosmos in itself. There is nothing better than the home at its best, this side heaven, while to find anything worse than the home at its worst I trust you know where to go. It is of the home as it has been for a century or two that I prefer to speak now. I will leave predictions concerning the home of the future to those dreary bores, the economists and sociolo-

gists, being comfortably certain that whatever form it may take it will be made, not by statisticians and intellectuals, but by frousty young men and women trying desperately to readjust two individual outlooks to meet the needs of that strange duality we call marriage.

I am incurably old-fashioned enough to still believe that the secret of a happy home, which is, of course, the best kind of home, is a perpetually renewed armistice between naturally hostile powers, a standing agreement to agree, established at first between two and later among several people, who by all the rules of logic should not agree for five minutes; in short the suppression of certain individual inclinations for the sake of creating a little oasis of peace, happiness, charity, justice, understanding and security in the midst of a howling wilderness of lawless passions, unrestrained desires, fatal misunderstandings and mutual destructiveness. I know very well that some advanced thinkers call the home ideal a selfish one, urging us to admit all the neighbors to the family tea-table and love them as we love ourselves. Pardon me, my dears, I have long since passed the age of belief in an earthly paradise. At twenty, one looks for heaven in the backyard. At forty, one has either ceased to believe in any kind of heaven or learned to look for it beyond the confines of this best-of-all-possible worlds. I offer no counsels of perfection. When we no longer require policemen and have got rid of politicians and the lady whose nose is in everybody's business but her own, you may ask me to help you to get rid of the home ideal, but in the meantime I shall continue to lock the front door at night and to demand a receipt in full whenever I pay a bill.

Judging from the behavior of most of my immediate neighbors, home in these hectic days has become a combination dressing-room and garage, where one may change one's clothes, shave and put new tires on the old bus before going somewhere else to live or perhaps to die. Time was, in my salad days, when people spoke of going away from home as an unusual occurrence. Now, if you mention the fact that Jones is frequently at home your auditor supposes sympathetically that the poor fellow is recovering from appendicitis. Children used to be born at home, now they are born away from it, and stay away as much as possible ever afterwards. Formerly beautifying the home meant planting dahlias in the garden, now it means planting Scotch in the basement. Despite all these revolutionary changes I firmly believe that the majority of people, of the white race at any rate, desire to own homes, to have nice homes, to be proud of them and even at infrequent intervals to live in them. Modern life is such a hectic business and there is so much that is worth seeing that one cannot afford to remain long in one place for fear of missing something important.

Perhaps it is because I am English by birth, though in no other sense, that I believe the country to be the ideal location for a home. After all, the English are still the best home makers—I came near

saying the only ones. Other races may have castles or cabins or apartment blocks or tents, or igloos, but the English have homes, real homes where you can be as snotty and independent as you please. They alone have realized the ideal I referred to above, of suspended battle, the place where you deliberately refrain from fighting with a few people for a while, that you may gather strength to go out into the world and fight everybody else. Life is a battle, a terrific one, and the home should be a hospital where you recuperate. To the Scots the home is a debating society, to the Irish a place where you may have a jewel of a row, to the German a restaurant where the women cook sausages while the men befog their minds with speculative philosophy, to the French a pretty establishment where one may leave one's wife to amuse herself and the children while one visits one's mistress. Far be it from me to claim that the married Englishman never falls in love, but when he does he takes the lady home and provides her with sleeping quarters, like the deah old dog, and where can one do this better or with less likelihood of creating a scandal than in a country house?

Where else but in England can you find such shiny brass, such exquisite china, such burnished copper and nickel, such trim maids and lawns, such crisp toast and neatly folded newspapers, such profoundly abysmal butlers, such crusty port, such dignified rooks and solid puddings, such glacial hospitality to strangers, in short such perfect homes? Those who complain of the English man's and woman's social habits, as I caught an American writer of some prominence doing only the other day, have no true understanding of the spirit of home. Home is not a place in which to entertain your friends, but a place where you may escape from them. You may entertain them at the club, if you choose, but you go home to be alone in the bosom of your family, even though the bosom is usually absent.

I am convinced that there is no such thing as a bachelor's home or even a widower's. These unfortunates may own stopping places, or places that once were home, to whose cold furniture the fragrance of home still clings, like the perfume of flowers to the dresses of the daughters of the house of Farina, but they cannot have real homes unless, indeed, a favorite daughter or sister recalls by her cheerful presence and winsome ways a dead wife or mother. There can be no home whatever without a woman and no true home without mother and children.

I have spoken of the country as the ideal place for a home; it is, but it should not be too far from a city. The homey sights and sounds, aye and smells too, are those of country lanes and hedgerows, of spring gardens, of crisp, October woods, of hayricks, pigsties and peaceful dovecotes, of brooks purling over golden gravel and sheep cropping the lush grass among the leaning headstones of an old cemetery. Man, like Anteus, must be brought frequently into con-

tact with his mother, the earth, if he is to retain any strength and wholesome soundness of mind and body. I always pity a young man who has never lived in the country, because he has missed a great deal of the very essence of life. But if one should be born and reared in the country one should bathe later in the full stream of humanity where it runs most fiercely through the dark canyons of a great city. Only in this way can one become a full man, a citizen in the widest and best sense, and thus learn to appreciate and appraise at its full value that heart's rest, a true home.

* * *

Mental "Charley-Horse"

By Dr. Edward Ormerod

A WRITER'S work is a product of subconscious mind, modified in its expression through an individual consciousness. Just what the nature of that modification is depends quite largely upon the state of the writer's nerves.

Present-day demand is overwhelmingly for happy fiction—or at any rate, if we ask for grim struggle and nerve-racking complication, at least we demand a lived-happy-ever-after ending.

There are notable cases in which worth-while literature has been produced in the presence of physical disability, domestic infelicity, and other regrettable circumstances. This is not to be gainsaid. In such a case, the good work produced was in the nature of a sublimation of the unhappy conditions—in spite of them, certainly not because of them. These cases, we like to think, are but exceptions. Of those instances where genius is not great enough to surmount such difficulties, we hear nothing . . . they perish ingloriously, if not unwept, at least unhonored and certainly unsung.

For genius is often a plant of exceedingly delicate structure. Lacking kindly sunshine, rain, wise cultivation, it fails to blossom at all, or its flowering is mean and of small consequence.

To produce happy literature . . . description in which one literally hears the gurgle of running water, the throbbing love songs of birds, smells the very scent of the lilac-trees dripping rain drops after the shower; character portrayal that lays bare the very inner emotions of the human heart; literature that does far more than merely entertain, even if presented in merely that guise. . . . To produce happy literature, I say, the writer must be capable of happiness—his nerves must be sound and under control.

There is an outstanding difference in the circumstance of those who do the physical work of the world, and those whom we class as brain-workers.

The man of muscles, having thoroughly wearied himself, may sit down or lie down, in complete muscular idleness, and await recuperation from his fatigue.

No one having yet quite succeeded in doing the thing suggested by a son of Erin: "Just thinkin' about nothin' at all!" the brain worker finds himself in quite different case. For him there can be no complete idleness—save, perhaps, in sleep. Instead, his salvation lies in change, which must not be only "as good as a rest," as the popular saying has it; it must be rest itself, of undoubted character.

With the tendency of mind—an almost irresistible one—to cling stubbornly or return with amazing persistence to any unfinished subject that has widely occupied the attention, the change that is also a rest is often exceedingly difficult of realization. There are highly-developed minds who can take up and put down mental problems or processes as one might a book or a shoe-horn, but they are comparatively few in number.

"Concentrate!" declares modern psychology, "and the world is yours!" The very nature of a writer's calling is such as should then assure him a gratifying slice of "terra firma"—if psychology worked on schedule (our schedule) every time.

"Charley-horse" is a colloquialism applied among physical trainers, denoting a condition found in men who have temporarily overtrained muscularly. It is characterized by lack of pep, cramping and loss of strength and ability in muscular structures—a complete setback, for the time being, in the building-up of top-notch physical condition.

There is a mental "Charley-horse" as well. Prolific writers know it. It is a staling of interest, a dearth of freshness in thinking, a viewing of things through sadly mottled spectacles. It is a condition simulating nervous exhaustion. Pushed to an extreme it runs to gross irritability, tears and hysterics. Fruit of too-intense and too-prolonged concentration. The world that was to be ours is a long way off, and how we have concentrated!

In the very nature of the thing, the writing profession is one in which this condition arises with amazing ease. There is no twelve-o'clock whistle to stop us in the midst of a flow of material through our head and out of our pencil tip. We cultivate the habit of writing in the wee sma' hours to avoid the wife's six or seven calls to lunch or dinner, or to extricate the baby from the lawn-mower. We become positively wolfish when interruptions pile up—small wonder folk learn after a while to leave us to our own dirty devices!

Yes, it is easy to burn the candle both ends—"Charley-horse" is a goblin that will get us if we don't watch out!

Not in my wildest moments do I contemplate presenting the usual line of doctor-talk to writers who are given to pushing matters to painful extremes in the matter of nerves. I know the tribe too well. 'Twere waste of effort!

Instead, consider one or two of the simple things that we can

do to offset or forestall or relieve the effects of the too-intense or too-prolonged cerebration.

In the acute or threatening stage—for it comes suddenly quite often—the remedy par excellence is quick and complete change of company, scene, and circumstance. Be it at midnight or after, a brisk walk, of considerable length—enough to tire muscles at any rate—must be first-aid treatment.

Now, of course, if we take out with us that unfinished piece of work, to come back with renewed and refreshed inspiration to finish it . . . that's not playing the game!

Marvellous, the clearing-up effect of a brisk walk, on mental affairs!

A writer who works reasonably on schedule—there are word-factories that do it, I understand—had better provide for a complete break of some sort right in the middle of his day. Terrible, I know, to put down red-hot stuff—but it won't burn the desk; instead it will glow all the more wholesomely bye-and-bye. Let him get to his room three-quarters of an hour before lunch say; strip and have twenty minutes callisthenics—twisting and bending principally, to stir up the innards a bit—then a cool sponge bath and some fresh underclothing. A week of this sort of thing will demonstrate its worth.

It is not good business to work on in those splendid quiet hours of the night with the idea of producing a fatigue that will ensure immediate sleep when we do turn in. We go too far in our enthusiasm. Far better to quit with time for half-an-hour's walk, or a like time spent on a book or paper utterly foreign to what we had in hand—or mind rather—before we quit.

Diet of importance? Oh, yes . . . but with the multiplicity of specialists on the job to-day, one hesitates to butt in. After evoluting, I forgot how many centuries Wells declares we've been at it, on the omnivorous plan that has been ours, surely we have ability to do better than some of the lettuce-leaf-and-lemon-juice prescriptions now popular (with the prescribers at least). That sort of restricted diet might suit writers of the physique of Elinor Glyn—Rex Beach would probably find it wanting.

Let us avoid faddiness. Diet is a personal matter anyhow.

I realize I have harped upon "change" as a remedy for nervous fatigue. That is the cure. We cannot "think of nothing"—worse luck. But we can purposefully and frequently take our minds completely off the engrossing issue, if even to put them on only a loud-speaker or a dog-fight for a while. That way safety lies.

To produce glad, happy, buoyant material that will please His Majesty the Editor, and produce like re-action in the readers beyond, let us ensure those conditions first in ourselves—let us not add to the alarming list of ailments now extant, a new one: "Writers' Nerves!"

It is Reported

THAT—

—Theatre "A" at Manitoba University was filled to capacity on the evening of December 22, when Mr. H. G. Wade gave an illustrated presentation of *A Christmas Carol.* Besides telling a ghostly story in five staves, illustrated by slides on the screen showing more than 130 characters, Mr. Wade read passages from other of Dickens' works, showing how much the great author thought of Christmas.

—Rosalie Cumming, of Windsor, Ontario, although only 13, has completed a novel, a number of short stories and half a dozen plays for children. Her latest play, *The Pirates of Chance,* was successfully produced at the Knights of Columbus auditorium, Windsor, on December 15th.

—Dr. A. G. Doughty, Dominion archivist, has written a book for children shortly to be published under the title of *Under the Lily and the Rose.* It will be published in both French and English and, as its title suggests, it deals with Canadian history under the French and English regimes. An interesting circumstance is that Dr. Doughty wrote the original entirely with a goose quill. The book will be illustrated with colored plates.

—Canadian books have been grouped for the first time in the Ontario Government's Travelling Library Service. There is a general collection, a group devoted to Canadian literature, another on books about Canada, and a fourth classified as a young people's library.

—through the influence of Walter McRaye, a Canadian library has been started at the Athens, Ont., Collegiate Institute. This is supplementary work of practical value in connection with the Canadian readings he is giving in all parts of Canada. Just now he is touring the prairies on a lecture course.

—a successful presentation of *A Christmas Carol* was given at the Margaret Eaton Theatre, Toronto, on December 11th, by members of the Dickens Fellowship. The production was elaborately staged and the company was well balanced, resulting in an exceptionally good interpretation. The girl ushers wore costumes of the early Victorian period.

—Foyle's, the London booksellers, are to erect the largest bookshop in the world. It will be on the site of the old Goldbeaters House in Manette Street, mentioned by Dickens in *The Tale of Two Cities,* and will hold nearly 2,000,000 books. The Foyle business was started twenty-five years ago with only a few books and no capital. The morning mail now reaches over 4,000 in busy seasons.

—Alberta C. Trimble, The Pas, Manitoba, has been awarded first prize in the second $1,000 prize short story competition, conducted by *MacLean's Magazine.* The title of the story is *Foreground.*

—the Goncourt prize for 1928 has been awarded to Constantin Weyer, for his novel, *Un Homme se pench sur son passe* (A Man Loans Upon His Past). This novel is one in Weyer's cycle of French-Canadian works, the other titles being *Westward, Manitoba,* and *The Squall,* none of which are available in English translations. Before the war Weyer, although a native of France, lived in Canada. After the war broke out he joined the French army and received fifty-three wounds in 1917. He was in military hospitals until 1920, when he returned to Canada "to find his property stolen." He then returned to France and is now the editor of a French newspaper.

—the 1928 Femina-Vie-Heureuse Prize has been awarded to Madame Dominique Dunois for her book, *Georgette Garou,* her seventh novel in five years. None of her books are available in English, but this award will, doubtless, bring at least an English edition of the prize-winning novel.

—Mr. Beverley Baxter, one of the group of expatriated Canadians prominent in journalism and letters in England, who has been holidaying in Toronto, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the Writers' Club of Toronto on January 4th.

* * *

Give Me But Eyes

By Gertrude E. Forth

GIVE me but eyes
To know the joy that lies
In common things:
A pale moth's velvet wings,
A fern-fringed pool,
Green mosses dripping cool,
The voice of rain,
The clouds in silver train,
Friendship of trees,
A meadow loud with bees:
To glimpse each glad surprise,
Give me but eyes.

* * *

The Vision

By Nathaniel A. Benson

I'M picking flowers in a mead
A thousand miles away,
And all the past is far and dead,
And golden is the day.

The tulips nod, the daisies blow,
The April air is warm;
Long fled is all the winter's snow,
And past is all the storm.

Blue are the skies beyond the hill,
But bluer still your eyes;
I rest my own in them until
I know that God is wise.

He made the grass, the leaves, the trees,
The river and the dew;
He made a falling flower of me
And silver rain of you.

Four Recent Books

Reviewed by Marcus Adeney

BECAUSE primary values, in art as in life, are always spiritual values, an interesting study might well be made of religious feeling as it affects the making of worth while books. One would have to start, of course, with the books themselves and not with a particular idea of religion. The theory, that is, would have to grow out of the thing given and could not be stated beforehand. Such a study, if faithfully carried out, would, I believe, lead to two very interesting observations: first, that anything worth calling a work of art has tapped the mainstream of existence and so becomes inevitably, in its own way and within its own limits, deeply authentic; second, that without contradiction equally vital books may reveal different worlds, animated in astonishingly different ways. The value of one may not then be truly compared with the value of others since both may be equally true, equally profound. Both will reveal that passion for integrity, that love of an order beautiful beyond anything we may know in the daily round, that instinctive reverence and humility before the deeper forms of human experience which may be broadly characterized as religious feeling.

Because some miserable censor has been provoked beyond endurance and a dozen clergymen leap to the defence of public morality, we have still no good reason for supposing that a given work is foreign to the Good, the True and the Beautiful. In the same way a book which deals with a Biblical theme in reverential fashion may not safely be dismissed as merely sanctimonious by the young realist. The infinite harmonies of life require almost as many kinds of expression; but our ears are attuned to only a few of them. So many ways, we feel, are terrible, which means, as Djuna Barnes aptly remarks in *Ryder*, that they are strange to us.

RYDER. *By Djuna Barnes. Horace Liveright.* $3.00.

BROOK EVANS. *By Susan Glaspell. F. A. Stokes.* $2.50.

THE STAR SPANGLED MANNER. *By Beverley Nichols. Doubleday, Doran.* $2.50.

BAMBI. *By Felix Salten. Simon and Schuster.* $2.50.

This is indeed a strange book; one which, while conforming in its own way to its own ideals, can hope for justice nowhere. Its friends will be too friendly, its foes too deadly. Our age is social rather than humanistic, practical rather than intellectual, and we love humanity with reservations. That is to say we really want not the whole truth but truth that is socially useful. And Djuna Barnes does the wrong thing, pictures exuberant individual life as it would appear to one not interested in our social organism with its hierarchy of special virtues. As a result her book is thoroughly obscene. It could hardly have been otherwise, though the censor evidently thought so. On the whole I sympathize with him (poor man with the thankless and somewhat ridiculous job), and consider Miss Barnes' foreword, in abuse of censors, not merely unladylike, but unwise. She speaks of "a war, blindly waged on the written word," saying that "hitherto the public has been offered literature only after it is no longer literature." These, of course, are the accents of a woman scorned and, like a great deal of the book, should be taken with a grain of salt. Thus mentally adjusted, we may find even an expurgated *Ryder* thoroughly entertaining, though what precise value there may be for us in a neo-primitive style of writing (and illustrating) I cannot imagine.

Djuna Barnes is described as a *revolte*, and revolutions, it should be remembered, are never in themselves constructive. Her world, one feels, is a very limited world in which few of us live even part of the time and none always. Yet there are passages in *Ryder* (which is quite definitely not a great nor even a very important book) simply perfect in their own way. For instance: "Withal, you could not come at her with good or evil; these two things were thought out by some one in the beginning who had no liking for all things, at all times, all at once, in the same place. Molly had likings for just that, so what would your good and evil have meant to her or how could she have understood it?"

A very different matter is *Brook Evans.* Susan Glaspell is not nearly as clever as Djuna Barnes, but in conforming to her own (and Jig Cook's) ideas of the Good, the True and the Beautiful, she accomplishes something quite noteworthy in an emotionally cynical age. For this is the spirituality that was Greece, a faith that was half joy in intellectuality and half childlike trust. How far this is removed from the Christianity we know it

would be hard to say. George Cramm Cook, who, though generally unrecognized, was a Great American, wrote the following lines late in life:

Be it recorded here as a cold fact
That in 1896 Nietzsche saved my soul
From Christ, Tolstoi, and Mr. and Mrs. Browning.

Sounds like blasphemy, but it wasn't. Cook was a Greek whose virtues were none the less real for being pre (or post) Christian. Susan Glaspell developed her own remarkable powers through a life with him—for being an extraordinary individual himself he had a way of inspiring a creative individuality in others.

Brook Evans, then, is something more than a novel; it is the projection upon life of a humane-realist attitude which, were it formulated, would violently repudiate the idea of original sin in favor of a doctrine of good, natural and potential.

The story is concerned with three generations, with the experience of the individual in stormy youth and prejudiced age and as a part of that amazing generative stream through which we appear, so very impersonally, to overcome death. This time element is important. Our sympathy for a sweet young thing in trouble does not prevent her from becoming a very difficult woman in maturity, with a form of intolerance all her own. The swinging pendulum of action and reaction beats out a sort of primary rhythm in *Brook Evans*. Some readers—I imagine those that Susan Glaspell most wishes to reach—will be a little disappointed in the rather choppy stream-of-consciousness style of writing. Rightly or wrongly, I never can get over the feeling that the direct transcription of consciousness (which is seldom as wordy as we are asked to believe) makes for bad art. Surely it is the function of art not merely to reproduce but to transcend the raw material of life by adapting it to ideal forms. A book is not less convincing for being in every way a thing of beauty—as several modern writers have clearly shown. But if we are disappointed in *Brook Evans* it can only be because, having discovered such extraordinary beauty in *The Road to the Temple* we expected not only a very good, but a great, new novel from Susan Glaspell.

* * *

All good writers are humanists, otherwise they would not be good writers; and the depth of their insight depends very largely on the strength and sincerity of their humanism. Beverley Nichols tries hard to make up for an emotional sophistication by being very clever, with the result that his humanism becomes almost, though not entirely, a pose.

His recent discovery of America and association with a great many prominent Americans put a decided over-strain on Mr. Nichols' critical faculties. In Harlem (which is the home of a great many hard-working and in general poverty-ridden black men) he seems to have exercised none of that emotional restraint so necessary for acute observation. Nor should we blame the alcohol he rashly imbibed in a certain dance hall. Intoxication, with his own sense of the dramatic if with nothing more vulgar, seems to be, for this young man, a chronic condition. "I look out at this seething, twisting crowd, the very sight of which would drive many of my intelligent friends into a frenzy of denunciation, and I see through their contortions, through their abnormalities, through their pitiable gaiety, and see that they are all seeking the same thing which you and I are seeking, and that is happiness." All of which looks, on the face of it, like pure humanism; but the flaw is there, though it would be hard to describe. Can it be that Mr. Nichols enjoyed himself just a trifle too thoroughly in Harlem and in the presence of America's Great Men?

All this does not alter the fact that *The Star Spangled Manner* is a wonderfully entertaining book, sparkling with good humor and penetrative wit. Trying to distinguish between the reading public in America and England, he says, "In England we have either forgotten the obvious emotions, or are ashamed of them, whereas in America either you experience the obvious emotions, or would be ashamed to admit that you didn't." Later on he observes wisely (and Canadians please note), "It should be evident to anybody with the least knowledge of modern art that America is the only country in the world (with the possible exception of Sweden and Finland), where the architects are doing beautiful work." But to speak as he does of "the obscene mess which has sprung up, like a line of evil, misshapen toad-stools down Regent Street," is to be merely a conventional Englishman. Need one good thing be trampled on in order to exalt a better?

The author seems to have had access to everyone of importance, including such contrasted personages as Anita Loos and Mr. Sumner of the "Society for the Suppression of Vice," Mr. Otto Kahn and Charles Chaplin. Everywhere the familiar has been carefully (perhaps too carefully) avoided; always there is the spice of novelty. The price of its attainment may be judged by the following comment on Chaplin: "To me, at first, he seemed more than merely sad. He seemed convinced of the utter futility of human existence. Many people who share that conviction—I share it myself—are yet able to find an amusement in the futility, to contemplate with interest the various spectacles, beautiful or grotesque, which offer themselves at the side of the road, even when they feel assured that the road leads nowhere. But Chaplin, when I met him, was looking only to his destination, which was nothing."

* * *

John Galsworthy, in his modest little preface, recommends *Bambi* to sportsmen. For *Bambi* is the story of a deer, and conveys almost ideally the deer's point of view. Hunting is a primitive gesture and not as some humane persons imagine an evil one. It becomes evil only when the hunter is to some

extent civilized, not merely in manner but in imagination. To be cultured is to be humane (or most vilely perverse) but to hunt is natural to all savages, white or black, and does not detract from their charm. It may be with more irony than hope that Mr. Galsworthy issues his recommendation, but no one could read this book intelligently and at the same time hunt deer with an easy conscience.

Poignant without being in the least sentimental, essentially true without ever a blatant note, *Bambi* achieves the almost impossible, a realistic use of speech in the lives of wild animals. It is a beautifully written, intensely humane book which proclaims once more (almost suitably at Christmastide) the old message that it is better to understand than to kill.

Significantly, the end of the story is not tragic, or rather it is tragic only in the sense that there must be frustration for the individual in a cycle of birth, growth, decay and death. The frosty pleasures of wisdom and an almost sacrificial life, first sought by an old stag whom Bambi worshipped in his sportive youth, become afterwards known to Bambi himself, who gains in insight and prestige as he loses the spontaneous joy of living. So there is high nobility at the end, a nobility shown to be inherent in the nature of living experience. Because *Bambi* is so true to all life and is so very simply written, quite young children will appreciate it as much as, perhaps even more than, their parents.

* * *

British Columbia: The Making of a Province. *By Judge F. W. Howay. Toronto: Ryerson Press.* $3.00.

Here is a book packed with information. So far as knowledge regarding the Pacific province of Canada is concerned, Judge Howay stands in a class by himself. In this too brief sketch he has given what is, in one way, an exhaustive study of the subject from the days of the Pacific vikings to the year 1926. The pages are packed with information, always exact, and presented without national or political bias.

The early chapters make entertaining reading, but the latter part is too dry-as-dust to be attractive. Embodied in the text is a very full account of the resources of the province, financial statistics, etc. These break the flow of the narrative and it would have been better to have given all this matter in a formal appendix.

In its brief history since Confederation, British Columbia has had a surfeit of politics. Twenty premiers have guided the destiny of the province in that time, whereas eight have served for the much larger, more populated and vastly more important Province of Ontario.

His desire to give in a compass of about eighty thousand words every detail of the history of the Pacific Colonies and British Columbia has greatly hampered the author. An excellent text-book it is, but a literary history it is only in brief spots. In his study of Alexander Mackenzie's overland voyage to the Pacific the author shows that he is not without the ability to write a vivid sketch of a great enterprise. But this is an exception. Justice has not been done Dr. John McLoughlin. The book has a crude drawing of the doctor, with the title, "Dr. John McLoughlin, the Great Administrator," but the text has merely passing and insignificant references to this most important of Pacific Coast characters, the man who almost single-handed built up the trade of the Hudson's Bay Company in the region, conducted far-reaching exploring expeditions, kept the coast tribes in check and friendly, and trained Douglas for his administrative tasks. Anxiety to crowd information into his book has evidently kept the author from giving illuminating accounts of men and romantic incidents.

T. G. M.

* * *

A Review, With Some Comments

By John Macklem

AN EVENT of significance each year is the coming of that important work *The Canadian Annual Review*, a bulky volume full of valuable information for all Canadians. The recently completed volume is the twenty-sixth annual issue. This compendium is especially valuable for its fund of information bearing upon Canada's national welfare and progress.

The section on literature, art, music and drama is contributed by W. A. Deacon. After dealing with the progress of Canadian literature, its prizes and honors, stressing Mazo de la Roche's notable achievement with *Jalna*, he deals with the Vancouver and Ottawa conventions of the Canadian Authors Association and the significance of the work being done by that organization. Next comes an interesting review of the great convention of the American Library Association, held in Toronto.

The remarkable development of fine bookmaking in Canada receives special attention and many important works of Canadian authors appearing in the period covered by this *Annual* receive measured critical attention.

These articles, with similar able contributions regarding art and music in Canada, make up a section alone warranting the inclusion of this volume in the library of any Canadian who is a lover of the arts and desires to be *en courant* with their progress in this country.

Closely associated with the section just described is that devoted to "Journalism," edited by Dr. Colquhoun, and another of significance is "Scientific Development," contributed by George A. Cornish, B.A. The fame of Canadian science has gone abroad with better effect than that of Canadian letters. An evidence of this is the recent interview in Stratford, Ont., with the noted English scholar and lecturer, Joseph McCabe, sometimes spoken of as the best informed man alive in the world to-day, who, in reply to the inter-

viewer's query as to his opinion of Canadian literature, repeated those two words with a rising inflection, remarking, "I've never heard of it." "But," he is reported to have added, "Canadian science is the most important in the world."

Page all Canadian authors! Or, perhaps, the din of the multitude that crowded Convocation Hall, at the University of Toronto, to hear four Canadian authors, in Book Week, may have reached the ears of the English savant.

THE CANADIAN ANNUAL REVIEW. *Advisory Editorial Board: Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, K.C., LL.D.; Walter C. Nichol. Esq., LL.D.; A. H. U. Colquhoun, Esq., B. A., LL.D.; G. S. Campbell, Esq., LL.D.; Hon. Frank Carrel. Esq., LL.D., M.L.S. Toronto: The Canadian Review Publishing Co.* 844 *pp.*

Asquith Tells His Story

MEMORIES AND REFLECTIONS, 1852-1927. *By the Earl of Oxford and Asquith. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.* 2 *Vols. boxed,* $10.

Those who look for the lifting of the veil with regard to a certain historic incident in Asquith's career will, perhaps, be disappointed with this work. It is apparently not concerned with that particular incident and time will doubtless show that to have played it up in any manner whatsoever would really have been sounding a false note. So at the outset let it be known that this is a volume written on a high plane, broad and statesmanlike, in keeping with the career of the last of the great Whigs.

Readers of *Canadian Bookman* will take special interest in Lord Oxford's literary musings. Here are a few quotations:

"I have at last got my books into something like decent order, but I have not yet selected which to re-read, with the exception of *Monte Cristo*, which I have not read for thirty years, and of which I take a nightly dose."

* * *

"You want a big book? Have you read, from cover to cover and unabridged, Lockhart's *Life of Scott?* If not, do so at once (there are seven volumes): and then try to answer the question why all the best biographies are of Men of Letters and not of Men of Action?"

* * *

"I had a good reading in the First Book of Kings—mostly about Solomon, who had 700 wives and 300 concubines (I wonder what was the distinction), and as they were mostly heathen foreigners, he built altars for them in Jerusalem, so that they could continue to worship their native gods. And yet with such superabundant facilities he seems to have produced only one son—Rehoboam, who lost the kingdom. What a waste!"

* * *

"I have begun Festing Jones's *Memoir of Samuel Butler.* It is the kind of biography I like: very detailed and written in the true canine Boswell spirit. He (S. B.) was an interesting freak, with all sorts of more or less developed talents and interests: he loathed all the Victorian heroes—political, literary, or social. But the really attractive figure in the book is the little lame lady, who was rather in love with him—Miss Savage: she is worth a hundred Butlers. She was a virulent anti-Gladstonian, and relates with a mixture of glee and disappointment how she saw the Great Man narrowly escape being run over one morning in Portland Place. You should read it, though there is much that is skipworthy."

* * *

"Pamela (my sister-in-law, now Lady Grey) sat next to me at dinner and we had a 'literary' conversation. She is a great Jane Austenite, and had just returned from a lecture on that immortal woman: so I was glad to be able to stump her out by asking her what was the Christian name of Mr. Darcy in *Pride and Prejudice.*"

THE CALL OF THE CARILLON. *By Annie Charlotte Dalton, with cover design by Rowena Pauline Gross. (Vancouver: Printed for Private Circulation.)*

This is a collection of nineteen poems, beginning with the one that gives the chap book its title. Many of the poems express intense love of country, and of them all the one seeming to make the strongest impression is

LAKE LOUISE

We are come to the portal of heaven,
To the gate where the gods' feet glide home,
Where the gods from their wanderings come home.

We have climed to the portal of heaven,
To the wide, withdrawing doors disclosing
This mighty roodscreen built of rock and glacier;
And ever above, the sky-window receding,
Loses its light to the glory below,
To this splendor of turquoise and jade,
To this matrix whence rainbows are born,
To this pool of home-travelling souls,
To this cloister of beauty and peace—
Words! what are words?
We are one with the gods at the portal of heaven.

An Empire Library Association

The interesting news comes from Blackpool, England, of the proposal made at the annual meeting of British Librarians to promote a new organization to be known as "The Library Association of the British Commonwealth of Nations." The proposal was fathered by Mr. E. A. Savage, of Edinburgh, who drew attention to the growing power of the American Library Association in world influence and the need for intensive library organization within the Empire to keep pace with that movement.

: Book of Canada for Young People. *By Emily P. Weaver. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran and Gundy, Ltd.* $2.00.

In this book of history, written primarily for young people, Emily P. Weaver brings to us in concise form the story of Canada from the days of the early explorers up until the close of the War in 1918, touching briefly on the more recent Assembly of the League of Nations and the part Canada has taken in the Council of the League.

The difficulties that faced the early pioneers in Canada, the problems presented by the Indians, the tasks that confronted the early governors of the youthful colony are all told in an interesting and entertaining manner. The author then proceeds to let the story of Canada unfold itself by dwelling lightly upon the lives of some of the well known heroes and heroines—Jacques Cartier, Champlain, the Jesuit fathers, Count Frontenac and many others—men and women whose loyalty and bravery have added lustre to Canadian history. Interesting little incidents crop up here and there, making the story a little more vivid to the youthful reader.

Well chosen illustrations at frequent intervals add an attractiveness which will also appeal to young people. This is, however, a book well worthy the attention of the older reader as well. On the whole it is well written and maintains interest throughout every chapter. A. S. M.

* * *

The Real Men in Public Life. *By A. P. Nicholson ("A.P.N."). London: W. Collins & Co., Ltd.*

A sound, sane, and sympathetic account of the leading figures in the present-day public life of England. Mr. Nicholson is a Parliamentary lobbyist of vast experience. His intimate knowledge of the men about whom he writes gives rare value to his studies. In his preface he remarks: "I have striven to divest my mind of political prejudice. . . . No effort has been spared in sifting evidence and cross-examining witnesses, for to affect to divine character by intuition is but the excuse of indolence."

Many books have recently appeared on the public men of England, but Mr. Nicholson's is by all odds the most comprehensive. He deals first with the premiers—Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. He then takes up the different members of the Cabinet. This is followed by brief studies of the Liberal leaders and Labor leaders. The book closes with an interesting chapter entitled "The Background."

The studies are marked by an intimate first-hand knowledge of political questions. They abound in brilliant characterizations. It would be difficult to tell just what are the writer's political leanings. Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Philip Snowden are treated with equal consideration. There is in the book never a gibe nor a sneer. In the eyes of the author all the public men who pass before him have good in them and it is their noble traits of character that are emphasized. T. G. M.

In Days of Old. *By Katharine L. Macpherson. Philadelphia: Dorrance and Company, Inc.* $2.00.

Miss Macpherson has chosen a new and interesting theme for her latest book. It is rather a far cry from her earlier stories, "Scenic Sieges and Battlefields of French Canada," and "Pictures from Canadian History," to the ever fascinating characters of the Old Testament. However, it shows the versatility of the author who, in addition to inheriting her gift of story telling from her Scottish forefathers, no doubt also had handed down to her that deep interest in Biblical history ever present in Scottish families.

The author treats her subjects in a large way, selecting those incidents and historical facts which she most needs to present her picture. She briefly leads up to the call of Abraham, the birth of Isaac, the story of Rebekah, and on down through Old Testament history until the death of Moses, bringing out in a very human fashion the personalities of her different characters, their frailties and their strength.

There is much dramatic material in Biblical history, and although we may not all agree with some of the author's points of view, we must admit that she has presented in very readable form a comprehensive outline of the more forceful and outstanding characters of the Old Testament. The story of the early Jewish people is ever worthy of long and deep study and Miss Macpherson has evidently delved deeply and to good purpose.

[Editor's Note.—Miss K. L. Macpherson is a native of Toronto, and received part of her early education in this city.]

* * *

Little Songs for Sale. *By Anne Sutherland. Toronto: Ryerson Press.* 75 *cents.*

It is to be expected that the friendly mercantile ring in the title of this little chap book will prejudice against it that part of the reading public which is always more or less indignant that a writer should have the temerity to hope to share in the profits of his wares. To those let it be said at once that Miss Sutherland's terms are not exacting."

The first poem in the book, "The Vendor of Songs," is one of the best, and describes in a delightful manner the sources to which the writer goes for her finest songs. In part, she says,

"I make my little friendly songs
Of all the things I see,
I found one in a daffodil,
I heard one from a bee,
I wove one out of little winds,
I caught one in the rain,
I piped one out of laughter and
Stitched one out of pain."

Miss Sutherland is at her best when she is contented to pass on, in what is evidently their original form, the secrets she hears from the daffodil and the bee and other similar confidantes of the poetic soul. There are some poems in which she has attempted more ambitious themes or, at least, more ambitious treatment of themes, but they are not always her most successful efforts. One always re-

turns to what may seem less exalted subjects, but which are, in reality, the most exalted, for they often contain a certain profound philosophy which might easily be missed, lacking a mind open to the greatness of small things. The last lines of "Nocturne" will explain:

All things that shine and dance and bloom
And hurt their slender throats to sing,
Night waits in her dear darkling room,
Their tiredness is a lovely thing.

Balboa

SAILS AND SWORDS. *By Arthur Strawn. Montreal: Carrier.* $3.50.

"It was an afternoon in April, 1920," the author tells us, "while standing on a peak in the Santa Cruz range in California, that I first looked upon this magnificent body of water (the Pacific). 'What,' I asked myself, 'were the feelings of the hardy adventurers who first discovered this vast ocean?' The attempt to answer this question led to eight years' study of all available materials, and the result is *Sails and Swords*, being the golden adventures of Balboa and his intrepid company, freebooters all, discoverers of the Pacific."

It is quite evident, without the author's statement, that the discovery of the "Mardel Sur" is the great moment of the story. The struggles of Balboa and his men as they made their way from Darien, where he was governor, through treacherous swamps and across innumerable streams is as exciting as any fiction could well be. The actual discovery is thrilling enough to remind one of Hannibal's first glimpse of Italy from the Alps, though skill in speechmaking is not as evident in the Spaniard as in the Carthaginian, no doubt because Mr. Strawn feels himself under the obligation of reporting what was actually said, a necessity which never worried Livy when he saw a chance to display his training in rhetoric.

The story of the evil deeds of Pedrarias, the governor who was sent out from Spain to supplant Balboa, is hardly on a level with the first part of the book. This is not altogether due to the fact that the events themselves are less interesting. There is a certain lack of perspective in the details of one episode after another in Pedrarias' villainy, with the result that the suspense is not sustained.

It is only towards the end of the book that the story grips us again as did the description of the discovery. Balboa is finally entrusted by the governor with the task of establishing himself on the shores of the sea which he had discovered. Pedrarias was only too glad to see that the commission was an impossibility in the time limit set for it. Then came the very foolish and stupid attempt of Balboa to have himself declared governor, when it was reported that Pedrarias was to be recalled. "Treason" was the natural cry of his enemies. All protest was vain. He was executed in January, 1519, in his forty-fourth year.

As a romance, *Sails and Swords* may be a little uneven. As history it is marked by care and justice, and there is reason to be thankful that we have, at last, a biography of Balboa in English.

CHARLES R. OWENS.

The Rainbow Club

There has reached an appreciative corner in *The Canadian Bookman* office a copy of "Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club" page from the *Halifax Herald*, in which youthful reviewers deal with books they have enjoyed. Dewey McElmon, aged 8, deals as follows with *Around the Campfire*, by Charles S. D. Roberts:

"Here's 'nother story bout animals *wild* animals. Marshall Saunders likes animals but I bet she'd be some scared of *wild* animals.

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts wrote this story, book's name is "Around the Camp Fire" and the story's name is "Indian Devils," an its 'bout a bunch of men, six men, an they went out campin' in New Brunswick by a river. An they fixed up some nice camp an made a fire an had somethin' to eat an smoked an told stories. An, oh boy! they were some stories, I'll say so. One story was 'bout a Indian devil.

A woman was sittin' by a window an she had a baby on her lap an she saw somethin' in the yard, a animal an she yelled to Susan, what's that a tiger an Susan said No its a Injun Devil an she rushed over an slammed the window an the animal heard the bang an saw her an they rushed upstairs cos all the windows were open an they beat it to the attic an shut the door at the bottom of the stairs, an sat down on the stairs scared to death, I don't blame them I'd bin some scared too.

An then they heard a noise slam, bang, know what it was? Animal was in the parlor but the door was shut an he got out the window an got in another one an went all through the house lookin for those people to eat.

An oh boys! at last he found the attic door an sniffed all round it an he knew he was stung, do you know what he did?, went out again an climbed up the side of the house tryin' to get on the roof; there was a skylight on the roof an it had a shutter 'sides the glass, bin awright if they were shut, but they weren't. An Susan sprang up the ladder an hooked it just in time, an boys there was the Indian devil lookin' in at her. She got some fright as she fell down the ladder. An then the animal poked his nose right through the glass an got out an then he was some scared he thought was a trap. An them women thought they were gone for sure.

She got a lamp cos you know all animals are scared of fire, an lit it, didn't put no shade on or nothin' an put it right on top of the ladder right under that guy's nose an he did beat it then an he got down to the shed and he found a pig-pen with a baby pig in it an you know what he was after now, somethin' to eat, so he eat the poor little pig an he came out after, lickin' his chops. An the women cried cos they knew if he got them, they were li'bel to get eat too.

After it was all over the baby's daddy came

home, see he was away, an they told him all 'bout it an he got a bunch of men and they hunted for the animal an shot it.

The story's some good but you should read bout it in the daytime cos ye're li'bel to dream about it if you read bout it in the night fore you go to bed. They were some lucky to scape I'll tell you.

When Mr. Roberts wrote the story why didn't he let that man come home sooner! before the poor little pig was eat up an the woman an the maid an the baby got so scared, the best thing would bin to let him come home when the animal was up on the roof an he could of sneaked in the house an got a gun an shot it on the roof. An people would think he was some brave."

CHARLES A. DEWEY MCELMON.

[Editor's Note.—It will be observed that this has been reproduced with Dewey's own emphasis and spelling. These Rainbow Club reviews have been a feature of the "Herald" for four years.]

Art Notes

By Jeanne Adeney

DURING the month of December, the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts held its fiftieth exhibition in the Toronto Art Gallery. There were many exhibitors, and paintings various enough to please the most modern or the most conservative of tastes. The contributors sent their work from all parts of the Dominion, but the bulk of it came from Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto. There are Canadian art groups which represent particular phases of art in our country to-day, but the Royal Canadian Academy stands for art in Canada, good and not so good, old and new.

There were some fine portraits shown this year. Charles Macgregor's painting of "Miss Marion Wood" was excellent. Charles Comfort, who can use color so lavishly, achieved his "Portrait of a Young Man" in almost neutral tones. Both artists live in Toronto. From Montreal we had Robin Watt's arresting profile of "The Artist's Wife," and two interesting near-portraits, "Chinese Lanterns," by Charles Simpson, and the charming "Marie et Minou," by Mabel Lockerby. Arthur Lismer conveyed a sense of majesty in his "Cathedral Mountain," with clouds drifting about its summit. Color prints of flowers from Walter Phillips of Winnipeg, clever chalk drawings by F. Horsman Varley of Vancouver, interesting canvases by Mabel May of Westmount, Que., and Prudence Heyward of Montreal helped make the exhibition worth while. There was not a large showing of sculpture. The cream of this year's work was seen at the recent exhibition of Canadian sculpture. The head of "Cæsar George," by Elizabeth Wood, was very fine. In any such established society there is bound to be work which lacks vitality. For real interest I preferred the exhibition of little pictures held the month before.

Supplementing the exhibition of the R.C.A. was an exhibition of sculpture in wood by Carl Hallsthammar, who came to America from Sweden three years ago. Though comic, some of his figures were nevertheless very real. The Print Room held a large and various exhibition by John Taylor Arms, an architect who became so interested in etching that eventually he gave his whole time to it. He excells in representing architecture, quaint houses with steep gables, churches and streets.

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J. E. H. MacDonald spoke on "The Art of the Book" at one of the December lectures in the Toronto Art Gallery. He traced the history of printing from the making of the Gutenberg Bible to the present day, illustrating his lecture by means of slides.

Mr. MacDonald is not concerned with the time when Canada will have a national art. He believes that Canadian art is as old as the history of Canada, and outlined the part our artists have played in the making of beautiful books. For their fine designing in this connection, he praised A. H. Howard, J. A. Thompson and A. Y. Jackson.

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A Line from London

"Every character in a book should be distinguished by his own rhythm, should have in his personality an essential and inherent music"—said Mr. Compton Mackenzie in his lecture, "The Dialogue in Literature," at Foyle's Bookshop in London.

In spite of the tendency nowadays to look down one's nose at the dialogue, Mr. Mackenzie is a great believer in its advantages and said that most of the characters in his own writings were restrained portraits of the people he has met. He told us of some amusing incidents which have occurred during his travels about the country. The average person does not look sufficiently for the unique, the eccentricity in life; it is for the author to collect these not unusual caricatures and present them to us in our novels.

The first novelist who wrote really good dialogue was Anthony Hope. He could portray the ordinary person speaking quite naturally so far as the written word can be natural. A book, like a play, is a conventional form of amusement and certain things must be taken for granted. "After all, what is gained by absolute realism?" and the lecturer and deplored the passing of the stage aside.

Reading from Jane Austen's *Emma* and *Pride and Prejudice*, Mr. Mackenzie pointed out her masterly handling of the dialogue.

There is not a single sentence in her conversation which could possibly have been spoken by any other person in the book, and though perhaps to the modern ear some of it sounds stilted, yet the whole is musical and beautifully balanced.

H. G. Wells is inimitable in his cockney representations, but the danger for the writer of slang lies in the changing of fashion, as nothing so dates a book as the slang used in it.

The dreary dialogue of Scott occupying pages at a time, and that of Hardy stiff and ugly, would by any ordinary author utterly destroy the reality of the characters, but the greatness of these men has risen above their lack of realism and the people we meet in *Tess* and *Peverill of the Peak* live in spite of it.

It is almost impossible to get humor into a book by the actual narrative, and the lecturer felt that not enough appreciation has been given to P. G. Wodehouse, each of his books being a masterpiece of dialogue in the comic vein.

It was said that the reason of failure by some of the authors in this all-important factor in the novel is the lack of an ear for the spoken word or the tendency on the writer's part to use his dialogue for the expression of his own theories. Mr. Mackenzie said he is not at all sure that we have not come to the end of our tether with regard to novel writing: the spoken word is coming back into its own and significance was placed on the fact that the greatest test for the realism of the dialogue in a book is the reading of it aloud.

—Charing Cross.

Who Reads Canadian Books?

Give author and title of books in which the following characters appear:

1. Shorty Westhaver.
2. Pearlie Watson.
3. Addison Kent.
4. Rosalie Evanturel.
5. Skipper Tommy Lovejoy.
6. Sam Slick.
7. Old Man Savarin.
8. Borga Lindal.
9. Renny Whiteoak.
10. Charley Mallard.
11. Donald Stewart.
12. Marilla Cuthbert.
13. Standing Wolf.
14. Francois Paradis.
15. Mrs. Mavor.
16. Lucia Fenwell.
17. Catherine Cavenleigh.
18. David Rock.
19. Robert Hollister.
20. Amelie de Repentigny.
21. Miss Laura Morris.
22. Donald McRae.
23. Sam Bricker.
24. MacDonald Dubh.
25. Great-Aunt Nancy Priest.
26. Malachi Bright.
27. Petit Pere Felix.
28. Ephemia Freeman.
29. Marie Payzant.
30. Raymond Dilling.
31. Father David.
32. Hank.
33. Maxine Jerome.
34. Gander Stake.
35. Fawnie.
36. Alverna Easter.
37. Keith Leicester.
38. Miranda.
39. Thecla.
40. Mistress Mehitable Ladd.
41. General James Wolfe.
42. Lord Selkirk.
43. Sir John A. Macdonald.
44. Horatio Nelson.
45. Isaac Brock.
46. Robert De la Salle.
47. Pontiac.
48. Principal G. M. Grant.
49. Adam Daulac.
50. W. L. Mackenzie.

This list is supplied by A. Ermatinger Fraser, of Vancouver. The key, with the books in which these characters appear, will be published in the next issue.

* * *

Vancouver Poetry Society

The Vancouver Poetry Society brought to a close its fall programme of lectures by presenting A. M. Stephen in recital. Mr. Stephen's activities during the year included lecture and recital engagements which prevented his participating in the work of the Society of which he is past president. By request, he gave readings from his more recent poetical work. His lyrical work showed no lessening of the power which has placed him in the first rank among his contemporaries. Of interest to those watching the development of our literature, were his presentations of selections from his poetic dramas, as yet unpublished, and an extract from his long narrative and epic work dealing with the achievements of our western explorers. A lyric from this last named poem is to appear soon in one of the magazines. During the coming year, a novel, *The Gleaming Archway*, from this author's pen, will be published and also a textbook dealing with Canadian history.

Dr. E. P. Fewster presided at the meeting. Nellie Harrison Howard, well-known pianist of Vancouver, enhanced the effectiveness of the programme with several musical selections. The Society will resume activities after the holiday season.

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Will Contribute Scott Article

Among the recent visitors to *The Canadian Bookman* office was Dr. Lionel E. Stevenson, of the University of California, who retains his interest in Canadian literature undiminished since going to Berkeley. He was in Toronto attending the annual convention of the Modern Language Association. Readers will be glad to learn that Dr. Stevenson is shortly to contribute an article on Duncan Campbell Scott, in the "Who's Who in Canadian Literature" series.

Canadian Authors Association

OFFICIAL REPORTS

Saskatchewan Branch

The principal business of the November meeting of this branch, held at the home of Lieut.-Col. A. C. Garner and Mrs. Garner, Regina, on November 30th, was the receiving of reports of Book Week activities, and information of work published by members during the last few weeks.

Short stories, poems, articles and one-act plays written by Saskatchewan members had appeared in the following publications: *Asia, The British Weekly, Willison's Monthly, Goblin, New Outlook, Onward, Moose Jaw College Year Book, Valley Echo, Torch, Canadian Aviation, MacLean's, Toronto Saturday Night, Manitoba Free Press, Western Home Monthly, Vancouver Province, Canadian Magazine, Canadian Bar Review,* and all the Saskatchewan daily papers.

Special interest was felt in the novel, *Willow Smoke,* by Miss Ethel Kirk Grayson of Moose Jaw, just off the press.

That the one-act play had received some attention by members was evidenced from the fact that Mrs. E. M. Davis has had her play, *Maiden Ladies,* produced twice in Regina, while Mrs. Dorothea L. Rose's play, *A Dud of Cupid's,* has been produced in Victoria and Penticton, B.C. Mr. Joseph Schull has had two short plays, *Pardon* and *The Ladies,* recently published in *Willison's Monthly.*

The willingness to co-operate with the C.A.A. in Book Week activities of many associations and clubs in Saskatchewan, and the assistance of the press, were noted with pleasure. It was felt that even more results could be gained by the sending out of reminders at an earlier date hereafter.

Several Saskatchewan members had assisted in various ways. Mrs. Maney, of La Fleche, is endeavoring to establish a public library in her home town, and had arranged a Book Week concert in aid of the fund. C.G.I.T. meetings were addressed by Rev. R. Graham of Assiniboia. Dr. W. A. Waddell, Regina, addressed the "Native Sons of Canada," on the subject of Book Week, and had an excellent article on the subject in *The Beaver.* Mrs. E. M. Davis organized an all-Canadian radio recital over CKCK, featuring Canadian writers, including Marjorie Pickthall's *The Woodcarver's Wife,* poems of Mr. Joseph Schull, and Canadian songs. Mrs. Gladys More Thomson, of Swift Current, sang her prize-winning composition, a charming lullaby. A number of the Provincial Normal Schools and public schools included Book Week references in their programmes. Mr. Gibbaud, Librarian of Public Library, Moose Jaw, had added a splendid number of new Canadian volumes to his already large collection of Canadiana in the library. In fact the interest shown generally in the province was most gratifying.

At the close of the evening *The Christmas Disturber,* a short story recently published, was read aloud by Mrs. K. A. R. Douglas, and discussed over the coffee cups.

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Winnipeg Branch

A meeting of this branch was held on Wednesday, December 19th, 1928, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watson, 384 Home St. A delightful evening was spent, consisting of readings, musical numbers and short addresses from local authors. Mrs. Jean Campbell gave several interesting readings. Mrs. Pingle gave several songs. Prof. W. T. Allison acted as Chairman. The following spoke of recent works which they had published or upon which they were now engaged: Prof. H. W. Wright, Mrs. L. B. Thomas, Mr. Robert Watson, Prof. Watson Kirkconnell, and Mr. E. K. Marshall. Mr. Wilder spoke very enthusiastically about the work of the Association and the opportunity which it afforded members to hear from those who were engaged in different work.

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Victoria and Islands Branch

The December meeting of this branch took the form of a Christmas party, the members being the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Carmichael, St. Ann St. Members came representing book titles, and a number of cleverly-arranged word puzzles resulted, the unraveling of which occupied the greater portion of the evening. Madame E. Sanderson-Mongin was the winner of the first prize which, out of compliment to Mr. Alfred Carmichael, the host and president of the local branch, was a copy of his *Indian Legends of Vancouver Island,* with illustrations and decorations by Semayne. After the awarding of the prizes dancing was enjoyed. The Christmas wishes of the Association to Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael were prettily expressed in a seasonable verse by "Jeanne Valdez."

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Calgary Branch

The monthly meeting was held on December 3rd, at the home of Mrs. Flos Jewel Williams. After correspondence and business matters had been dealt with, a very interesting paper was read by Mr. Thorlaksen on "The Scope of the Short Story." The speaker concluded with a resume of a translation which he had made from an Icelandic story, which has won considerable fame. The evening concluded with a general discussion in which all took part.

Halifax Branch

A meeting of this branch was held on December 7th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Chesley Allen, South Street. Dr. Archibald MacMechan, the President, presided. Of the original works of the members two poems were read, one entitled *The Hunt*, by Miss Norma E. Smith. This poem is to be included in a forthcoming anthology of Canadian verse now being edited by C. Langstroth Betts, who, incidentally, plans to visit the local branch this season. The second poem was entitled *A Christmas Wireless*, and was written by Mrs. Charles Archibald.

The chief business of the evening was the discussion of the programme for the Dominion Convention of the C.A.A., to be held next June in Halifax. Suggestions for a programme were made and a committee was appointed to select the various convention committees. The committee consists of Dr. A. MacMechan, W. T. Allen, Dr. H. F. Munro, and Miss Juanita O'Connor. Mr. W. T. Allen gave a report of the finances of the branch, and it was made known that the manager of the Lord Nelson Hotel had offered the hotel as headquarters for the convention.

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Montreal Branch

Seven prizes for poetry will be awarded by the poetry group of the Canadian Authors Association, Montreal Branch, for poems submitted in a competition which is to close Feb. 15, 1929, it was announced at a meeting of the Association held here.

The prizes offered by the poetry group are as follows:

1. A prize of $25, offered by Sir James Aikins, of Winnipeg, for the best short, original, unpublished patriotic poem by a Canadian residing in Canada.

2. A prize of books or a framed picture (value $25) offered to members of the poetry group only, by Lady Roddick, for the best short, original, unpublished poem about Montreal, or some feature of local interest, such as the river, the mountain, the harbor, the bridge, etc.

3. A prize of $25, offered by Mrs. R. E. MacDougall, for a short, original, unpublished poem on any subject. This contest is open to any poet residing in Canada.

4. A prize of $15 for the best original French poem on any subject, offered by Miss A. Beatrice Hickson.

5. A prize of $10, offered by Warwick Chipman, for the best short poem written by any college student in Canada during the past year.

6. A prize of $10, offered by Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Byers, for the best short poem written by a high school boy or girl in Canada during the year 1928, certified by a teacher.

7. A prize of a book or a subscription to a magazine, to be awarded by vote of the members of the poetry group, for the best poem by one of them, submitted for criticism and discussion in open forum.

Rules of the contest ask for typed manuscripts, which will not be returned. Only one poem may be submitted by each competitor for any prize, and winners of a major prize in previous contests within two years may submit a poem, but will be *hors concours*.

Only short, unpublished, original poems are eligible. A poem printed for private circulation or in a college journal is regarded as unpublished.

Competitors who fail to observe rules are barred from the contests. A copy of the rules will be posted to inquirers who apply to: The Secretary, Poetry Group, 1126 Drummond Street, Montreal, P.Q.

A feature of the meeting was a lecture on "The Insides of Novels," by the guest of honor, Dr. Pelham Edgar, Professor of English at Victoria College, University of Toronto.

* * *

Canadian Book Week

Calgary Branch

The observance of Book Week was marked by a special programme, which consisted in the placing of Canadian books of poetry, history, nature study, novels and books for children on the shelves of the public library, and in addresses by teachers in the public and high schools on the more important Canadian authors. This successful programme culminated in a banquet held by the Calgary Branch in the board of trade rooms in honor of Mr. D. E. Cameron, librarian of the University of Alberta, who as a special speaker made a notable address on "The Reading of Biography."

* * *

Edmonton Branch

Some of the arrangements successfully carried out during Book Week were special addresses to service clubs, special articles and editorials in the city papers, references to the subject in the city pulpits, talks by teachers, the display of outstanding Canadian books in store windows, and a radio talk by the local president, Mr. Edmonds.

* * *

London and Western Ontario

Before an audience that comfortably filled the Central Collegiate Auditorium, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, the National President of the Canadian Authors Association, and Arthur Stringer, the well-known writer and former London man, read from their works. Nathaniel Benson, Toronto, a member of the younger school of poets, also participated in the programme, which was carried out under the auspices of the Women's Canadian Club in observance of Book Week.

* * *

Toronto Branch

So great was the interest manifested in the addresses of four great Canadian writers, delivered at Convocation Hall during Book Week, under the auspices of the local branch of the Canadian Authors Association and the Canadian Literature Club, that hundreds had to be turned away. The speakers before the immense audience were L. M. Montgomery, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, Arthur Stringer,

and Professor B. K. Sandwell. The meeting was the culminating feature of many successful activities carried on by various organizations in co-operation with the C.A.A. during Book Week, such as special meetings and addresses, talks on Canadian authors in the public and private schools, window displays, and radio talks.

* * *

MONTREAL BRANCH

Many interesting articles on Canadian writers, contributed by members of the local branch of the Association, appeared in the Canadian Book Week section of the Montreal *Gazette* and the Montreal *Daily Star.*

Recent Poetry Recitals

In the series of poetry recitals which have come to be classed as those of "the unofficial poetry group," for want of a name, Miss Isobel Macdonald explained at the December recital that this was to be remedied. She asked for suggestions for a suitable name and perhaps by the next recital the name may be at hand for use in this journal. Meanwhile, the series must still be identified with "the unofficial poetry group." The December recital, given by Nathaniel Benson, brought out the largest attendance of those held thus far. Among the notables present were Charles G. D. Roberts, Wilson MacDonald, J. M. Elson, president of the local branch of the Canadian Authors Association, and E. J. Pratt, who acted as chairman, introducing Mr. Benson in a most original speech.

The poems read by Mr. Benson covered a wide scope, indicating his versatility. That they were appreciated was amply indicated by the thorough manner in which he held the unabated interest of his audience. Among the poems recited were several which have appeared in *The Canadian Bookman* in recent months.

The feature of the December meeting of the Toronto branch of the Canadian Authors Association was a joint recital by a group of younger poets, including Edgar McGinnis, Constance Davies Woodrow, Dorothy Livesay, Franklin Burton, Norman Hainsworth, Joseph E. MacDougall and Constance Schiell.

* * *

The Group of Thirteen

It is interesting to report in connection with these poetry recitals by members of the younger group, that Nathaniel Benson is now at work preparing an anthology of the work of thirteen of these young Canadian singers. With regard to this idea and the poetry recitals by members of the group, *The Canadian Bookman* wishes to take this early occasion to dissociate itself from those who, at the very first intimation of a desire for expression by members of this group, seized their hammers and javelins to slay them or discourage them. All that they write will not be first-rate stuff, but some of them will doubtless give us something worth while to Canada. Let these younger singers be encouraged!

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--- The Collector ---

AS ALL collectors and others interested in the period of the American Revolutionary War are aware, John Graves Simcoe, the first Governor of Upper Canada, commanded the Queen's Rangers during that momentous period, and wrote the record of his experiences in a volume entitled, *A Journal of the Operations of the Queen's Rangers from the end of the Year* 1777 *to the Conclusion of the Late American War.* This book, which was privately printed at Exeter, England, in 1781, for distribution among the author's friends, is not only one of the most important, but also one of the rarest and most valuable of Revolutionary War books, bringing at auction, and being catalogued, whenever it turns up, at $500 or more. Louis Blake Duff, the newspaper publisher, of Welland, Ont., writing about Simcoe in *The Globe,* Toronto, recently, told of "picking up" in Exeter not long ago the copy of this book which Simcoe presented to his first military mentor, Capt. Edward Drew, it being inscribed: "Simcoe, to his dear friend Drew" Mr. Duff's acquisition of this book may not have been as casual as the words "picking up" would imply, but all the same many a Canadian collector will envy him his prize.

* * *

Five pages of the original manuscript of Dickens' *Pickwick Papers* were bought for £7,500 at Sotheby's in London, on December 17, by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the Philadelphia collector and bookseller. With this acquisition Dr. Rosenbach strengthened his position as the leading owner of Pickwick manuscripts, as he already possessed the only considerable fragment in existence—the whole of Chapters 35 and 36, totalling 32 pages of script. The fragment just sold consisted of only 132 lines from Chapter 37, telling of the midnight meeting between Arabella Allen and Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle in the garden. It had been the property of G. Whitele, living at Felixtowe, to whose grandfather it was presented by the novelist himself. A new record for a Dickens letter was established at this sale through Messrs. Maggs, London dealers, paying £400 for a letter concerning the novelist's change of publishers from Chapman & Hall to Bradbury & Evans. At the same sale £500 was paid for a series of twenty-one drawings by William Blake, illustrating the *Book of Job,* while the trustees of Robert Burns' cottage in Scotland acquired for £410 a fine autograph letter written by Burns to John Wilson, schoolmaster.

By a curious coincidence, a page and a half of the original manuscript of *Pickwick Papers* was sold just a week before the Sotheby sale at the auction rooms of Samuel T. Freeman & Co., in Philadelphia. This fragment, which was signed by Charles Dickens both with his own name and also with his pseudonym "Boz," and which belonged to the late George W. Childs, the Philadelphia publisher and philanthropist, brought $9,000, Sessler, the New York book dealer, being the buyer. Sessler, it might be mentioned here, promptly resold the manuscript to a Dickens collector for $11,000. Thus is money made in the business of dealing with autographs and manuscripts. It is believed, it may be interesting to add, that less than one-twentieth of the complete Pickwick MS. is now in existence.

A letter written by Abraham Lincoln from Springfield, Ill., in 1859, to Judge Nathan Sargent in reference to the attitude the Republican party should assume toward the slavery question and other issues in the next year's Presidential campaign, was sold for $11,750 at this same sale, while an autograph letter of Benjamin Franklin, written to Captain Nathaniel Falconer on July 28, 1873, went for $4,300. An album of water color drawings by George Cruikshank brought $4,250, and the original autograph manuscript of *The Forest Lovers,* Maurice Hewlett's most famous novel, sold for $4,000.

* * *

A remarkable series of forty-six letters from Benjamin Franklin to his sister, Jane, was sold at Sotheby's on December 18, to Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of Philadelphia, for £8,200. The correspondence starts with a letter from Philadelphia dated 1743, and extends over nearly half a century to 1789, the year before Franklin's death. A quarto by Trezin, described as a dedication copy for Madame la Marquis de Pampadour and originating in Paris, brought £980 at the same sale, while a first edition of James Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson,* sold for £500, and an interesting letter from Abraham Lincoln to James Berdan, of Jacksonville, Fla., showing his interest in local politics, brought £230. Other sales included £120 for a copy of the diary kept by Lieut.-Gen. George Williamson (1707-81), who commanded the British artillery during the campaign which resulted in the capture of Quebec, and the same price for a copy of Eliot's Algonquin version of the Bible, printed at Cambridge by Samuel Green.

* * *

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, has recently come into possession, through the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert N. Straus, of that city, of five folio volumes of engravings of the works of Watteau, a rarity which it is thought no other public institution in the United States possesses. Three of the

volumes constitute the *Ouevre Grave* of Watteau, the others being the companion set of engravings known as the *Figures de Differente Caractures*. Only 100 sets of the *Ouevre Grave* were published, and most of them have been broken up in order that their contents might be framed or sold separately. The six volumes, which contain what are said to be the first sets of prints after the work of one artist ever made, were until recently in the renowned Jan Six art collection, which was auctioned in Amsterdam in October for nearly $1,000,000. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has also come into possession recently, likewise through gift, of twenty-five writing books, dating from 1522 to 1798, which increase its collection of manuals of calligraphy to about fifty, and make it one of the most important in existence.

* * *

An exhibition commemorating the centenary of Noah Webster's American Dictionary was opened at Yale University at New Haven, Webster's home, on December 9, the exhibition comprising documents concerning the dictionary, Webster manuscripts, printed works of Noah Webster, and books illustrating the history and evolution of English dictionaries. More than fifty items from Webster's published works were shown in the first edition, these including the first, second and third dictionaries of 1806, 1807 and 1817, respectively, which were the preparatory training for the writing of the fourth dictionary in 1828. The interesting fact was recalled in connection with this exhibition that it was at New Haven that the first English dictionary compiled and published in America saw the light, this being *A School Dictionary*, by Samuel Johnson, Jr., of Guilford, Conn., the son of Samuel Johnson, of the class of 1714 of Yale College.

* * *

A little book has been recently published by Elkin Mathews and Marrot, Ltd., of London, which *The Collector* has no hesitation in saying should be in the hands of every collector, and would-be collector, of first editions of contemporary writers. It is entitled *First Editions and How to Tell Them*, and is a compilation, edited by H. S. Bousell, of statements from all the leading English and United States publishers of the day, detailing their respective methods, if any, of indicating the first editions of their books. Any who have the idea that all first editions carry some particular sign or mark which stamps them to the initiate at once as such, will have it dispelled by glancing through this little book, for it is hardly short of amazing what a variety of methods are here shown as used to indicate the first edition, while it is remarkable also how many publishers calmly state that they do not trouble to distinguish the first from other editions of their books. One wishes at times that there was a law requiring all publishers to indicate the first and subsequent editions of their books in some specified way, but that, perhaps, is out of the question. All collectors, however, will agree that publishers should be required to indicate the year of publication at least, in all their books.

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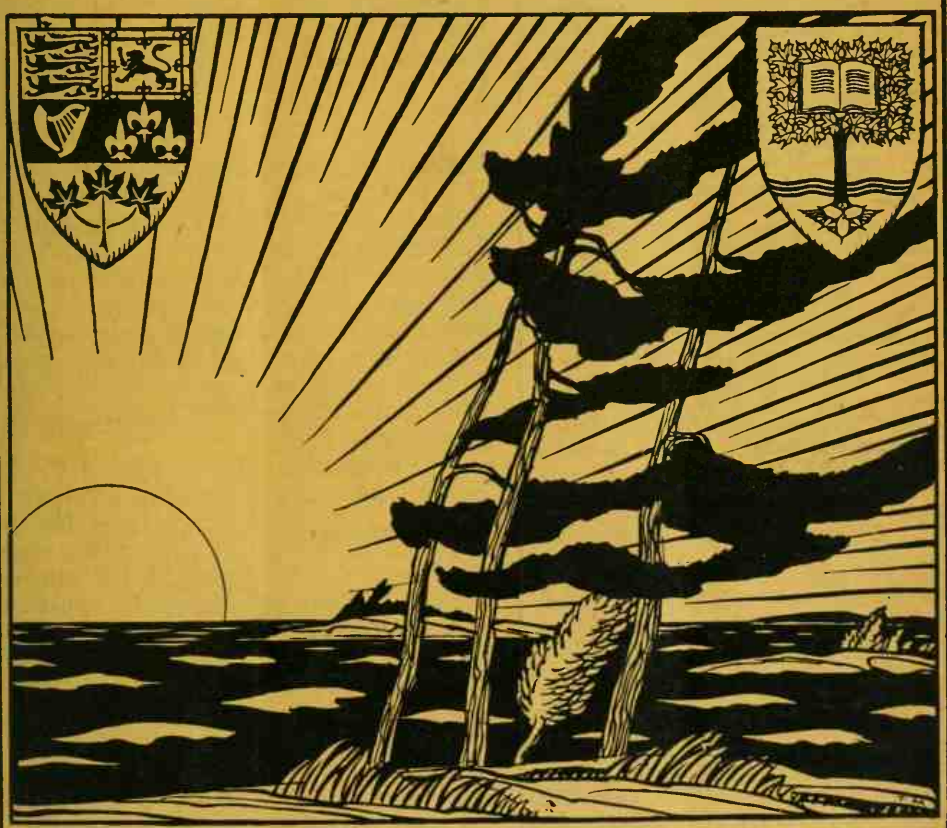

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Who's Who in Canadian Literature

William Kirby, F.R.S.C.

By Lorne Pierce

WITH the exception of Thomas Chandler Haliburton, no Canadian writer affords so attractive an opportunity of studying the Loyalist mind as William Kirby. In these men the social and political ideas of the Loyalists became vocal. Of each of them the words of Anthony Trollope, in "The Prime Minister," are equally applicable.

"I began life with the misfortune of a ready-made political creed. . . . I have made no grand political invention, but I think that I have at least labelled my own thoughts."

William Kirby was born October 13, 1817, at Hull, Yorkshire. For generations the Kirbys worked on the land around Newby Wiske and Kirby Wiske, but in a later day they drifted away from the soil into the trades. His maternal grandfather was a descendant of the Watsons. One of these Watsons was the friend of Roger Ascham and Edmund Spenser. Another Watson, an opponent of Andrew Marvel, sat for Hull in the Long Parliament and had his estates confiscated for adherence to Charles.

Kirby's family left England for the United States in 1832, the year in which Sir Walter Scott died. It was also the year in which the first Reform Bill was passed. The Kirby family were Tories, and saw in the rising tide of democracy the dissolution of the Empire. It is interesting therefore, to note that while they fled from poverty, and all the heresies implied in the Reform movement, they sailed for a country in which nothing could be better save relief from the prevailing hard times. For the rest of his life William Kirby sought escape from encroaching reform. The antics of the Republicans, and the corybantic ecstasies of the Methodists were alike anathema, yet, wherever he went, the political principles of the one, and the religious and social awakening due to the other, were ever present.

After a short stay in New York he finally reached Cincinnati. Mrs. Trollope visited the town about the same time, and has left a vivid, though unfair, description of the place. "The gentlemen spit, talk elections, and the price of produce, and spit again." The place was over-run by Puritan parsons and boisterous republicans. Hard

things were said about Great Britain, and unsavory remarks made about Canada. The Rebellions in Upper and Lower Canada were in full swing, and American sympathy was with the Liberals. Kirby could stand it no longer, so he packed his books into his trunk, took his rifle, and entered Upper Canada, in the year of peace, 1839.

Proceeding to Quebec, Kirby tossed a coin to decide whether he should reside in Upper or Lower Canada. After a leisurely inspection of the ancient capital, which he was later to invest with romance, he turned toward Niagara.

When Kirby arrived in the autumn of 1839, the town was called Niagara. The capital had been moved to York, and the industrial life of the place was settling into eclipse. But Niagara still boasted an aristocracy, the Loyalists. Kirby spoke of himself as "the last of the Loyalists." When he arrived, in grey cape and topper, the people fancied that he was the scion of some exclusive family. The next week he engaged himself at his old trade, that of journeyman tanner, at St. David's, four miles out. After a few months he moved to the tannery at Palatine Hill, and at last he was at the very heart of the Loyalist tradition. From that day forward he became the spokesman, interpreter, and bulwark of the Tory and Loyalist idea.

From morning till night Kirby worked in the tannery below the Hill. Every night his candle could be seen burning into the wee sma' hours, as he pored over his books. On holidays he joined the folk on the Hill, or foregathered in other Loyalist homes. There, over apples, cookies, and cider, he "learned his Loyalists," and saturated himself with their history and ideals.

While in Cincinnati Kirby had come under the influence of Alexander Kinmont, M.A., a fine classical scholar, and a member of the New Jerusalem Society. Kirby's passion for languages grew with the years. As for "The Arcana Coelestia," he preserved it to his dying day, and made good use of his Swedenborgian sympathies in "The Golden Dog." He became proficient in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, German and Italian. As for French and Swedish, he could correspond in those languages. He paid some attention to the modern French novelists, but confined himself to Goethe in Germany, and Scott in Great Britain. Goldsmith was his poetic mentor. Indeed he strongly reminds one of a saying of Ruskin's: "From my own masters, then Scott and Homer, I learned the Toryism which my best afterthought has only served to confirm."

In 1845 he published his first poem, "On the Sickness and Retirement of His Excellency Lord Metcalfe, November, 1845." The dying opponent of responsible government could have desired no threnody more devout than this poem. After his marriage Kirby taught school, and, in 1848, moved into Niagara.

For some time the annexation movement had been growing. Many believed it to be the only hope of Canada. Kirby saw in it a diabolical move on the part of the Clear Grits, who pandered to the

rabble for the purpose of splitting the Empire asunder. At any rate the affair reached a culmination in the "Address to the People of Canada." William Kirby retorted with his "Letter to the Niagara Mail," a sizzling, and frequently abusive philippic. The Government had some thousands printed in pamphlet form under the title "Counter Manifesto." It was signed, as was the original article, "Britannicus," his identity long remaining a secret.

Kirby had tasted authorship, and there was an unmistakable relish in it. Consequently the next year he took over the "Mail." At a single step he had come into the counsels of the mighty, both in the home town and in the state. He was something of a personage. There could be no disputing the reality of his hatred of republicanism, while he raised the defence of his party into something resembling logic, and even elevated his politics into verse.

In the midst of this he published a work on which he had been engaged for ten years, "The U. E.: A Tale of Upper Canada," (1859), and dedicated it to Sir John Beverley Robinson, one time poet laureate of John Strachan's Grammar School at Cornwall, Ontario. It was a long poem, twelve cantos and 6,000 lines in iambic pentameters, after the manner of Goldsmith. In it the Loyalists had found a Homer, He chronicled their piety, industry and intelligence, rebuked the traitor and republican, and exalted Loyalist wives and daughters. The gallantry of the men was only matched by the beauty of the women, while both endowed their children with gentleness and grace. "An observant eye sees it everywhere," said he.

In 1860 the Prince of Wales visited Canada. There had never been such an exhibition of loyalty—parades, feasts, sermons, cantatas, illuminated addresses and fireworks. William Kirby wrote the address for the Mayor of Niagara, and his happiness was complete when he was introduced to his future king.

As for the Civil War, Kirby was whole heartedly in favor of the South. He saw the sinister designs of the Northern Republicans wherever he looked. They were fanatical Puritans, free-thinkers and ex-convicts, mouthing republican maxims imported from the continent. The North was the hotbed of all those ideas which had caused him so much trouble and unrest; against them stood the South, the backbone of which was its Tory gentry. Again it was not to be. On May 8, 1865, the day on which news reached London that Johnston had surrendered to Sherman, the House of Commons began their debate on the future extension of the franchise.

Kirby was indignant with the Little Englanders, and assailed them to his last day. The stupidity of his English people he could not fathom. They had an empire alone in Canada, would they but look up from their dog taxes and forget the arrant nonsense of Shaftesbury, Bentham, and their successors. Lord John Russell was "a miserable, shuffling little Whig." What he thought of Gladstone

could not be uttered. But his great humiliation was the perverseness of the British Parliament in refusing to cement the colonies into one indissoluble Zollverein, British to the remotest rood, and subject everywhere to the Crown.

His services to the cause of Confederation, especially to his friend Sir John A. Macdonald, were rewarded by his appointment to the office of police magistrate of Niagara, with the additional emoluments of the collectorship of the port of Niagara. He had also begun his masterpiece, "The Golden Dog," a story of the last days of the French regime, revealing a fine appreciation of French manners and traditions. Like Scott, he was interested in aristocratic men and women, even his style was strongly reminiscent of Scott. In such leisures as his official duties allowed, he completed his romance. It was published in 1877, and during the years has passed through two score English editions, and two French, turning the feet of multitudes toward Quebec.

Kirby turned from the novel to poetry, his first love. "Canadian Idylls," composed of ten long poems, chiefly patriotic, and published during a decade, were collected in 1888. Thereupon he commenced work on "The Annals of Niagara," for which he had been collecting data for many years. In both of these his pride in Canada, his devoted Imperialism, above all his wistful love of the old Loyalists and their proud ilium, Niagara-on-the-Lake, received the best that was in him. They form a composite portrait of the Loyalist mind, and cannot be overlooked in any study of Loyalist ideals. Nature he loved, but he loved man more. No miracle of beauty in land or sky or sea could arouse in him the ecstacy wrought by the remembrance of a loyal and patriotic act. The prolixity disappears, the doggerel gives away to many a fine swinging line, the whole work is integrated, quickened and exalted by the remembrance that this landscape is Loyalist countryside, and these humble farmers king's men, and the salt of the earth.

Kirby had many interests. He was chosen a charter Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and contributed to its "Transactions." He was conscientious in the discharge of his duties as magistrate and Collector of Customs. He helped to found a library and a historical society, gathered documents and relics, preserved hallowed places, assisted in the marking of national shrines, and voiced the devotion of the Loyalists to the crown in season and out. His visitors included many of the great men and woman of the day. His correspondence was marvellous in its inclusiveness. For hobbies he had three—good books, his numerous writings, and his antiquarian interests. No one was so well versed in the characters and events connected with the history of the Niagara frontier. Few in America knew so intimately all aspects of Indian treaties and alliances, or were his masters in the history and philosophy of the Six Nations Indians.

It was a self-centered world he inhabited, natural perhaps to a man of strong opinions, proud, reserved, and unbending. He lacked the clash of minds as brilliant as his own. Instead of that he sat, like the shepherd, in the centre of a world made for him. This flavored his literary style. There was little inclination for lyrical ballads. Times were earnest. Real dangers threatened. Enemies stalked everywhere, new-fangled exponents of freedom, annexationists, tariff-tinkers, commercial unionists, anti-confederationists, anti-imperialists, little Englanders, religious upstarts, ranting uplifters, clear Grits and the rabble. Even his friends relaxed toward the enemies of the throne.

He was a stubborn individualist, not a polished and effete snob, as some thought. There was not an artificial atom in him. He believed what he said, and he kept on saying it for fifty years, with all the zest of a crusader. His strongholds were taken one by one. He lived to see the republicanism from which he had fled, and against which he had fought all his days, triumphant everywhere. Government, society, the church, industry, all became contaminated. So, more and more, he rested in a few friends, and lived in the past.

Those who knew him remember him as one of the survivors of the grand tradition. Physically he was splendidly proportioned, and handsome. While frank, and sometimes blunt, he was the soul of courtesy. Morally earnest, he was no poseur, for all his words and deeds were wholesome, helpful, sincere. He was thoughtful rather than intellectual, and gave generously to those who desired his advice, but fools he could not suffer. It was no mean achievement to have dwelt so many decades in a small community, and to have left a name for unfailing good taste and quiet culture. The journeyman tanner lived to talk with kings, visit the Vice Regal mansion as a guest, share the privileges of savants, and leave one immortal work. His political opinions are forgotten. Yet, in books and letters, there speaks a man and a tradition, and there was something great and noble in both.

Check-List of First Editions

Monody on the Sickness and Retirement of His Excellency Lord Metcalfe, from the Government of Canada. November, 1845. (1845.)

Counter Manifesto to the Annexationists of Montreal. (1849).

The U.E.: A Tale of Upper Canada. A Poem in XII Cantos. (1859.)

Le Chien d'Or (The Golden Dog). (1877.) (French edition, translated by Pamphile LeMay, 2 Vols., 1880.)

The United Empire Loyalists of Canada. Illustrated by Memorials of the Servos Family. (1884.) ("Thirty copies for family use.") Later reprinted with *Memoir of the Whitmore Family, of Niagara.* (1901.)

Canadian Idylls. (1887, 1894.) Containing poems which have appeared originally in magazines and pamphlet off-prints since 1876.

Annals of Niagara. (1896.) New Edition, with notes and introduction by Lorne Pierce, 1927.

Reminiscenes of a Visit to Quebec, July, 1839. (1839.)

(This check-list of necessity omits many broadsheets and pamphlets, the titles of which are to be found in the bibliography of *William Kirby,* by William Renwick Riddell, in *The Makers of Canadian Literature.*)

Down to the Sea in Ships

By C. F. Lloyd

I WOULD like to know the name of the man who first launched a boat on the sea, not on a pond, river or a lake, but on the blue and, it must be confessed, somewhat unquiet breast of old Ocean himself. If this pioneer navigator did the thing deliberately and with some adequate knowledge of what he was facing in the way of danger he was a brave man. His boat was most likely a clumsy, leaky, rattle-trap affair, ill-constructed and even less seaworthy than those coracles of willow and sheepskin in which our British ancestors seem to have navigated pretty frequently the treacherous waters of the Channel and the Irish and North seas, three as cantankerous, tricky and uneasy bodies of water as you will find anywhere in the world, which no doubt accounts for the fact that they have helped to breed as fine, hardy and skilful a race of sailormen as are to be found within the circle of the seven seas.

One of the things I miss most frequently, with a positive sense of pain and loss, as of an absent friend, in the dead, inland town in which I am now sequestered, is the periodical rush of white water up the long beaches, the thunder of waves among rocks and the haunting moan of the tide. The man who has not seen the sea, who has never been on it, who does not know it in all its myriad moods, (like a beautiful woman, it never keeps the same mood for two hours on end), has missed one of the great sanity-breeding, wisdom-producing experiences of life. Cook's tourists who spend the greater part of their six or seven days on the ocean, going to or coming from Europe, in their staterooms, pestering overworked stewards to find them some remedy for seasickness, never really see the sea at all. The only thing such people see is a vast expanse of uneasy water that fills their silly souls full of the vulgar terror of death. The majority of these people are scarcely worth drowning, which may be why old Ocean permits so many of them to escape. Once in every so many years Neptune rises in majestic wrath and makes a really determined attack on some ship and then we have such an exhibition of panic, stupidity and comfort-bred cowardice as was furnished lately by the sinking of the Vestris. Are we losing the race of noble bloods, the true Viking breed?

I think that really to know the sea as it deserves to be known, one must have it in one's blood, be born by it or better still, on it, of seafaring parents or parents who have some sailor blood in their veins. One should be cradled to the hoarse roar of the rising and the low moan of the outgoing tide, listen, like Paul Dombey, while still an infant, to what the wild waves are saying, run later on barefoot through the shallow pools lying between high and low water mark and get one's toes pinched by a crab, make and sail toy boats, fashioned out of two bits of driftwood and half a pocket-handkerchief, dig

cockles, prod jellyfish with a stick to see what they are made of, and watch a big, square-rigged, four-master with studding sails set, diminish to a gleaming cloud of canvas on the horizon. Still later, when one grows big enough to go a-sailing on one's own account, one should learn the delicious, cool, clean feeling of salt surf on bare skin as one dives past a wicked looking snout of rock, against which sea-anemones are waving, to catch a mermaid by the tail. It will be well too, to go out with the fishermen and spend a long summer night far from land so that one may watch the stars pale as dawn comes slowly, like the healing benediction of a great passion, across the sullen breast of the sea. Last of all one must learn by experience, the great master captain, to guide a catboat through the treacherous currents and tide rips round some great headland and bring her safely to anchor in front of a weed-incrusted pier.

Ah, the joy of letting go the anchor and feeling the boat swing to the tug of the cable, after a long night voyage through fog and storm, when each moment threatened to be one's last and each successive wave that rose behind the boat seemed the biggest the sea ever kicked up; there is no other joy quite like that. And then to go ashore in the dingy, to feel the sand slip under one's feet, to hear the dry crunch of shells and to search out and find a quiet, neat little inn, kept by a cheerful, sensible woman, with an eye like gray sea mist, who will take your order for a breakfast of delicious fresh bread and eggs and fresh country butter, and if it be a French inn, a little good wine.

I remember crossing once from Falmouth to a little village on the coast of Brittany, not far from Brest. It was just such a village as Loti would have loved to describe, with an old church on a hill and a few cottages and a cosy inn looking out across a great wind-and-tide-swept beach where long, blue-green rollers were ceaselessly trampling and grinding the pebbles and shells with a musical tinkle, like falling glass, heard as a sort of undertone beneath the roar of the breaking water and the steady sough of the wind. It was a cool, sweet morning in late August and we drank our wine, my chums, there were two of them, and I, and paid our reckoning to our pretty hostess, in her prim, white Breton cap, and then went out to look at a line of melancholy monoliths in a cabbage field behind the village.

There is a big devil in charge of each of the great winds and a minor imp to look after every one of the subordinate ones. They are all mean, cruel, treacherous and bloodthirsty by times, but the meanest of them all is the little black blackguard whose special care is the northeast wind. He is as cold as charity, as cruel as a sentimentalist, as treacherous as a Greek pirate and he has no heart at all, at all, only a dirty green pebble where his heart ought to be. He would just as soon drown you as not, but he would even rather fill your soul full of the dreadful fear of going to be drowned and then

disappoint you. His special delight is to kick up a nasty, choppy cross sea, all snarled, like a hank of yarn that a kitten has been playing with, that keeps you trimming sails and looking forty ways at once. Then he crawls inside your oilskins and reefer, chills you to the very marrow of your bones, makes your fingers feel like frozen sprats, hangs a few salt icicles on your eyelids, whips the heavy canvas away from you just when you think you have got a firm grip on it and whooo-whoooos, like the uneasy ghost of your murdered grandmother, till you are ready to believe you have died without knowing it and gone to the cold side of hell. The little brute chased us all that night across the Channel, bad cess to him, and then did his best to prevent us from returning. But by the mercy of Neptune, who commands all the winds, big and little, and of the Blessed Virgin who is even stronger than Neptune, we made the crossing in safety and reached Falmouth again just in time for vespers on the last Sunday in August.

I have never been near the roaring forties. I have never seen a typhoon or a West-Indian hurricane nor, born lover of the sea though I am, can I honestly say that I want to see either. I have been in ordinary storms and one in particular, between Naples and Athens, that was either extraordinary or else the dear old Mediterranean is a most extraordinary sea. May I never experience such a shaking and buffeting again in this world. I was on a small but fortunately staunch little Greek mail steamer with a beautiful classical name, the Aphrodite. She was manned by as choice a collection of Levantine scoundrels as ever breathed the free air of their native sea and, unless their appearance greatly belied them, cutting a landlubber's throat and going through his pockets before dropping him overboard would have been merely an incident in the day's work. We had rounded the heel of Italy's boot and were standing up across the Ionian when the half-brother of the identical storm that wrecked St. Paul roared out of the north-east and made us run for our lives for Cyprus, like Othello. I am convinced that that storm had been waiting for us for nearly two-thousand years, playing at, I'll catch that fellow, with Greeks and Turks and homebound Crusaders and growing strong and lusty. We who were merely passengers were confined between decks by close-battened hatches for four days. I don't know about letting go the anchors, but we let go everything inside us except our souls, and would have been glad to part with them on any reasonable terms. We thought every minute that we were about to accompany Aphrodite beneath the waves from whence she rose. Lord God of storms, how it blew and how the sea roared and how those Levantine scoundrels tramped and swore strange oaths overhead. That was the only occasion on which I was ever both seasick and sick of the sea. The blessed light of the sun never looked so good to me before or since as it did when the battens were removed and we crawled out on deck, more dead than alive, to see the

island of Venus rising blue in the distance, like a summer cloud. I believe that devil of a sturdy little Greek captain recorded in his log that he had encountered a moderate gale. May the gods of his native land forgive him that lie. But then everything is relative nowadays so perhaps it seemed moderate to him.

I know of nothing more exquisite to eye and ear than the sea viewed from some pleasant, inhabited shore on a calm night towards midsummer when the tide is running slowly out and the full moon makes a broad path of burnished silver across the gently heaving foam. And for grandeur what can compare with the sea thundering against the stark cliffs of Antrim or Sutherland at the height of a mid-winter tempest? It is a hard nurse this fierce, restless, treacherous sea, but it breeds strong men. I shall probably never see it again, but I love it more than ever and its haunting moan still comes to comfort me in dreams, dreams of the long ago when I walked beside it, under the soft moonlight of the south, hand in hand with a sweet companion who will walk with me no more on this earth forever.

* * *

Passing of J. D. Logan

Last month saw the passing of one of the most prominent of Canada's men of Letters—John Daniel Logan, of Halifax, who in recent months headed the English Department of Marquette University, Milwaukee, in which city his death occurred in the University Hospital, on January 24th, after several weeks' illness.

J. D. Logan was a native of Antigonish, N.S., where he was born on May 2, 1869. After attending Pictou Academy and Dalhousie University, he went to Harvard and there won degrees and high honors. Subsequently he had a varied career with his feet sometimes on a high rung, sometimes on a low one. Shadows as well as sunshine have often fallen across his path. His temperament was variable, like the winds of autumn, but dominating it always was a brilliant intellect that seemed never to be at rest. Those who were cosmopolitan and understood him were fascinated by his mental powers. Others, less influenced by these talents, might grow impatient with his, at times, careless habits and in this way lose sight of his strong patriotism, poetic spirit, large heart and spiritual fervor.

He has experienced the rush and uncertainties of journalism—many of the older school of newspaper men in Toronto recall the days when he was on the *World* and the *News*.

He was associate editor of *The Makers of Canadian Literature*, a lecturer on Canadian literature in Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S., where he established the nucleus of an important collection of Canadian literary treasures, and was formerly head of the department and Professor of English and Philosophy in the State University of South Dakota. He was a Fellow of the American Geographical Society, member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and carried several academic degrees.

He had to his credit a list of books which entitle him to rank high in writing of a learend and finished type, including, *The Religious Functions of a Comedy, Aesthetic Criticism in Canada, Marjory Pickthall: Her Poetic Genius and Art, Principles of Style*, etc., and in verse, *Prelude, Songs of the Makers of Canada, Insultors of Death, The New Apocalypse, Twilight Litanies* and *The Little Blue Ghost*. Several monographs and special articles of a critical review and analytical nature have also found a niche here and there.

Editor's Note—The foregoing is from an appreciation of John D. Logan by a former journalistic confrere, John M. Elson, who was associated with him on the Toronto *Sunday World*. Logan was a stormy petrel, as the columns of *The Canadian Bookman* have on occasion indicated. A prized bit of Canadiana in ye editor's possession is a copy of Logan's estimate of H. L. Mencken, *A Literary Chameleon*, of which only forty-six copies were printed. On the fly-leaf the author wrote:

"To Findlay I. Weaver,

Who has got more fun—and trouble—out of his connections with the Canadian Authors Association than has the author of this booklet, from kidding Canadian authors and critics, and their super-obese association.

With the compliments of the very persiflaginous author.

J. D. Logan."

It is Reported

—the latest ward of the Jardine Prize for Poetry, open to all under-graduates of the University of Toronto, was to Miss Dorothy Livesay, who is in her second year at Trinity.

* * *

—Rica McLean Farquharson, with a comedy entitled *Fawnie* and Dora Smith Conover with a tragedy, *Return Home Again*, were the prize winners in the one-act play contest conducted by the Short Story Section of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club.

* * *

—marking the 117th anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens, the Dickens' Fellowship of Winnipeg held a dinner at which the toasts included "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens," responded to by W. B. H. Teakles, B.A., the Fellowship President; "The Dickens Fellowship," coupled with the names of Alex. McLeod, K.C., and G. H. Balls, M.A., and "Dickens and the Scientists," bringing forth an address by Professor Frank Allen, Ph.D., LL.D.

* * *

—the 29th major production of the Winnipeg Community Players, in the Little Theatre, is described by a Winnipeg correspondent as the most fragrant and charming presentation yet put on by these players. It comprised two of Martinez Sierra's plays, *Cradle Song* and *The Lover*.

* * *

A Singer of Little Songs

By Mary A. Knight

FOR her, the singer, golden gates are swinging
Against the starry precincts of the morn:
"Farewell, O dead"—from anguished hearts is torn
The bitter cry, but, "Welcome newly-born,"
Triumph the angels' voices, sweetly ringing
Adown the purple paths their wings have worn.

O, there are trumpet tones that set men marching,
And songs that stir the slumber of a maid;
But hers were gentle fingers, lightly laid
On weary hearts, and mournful, and afraid—
Warm sunshine, all-protective trees o'er-arching,
And quiet vesper notes at twilight played.

With steadfast eyes upon the fields Elysian,
Blind to the falling tears, the broken sod,
Up the lone path so many feet have trod,
She drew toward home: not strange to her nor odd,
That life beyond our utmost dream or vision:
Even as on earth, she walks and talks with God.

A Journey to the Country

AMONG the literary notables who filled engagements in Toronto last month was Nina Moore Jamieson, who has a number of successful books to her credit and whose regular contributions to the Toronto *Mail and Empire* give her an enormous following, especially among women whose interests are associated either actually or restrospectively with country life.

Mrs. Jamieson was the guest of the Heliconian Club at their artistic home in a remodelled old church on Hazelton Avenue.

Mrs. Jamieson took her audience on an imaginary journey to the country—right back into an out-of-the-way farm home and the realistic manner in which she pictured the country itself and described the life as it presents itself to those who live in the country, was not only a source of interest, but also a revelation to those of her hearers unfamiliar with country life.

Incidentally, a stop at the little cross-roads village with its forlorn country store, a ghost of its former self, was the means of presenting the plight of the country merchant in the face of such modern developments as the automobile and the mail order houses which have shorn these formerly prosperous emporiums of the pristine glory they enjoyed in their golden age.

It was with the touch of an artist that Nina Moore Jamieson conveyed these impressions, and they might well be developed into something less evanescent—a book about Ontario country life.

Death of James C. Murrie

The death occurred suddenly in Montreal on Friday, February 1st, of James Christie Murrie, vice-president of George J. McLeod Ltd., publishers, of Toronto. Mr. Murrie was one of the best known and most popular book travellers in Canada, familiar with the trade from ocean to ocean by reason of his long connection with McLeod's. He was a native of Kirkcaldy, Scotland, but had been in Toronto for over a quarter of a century. After a few years with the old Toronto News Co., in the days of the late Harry Brophy, he became associated with George J. McLeod about twenty years ago. He was a member of Doric Lodge, A.F. & A.M., and of the Mississauga Golf Club. He is survived by Mrs. Murrie and two children.

The funeral was held on Monday, February 4, from his late residence, 395 Armadale Ave., and was marked by an exceptionally large attendance of friends, including representatives from all the book publishing houses.

Ave, Poeta!

A Review by Constance Davies Woodrow

THERE are many Arthur Stringers—hence such nicknames as "Chameleon Arthur" and "The Siamese Twins of the Literary World"—but in his latest volume of poems, *A Woman at Dusk*, they are all gathered together. The book is as a flawless diamond, revealing the different facets of this versatile personality. Here, the Artisan, chisel and polisher in hand, sculptures the exquisite phrase and polishes it to a rare beauty, "all the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word." Here, the Man of the World looks back upon a life of rich and varied experience and reflects upon what he has seen. The Eternal Child gazes with everlasting wonder upon things he fain would understand and cannot. The Lover seeks to penetrate the mysteries of Eros' inmost shrine. The Philosopher meditates in the starlit gloom of an Alaskan night:

For whence He came, or whither goes,
I know not, being blind;
My soul walks naked in His snows,
And trail nor fire can find,
Till huddled hope and fear cry out:
"O foolish child and weak,
Too near He dwells for ye to doubt,
Too far for ye to seek!"

Child and Philosophy together cry out in "The Potter and the Clay:"

Two things confront the stars, from time untold,
As bruised of fate, man whirls his life away
And feels the inexorable fingers that remold
Each shattered hope and dream of yesterday:
The silence of the Potter, and the old
"Oh, why hast Thou done this?" of tortured clay!

and again, in "The Age End:"

Much have we tried, and little done;
Much have we dreamed, and little won;
And back into the Gloom we lapse,
Confronted by the old Perhaps . . .
. . . we have questioned, groped, aspired,
And ask but rest; our hearts are tired!

In "Helen, After Ilium," "Hephaestus," "Ailinn of Ailey," and "The Lesson," the Dramatist and the Novelist are at work; while the tender smile of the Lover of Children is in such poems as "The Children's Theatre"—

I saw the wide-eyed children greet
The ghostlike dusk, the ghostlike street,
Hearing the ghostlike song of steel,
The far-off roar of rail and wheel,
Still dreaming they might glimpse afar
Some half-assuaging Ingomar,
Or see Snow-White beside a gnome,
Or track the Little Princess home,
Or, turning into Chatham Square,
Find new Orlandos waiting there,
Or witches gathering magic herbs
Along the Bowery's granite curbs!

Aye, child by wistful child they turned
Where dull the yellow street-lamps burned,
And for a breath they caught the gleam,
And for a moment dreamed the dream.

and particularly in "The Migration," a truly lovely thing dealing with the death of a child—

And like a fading bird o'er twilight foam,
And like a shadow down our startled skies,
Where for its moment some new splendor gleamed,
And then was gone, her homesick wings beat home!

Mr. Stringer's latest volume takes its title from the opening poem, "A Woman At Dusk," which has been described by one critic as a new "Mona Lisa" in words. It is a very apt description. The poem is an attempt to expound the mystery of sex, the futility of too much faith in the flesh, the weariness of a woman loved for her body when her soul is crying out for some higher satisfaction. It is one of those poems wherein each reading discovers some fresh loveliness of phrase or thought, such as:

Out of the gloom I see your white face yearn
As silence yearns for music, or the sea
For morning waits.

and:

You crave some keen and momentary warmth,
Some glory more than earthly glory ask,
The wine that reddens ocean foam where far
To straining eyes the darkling waters reach,
The wine that twilight drinks from paling rose
And leaf, the wine that tender April pours

A WOMAN AT DUSK. *By Arthur Stringer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, Ltd.*

Across the morning world, the selfsame wine
That sends October singing down the hills
And wakens in the sunburnt breast of youth
The wonder and the lyric ache of love.

While this Canadian author's permanent and beautiful residence is situated within an hour's run from Broadway, it is a great injustice to accuse him of forgetting the land of his birth. But, perhaps, it is not widely known that he is in Canada every few weeks, spending almost as much of his time here as in New York. One has only to read such poems in the new volume as "Heading North," "The Skater," "The Robin in the Square," and "Dusk in the Barren Grounds" to realize that Canada is very much in his thoughts.

Of the several poems inspired by England, the loveliest is "One April Dusk"—

One April dusk in England, when the rain
Fell warm on field and woodland and the night
Came in with odorous silence, and my soul
Was sick for home, and all the loneliness
Of all the world seemed eating at my heart,
Out of the warm, wet woodland and the gloom
Of shadowy hillsides came a burst of song.

I knew it was the nightingale,
Waking the valley, voicing all the ache
Of all the loneliness that earth had known.
I knew it was a nightingale that made
The mist-emerging moon seem beautiful
And crowned with sudden rapture all the gloom,
And touched with calm the heart of troubled youth.

It is not surprising that English critics have called Mr. Stringer "the Keats of the Dominion." There is the same wistful beauty of phrase, the same sweet, yearning sadness pervading the whole. Keats himself might have written "In a Roman Garden," with its many haunting lines:

Mourn not for beauty, since all fragile things
When touched with loveliness outlive our tears
And broken laughter and our little span
Of mortal longing. . . .

. . . the nightingale may sing
Above our stateliest city when its tombs
And homes and temples are no more, the thrush
May still make music in the saddening dusk
Of our forgotten gods. Triumphant still
Along grim battlements that were the pride
Of unremembered empires, shall return
Spring's asphodels, as frail as flakes of snow;
And o'er the graves of warriors who fell
On unremembered fields, the violet
In regal calm shall reign victorious. . . .

. . . Full well we hate
To bruise the slender bird, to break the rose,
To rend the pansy's softly woven prayer,
And loath we are to crush the quiet wings
Of rainbow-colored moths, and gently still
We watch the groping lovers of the world
And leave them to their dreams. . . .

I sense a kinship between Arthur Stringer and Wilson MacDonald, too, though the latter's rebel hand chisels a more rugged beauty. Both may be described as "fey"—touched with an other-worldliness that sets them lonelily apart from their fellows. Both have been richly endowed with the true Celtic temperament, and, with the departed English poet, Alice Meynell, might sing:

"Like a west wind across the world I move,
Sweeping my harp of floods mine own wild ways . . .
. . . bearing . . .
A small cloud full of rain upon my heart
And in mine arms, clasped, like a child in tears."

Ever since I read *A Woman At Dusk*, one thing has truly amazed me: Why have I not heard more of Arthur Stringer, the Poet? The Novelist, the Dramatist, the Artisan—of these I have heard much, but so very little of the Poet, who is so much greater than the rest.

There must be hundreds of verse-lovers in Canada whose hobby is collecting Canadian verse, but of the volumes that pile up annually on our shelves, how very few are worth "wearing right into our hearts with reading!" Of the 1928 crop, *A Woman At Dusk* is easily the outstanding volume, and any true poetry-lover who has not read it has missed something very much worth-while.

As for us Little Singers, our name is legion, scribbling out our little lives in an effort to attain—what? Material gain? Glory? Or that joy of most creators, a rising standard of excellence? It matters not. To each his own path. But to each of us there come moments when we must pause in our own impassioned activities of tremendous unimportance to listen to the Masters, who have attained. At such moments we Little Singers are mute, save for one cry from the heart of the Neophyte to the heart of the Master: *Ave, Poeta!*

New Poetry Chap-Books

Reviewed by H. M. R.

Later Poems and New Villanelles. *By S. Frances Harrison. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.*

The charm of this tiny volume from the pen of "Seranus" lies in a quality of Canadianism, which, as expressed by her, is truly fine and distinctive. The volume opens with "A Canadian Anthology of Flowers," a poem that was first published in *The Canadian Bookman*, and the keynote of her theme is struck in the lines:

"I make a song in Canada to-day,
The song of her own flowers, not England's nor
Another's . . . "

The richness of this poem consists not only in its wealth of poetical imagery, and its classical and botanical lore, but in the superabundance of flowers that it demonstrates Canada possesses. On each flower the poet lovingly bestows an epithet or associates with it a

phrase or metaphor that tends to make it unforgettable—from "Vivid Golden Rod" and "Pale Monotropa" to the "wild Calla gleaming in streamlets like a patch of snow."

That the greater number of the poems in this book are new villanelles tends to make it more characteristically Canadian, for what is more distinctive of Canada than her French-Canadian element? And that "Seranus" understands the best in that element is evidenced by these delightful pastorals that throw sidelights on the characters, the habits and faith of a people, who, with a real sense of the protection of the *Bon Dieu*, live, on the whole, such cheerful, simple, useful, and wholesome lives. In "Madame Tarte" she has limned a typical French-Canadian character:

"Great faith is hers. Her steadfast soul
Not lightly is cast up and down,
Is never hurt by hint of dole,

"But keeps its stalwart course. Her role
To minister to—priest and—clown.
Great faith is hers. Her steadfast soul . . .

"Is constant as the Northern Pole;
Believes Good beats the Evil down,
Is never hurt by hint of dole."

* * *

THE POET CONFIDES. *By H. T. J. Coleman. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.*

Originality of thought marks the contents of this Chap-Book. A philosopher has set to the music of poetical language many reflections upon life and nature. Just when one had begun to suspect, after reading some of his free verse, such as "My Tree," that his medium might as fittingly have been artistic prose, one is arrested by the verbal melody and cadences of such rhymed verse as "A Song for a Grey Day," "Island Memories," "June," and "Shadows,"—poems less marked by reflective thought than are some of the longer pieces, but instinct with a love of nature. In these poems the musical quality of the poet is revealed. His original bent, however, apparently finds more untrammelled expression in his free verse, of which "History Repeats Itself," "The Philistine" and "Faces," are excellent examples. I quote some lines from "Faces," at the point where, after describing some of the countenances of the people he meets, the poet says:

"Many others look merely bored,
As if their owners having sat partly through
the show that we call life,
Regret that they cannot go to the box-office
and get their money back."

* * *

PAUL PERO. *By R. D. Cumming. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.*

This long narrative poem in trochaic blank verse rises, through its theme, to the dignity of an epic. It depicts the drama of a soul not less than the drama of outer circumstances. An Indian, Paul Pero, has made a sensational escape from the hands of human justice. In a few lines the author sketches the situation:

"Pero killed a man; tradition
Prompted: was it wilful murder?
Pero killed in helpless passion—
Killed a white man who polluted,
Wrecked his home, defiled his klotchman,
Caused her death a short time after."

The reader is tempted to think that the Indian was fully justified in his act, but the author does not exonerate him from guilt. His sin is such, he intimates, that only repentance and death can purge him from it and fit him for heaven. But just because there is so much of native nobility in the Indian's soul, is he deemed worthy of travelling the path that will conduct him to peace and restore to him his lost love. Only through utter surrender of himself can he obtain the joys of heaven, and as one reads this really powerful story of the struggle of a soul to earn peace through the treading of a path from which his natural self shrinks with awful fear, one partakes of an emotion that is in its essence mystical and religious.

* * *

DESTINY AND OTHER POEMS. *By Mary Matheson. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.*

Some pretty thoughts find expression in this extremely slender Chap-Book, which is graced by a very sympathetic introductory note from the pen of Nellie McClung.

* * *

THE BATTLE OF ST. JULIEN: A Ryerson Chap-Book of Poetry. *By Kate Colquhoun. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. Reviewed by Mrs. W. Garland Foster.*

The Ryerson Chap-Books are always of interest, and especially so when they come from the poets themselves. Although this little book credits Miss Colquhoun, with being a British Columbia author, she is as much an Ontario author, having come from Hamilton some five years ago to make her home in the City-by-the-Silver-Sea, as the Chinese call Vancouver. Much of Miss Colquhoun's work appears in eastern publications.

The title poem of the chap-book recalls how far Canada has gone since the battle of St. Julien and all the horrors it entailed. "Twilight at Siwash Rock" is a western inspiration entirely. Many visitors and residents of this western country have stood and will

"Stand in the drifting twilight
And ponder the Red-man's fate,
While the restless tide sweeps onward
Through the deeps of the Lion's Gate."

With this distinctly western selection may be contrasted "The Gods of Yesterday," dealing with a scene on the Nile, where

"The wondering moon peers through the drifting sands,
And mocking jackals round their altars creep."

More modern is:

"If thoughts are things, then what a strange array
Will greet each mortal on that awesome day

When last farewells are said to earth and creeds,
Leaving us heirs to our past dreams and needs!"

Perhaps the most satisfying of these verses and the most complete is "L'Heure Noire" in which:

"Good Pan took pity on my grief,
And bade my captors let me go,
A bullrush pointed with its leaf
To where the clearer channels flow.

And so at last I brought my dead
Across the marshes in the eve:
Above the nodding lily bed
Her spirit comes no more to grieve."

* * *

A Line From London

An audience which crowded every nook and corner of Foyle's Lecture Room welcomed Miss Edith Sitwell when she gave readings from her own works and those of her brothers! For an hour they listened intently to what may be aptly described as a brilliant exposition of Sitwellism. The readings included "The Little Ghost That Died for Love," "Colonel Fantock," "Fox Trot," (which was given the same rhythm as a fox trot), "Malgre Soi" and "Paradise Regained" (both entirely humorous, telling of the adventures of Mrs. Kinfoot in heaven and her eventual happiness when she reaches hell). "Orange Tree by Day," "Orange Tree by Night," "A Gipsy Song," "The Wallflower," "Fantasia of a Mouth Organ" (which she described as a technical experiment). "The Owl" (written as a joke) and "Do You Remember Mr. Goodyear?" It may be said that her rendering of the poems threw fresh light on their meaning, but even she admitted that some of them would be unusually difficult to read aloud in an effective manner. It may be that the chairman spoke truly when he suggested that just as the Sonnet had failed to find appreciation at first, so Sitwellian verse heralded an advance in poetic expression. After the readings Miss Sitwell answered a volley of questions, her answer in each instance throwing light on the subject of the question. She expressed high appreciation of the poetry of Dryden and gave it as her opinion that his style was more suited to the needs of the present day than that of Tennyson. She described T. S. Elliott as a supreme technician. In reply to "Whom do you regard as the greatest living poet?" she replied that it would be unfair to press for a definite reply, but, in addition to T. S. Elliott, she had great admiration for the poetry of Yeats and William Davies. When asked "What are the prospects of a woman becoming Poet Laureate?" she ejaculated, "Oh, I do not think that there ought to be any such thing!" Later, she mentioned that no woman could write blank verse—"it is not suited to her temperament." —CHARING CROSS.

THE STEEP ASCENT. *By Robert Norwood, Rector of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, New York City. Published by Scribners. Price* $1.50.

Reviewed by John W. Garvin

"No disciple known to me has preached Christ with greater clarity, beauty, tenderness and power than has Robert Norwood in this book." This sentence burst from my lips as I finished reading *The Steep Ascent.* And what do the contents consist of? Just twenty-four five-minute Lenten talks, taken down stenographically, on such themes as these: "Certain Greeks"; "In Swaddling Clothes"; "Behold the Lamb of God"; "What Seek Ye?"; "A True Israelite"; "Fishers of Men"; "A Mountain Trail"; "Glory of Men"; "After This Manner"; "Our Father"; etc. This book should have a place at the bedside of every Christian, alongside his Bible, for it inspires new visions of unselfish effort and service, and strengthens the resolve of the reader to persist in climbing the Mountain of the Beatitudes.

To Robert Norwood there is but one creed of supreme importance, The Sermon on the Mount, and he bows the knee reverently before the Master as he listens to these divine utterances: "Blessed are the poor: Blessed are they that mourn: Blessed are the meek: Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness: Blessed are the merciful: Blessed are the pure in heart: Blessed are the peacemakers, etc." And in ringing tones he declares that "The Sermon on the Mount is the only gate to salvation—and salvation is seeing Jesus. Salvation is not going to heaven when you die." And then he asks, "What would you do in heaven if you were not like Jesus?"

In talk XVIII we are told, "Henley was wrong, however artistically great, when he sang about being captain of his soul. We cannot be captain of our soul, because our soul is not the ship. Our soul is the captain. It is our body that is the ship. Our soul must be captain of our body. Our bodies, like any vessel, are filled with odds and ends of things. There are cargoes that we are carrying from one port to another. There is the gear that goes with the boat. There is the equipment that makes up the expediency of the craft. But the essential thing is the captain." And then he makes this startling reference to the new philosophy, "Behaviorism": "According to the Behaviorists, we are ships without captains. We have sails and anchors and automatic helms. Some reach havens and some do not. It is all a matter of chance. This thought is a prevailing one in our modern world. It has America by the throat. Almost every boy and girl coming out of the universities has accepted Behaviorism as the law and the Gospel: we are mechanisms, not souls." Let us hope that in these comments there is some rhetorical exaggeration, for Behaviorism is but a recrudescence of the old materialism or mechanistic determinism, and if believed in generally can only bring moral and spiritual disaster to humanity, individually and collectively.

In the Foreword we find these arresting and puzzling words: "Christhood is the human attainment of universal consciousness which Jesus described as eternal life. Eternal life has nothing to do with duration; it is qualitative, not quantitative."

I am constrained to believe with Bergson that there can be no life or consciousness at all without change and hence duration; for life is a flowing, a real becoming, a continuous undivided movement. Time is the very essence of a living being's life, the whole meaning of its reality. In life we meet with a real duration, a duration that is absolute; a ceaseless flowing that never repeats itself, an always present, changing, becoming, now. . . . There is another conception of time-succession of states of things in space. But this is not true duration. It is this unreal time we have in mind when we speak of our fleeting existence. And it must be this unreal duration that Dr. Norwood had in mind as he penned the above words.

In another chapter the author states that "God is not omnipotent." To the ordinary Christian, who has been taught to believe in God's omniscience and omnipotence this declaration comes as a bolt from the blue. . . . Present day scientists, however, tell us that our "Universe" is but one in many and that the term used should be "Multiverse"; and at least one scientific philosopher hints at Polytheism and possible rivalry among the gods. And philosophers, generally, affirm that if God is omniscient and omnipotent, then we are but puppets in the grip of destiny.

Let me again refer the reader to the teaching of Henri Bergson, the French philosopher, and one of the most original and profound of thinkers, in his "Creative Evolution":

1. The Universe is Universal Life or Consciousness in ceaseless motion. It is not a completed system of reality, but is itself becoming.

2. Reality is not solid matter, nor thinking mind, but living, creative evolution.

3. Life is an absolute holding in itself the possibility of all form. Life is the only reality, and the solid things and their relations are the order discerned by the intellect in this reality.

4. The Intellect has been formed to serve the purposes of the activity we call life—formed by a narrowing, a shrinking, a condensation, a focusing of consciousness. It gives us views of reality. It cuts out in the flow the lines along which our activity moves.

Is not this Universal Life or Consciousness in constant creative evolution, God Himself, in Whom we live and move and have our being; and are we not all creating with Him in the Universal flow, towards a more perfect system of reality?

Let this review be closed with a quotation from the final pages of *The Steep Ascent*: "We see wherein Jesus differs, how He is greater than Moses or Buddha or Socrates. It is in that boundless loving. It is the utter, infinite tenderness of the understanding of Jesus that holds us awed and amazed, so that when we touch that love, we cry, 'My Lord and my God.' We justly deify Jesus when we come to His love and only when we come to His love, for in Him we feel the infinite love of God."

* * *

In the Qu'Appelle Valley

ROVERS OF THE VALLEY. *By Augustus H. Ball. London and Toronto*: *J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.*

Rovers of the Valley is a story of a group of boys who spent a summer vacation in the beautiful Qu'Appelle Valley in the Province of Saskatchewan. The boys are all scouts, the group being named the Wolf Patrol, and the story is primarily for boys belonging to that splendid organization, although it is a book well worth the interest of all boys .

Seven Canadian boys, varying in age from fifteen to nineteen, under the guidance of Jack Worthington, form a merry, congenial group and the six weeks spent camping on the shore of one of the Qu'Appelle lakes resulted in lasting friendships. Scout routine was adhered to to a certain extent and many a lesson in co-operation and fellowship was demonstrated in a practical way. Much historical lore, some early Indian relics and legends, habits and customs of the various wild creatures of the district, and many other interesting and instructive facts were disclosed in the thrilling adventures of the Wolf Patrol. Old Scout and Old Pioneer, early settlers in that neighborhood, contributed greatly to their holiday outing, and incidentally the boys absorbed much useful information from these two friends.

Scout rules and regulations made the daily duties a pleasure and when all were sitting around the camp fire there were always plenty of stories and discussions, such as the tale of the first League of Nations founded by Hiawatha. Jack Worthington's love for the Scout work and his instinct for leadership made him an ideal supervisor for these loyal, fun-loving Canadian boys.

The Boy Scout movement has played a large part in welding together the youth of the Canadian west, and its work is invaluable in that it aids materially in developing a fine sense of citizenship and fellowship among the boys and youth of the country. The author, Mr. Ball, writes from experience as, in addition to being Deputy Minister of Education, he has long been associated with the Scout movement as Provincial Commissioner.

The book is one that should be in the hands of every boy scout and leader, and would be a welcome addition to any boy's library. It is attractively illustrated by Christine Chisholm. A. S. M.

* * *

Early this year will come Douglas Durkin's new novel, *The Intimate Adventure*. The author is at present in London.

* * *

Announced for early publication is another important biography by Emil Ludwig. The title is *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*.

The Making of an Author

Some Food for Thought for Canadians Who Would Achieve a Real Place in the World of Letters

ESPECIALLY rich fare was provided at the first meeting of the Canadian Authors Association, Toronto Branch, for the New Year, held on January 19th, at the Heliconian Club, when the speakers were Lady Willison and Professor George M. Wrong. Lady Willison was delightfully reminiscent in recalling personal contacts with the late Sara Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes), who was not related to Norman Duncan, although they both came from Brantford and reflected literary glory on that city. Sara Jeanette Duncan, like many other Canadian writers of those days, made her name in literature in other lands than her native Canada, but she never lost her strong Canadianism. It was a surprise to many to learn that this author had written more than fifteen books, most of them successful novels. She had a strong following of readers on both sides of the Atlantic, but was always concerned about how her work was appreciated by Canadians, despite the fact that this was a negligible factor in the total sales of her books.

Prof. Wrong, too, was reminiscent in his address, but only incidentally. That was when he recalled a conversation participated in by a group which included the late Goldwin Smith. It was in the heyday of the Browning Clubs which flourished in Canada as else where in the English-speaking world. The question at issue was as to Browning's standing as a poet. The Sage of the Grange struck consternation into a group by the remark:

"Why Browning is not a poet at all; he has the mind of a stock broker."

Asked by one of the company as to whose poetry he did appreciate, Goldwin Smith's reply had been:

"Oh, that of Homer, Vergil, Shakespeare and Milton."

Those who heard Prof. Wrong on this occasion had the advantage of the inflection conveyed in voicing that remark.

A notable feature of Prof. Wrong's address was the discussion which arose out of his remarks about Ontario rural life as a theme for a novel that would reflect this province as *Marie Chapdelaine* did Quebec. Quite a heated debate followed a question put to the speaker by Mrs. Lillie Brooks, regarding the alleged hostility to farm life that led young people away from the country to the cities. This was the Big Thing and she wondered whether it should be stressed by writers.

"Most assuredly," replied Prof. Wrong, "if that is the truth. Write the truth, for that is what makes literature."

Others took issue with Mrs. Brooks regarding the reason for young people leaving the farms, on the ground that it was dictated by necessity, especially in the old days of large families, which made it impractical for all of the sons and daughters to stay there, because the land could not support all of them. This led to the larger question of the decreasing population of the rural sections of the province and an interesting paper might be written about this phase of the evening, but Prof. Wrong's address has the right of way.

The speaker had some interesting things to say on the question of where the best literature was produced—in the country or in the city. Unfortunately real country life was lacking in Canada to-day. The migration of thousands of people to the lake regions in the summer did not give them true country life. In fact Muskoka had a devastating effect on literature.

Those who would write about their own country should not only learn all the aspects of life in Canada, but should travel and see other countries before they could really know their own.

Opportunities for dealing with Canadian subjects included pioneer life, which, however, did not afford a very wide range of thought beyond the combat with the wilderness.

Then there was the general subject of the aborigines which was a most interesting study. This entailed acquiring a real knowledge of anthropology.

Canadians, by reason of the contiguity of their country to that of the United States, should understand and be able to interpret various phases of life pertaining to that country.

It was always to be remembered that the development of a literature that could be called Canadian had its limitations because our culture had its roots across the sea. It would be different were we a separate race speaking a different language. Prof. Wrong did think, however, that Canadians were de-

veloping a definite personality of their own and he favored the unifying of their outlook. This was in fact being British in the more liberal sense of the term.

He hoped the day was not far distant when Canada would have a good strong weekly review as the mouthpiece of the national consciousness that was developing.

* * *

The Canadian Poetry Group

THE unofficial poetry group at last has a name. It is now "The Canadian Poetry Group," but, as its moving spirit, Miss Isobel Macdonald, explained at the January recital, it will retain its informal characteristics. There will be no president, or any of the other attributes of a definitely organized society or ism. There is no selfish propaganda behind the movement, merely a desire to give a freer means of expression to those who write poetry. But that it is not going to be restricted to budding poets was demonstrated on this occasion when the guest-poet was Norman Gregor Guthrie (John Crichton.) The event was outstanding for the gathering of literary notables included in the large assembly that turned out to hear Guthrie on the occasion of his first public recital and highly appreciative were the words of Charles G. D. Roberts and T. G. Marquis in moving and seconding the vote of thanks to the poet. Dr. Roberts reinforced his tribute by reciting one of Guthrie's shorter poems which he referred to as one of his favorites, and Mr. Marquis gave Guthrie a place in the front rank of Canada's major poets, not to be restricted to his reputation as "the flower poet," despite his numerous poems about flowers.

Perhaps the favorite of the audience among the poems recited was the following, from Guthrie's latest book, *Flake and Petal*:

MISS MOWAT'S GARDEN. ST. ANDREWS 1911

It's June. Beneath the apple tree
The sweet sunshine devours
The mist dissolved: the breathing sea
Sends its narcotics up to me
To mingle with old fashioned flowers.

The old seat creaks beneath my weight,
The apple blossoms drop in slow
Reluctant spirals. How I hate
A noisy flower. These are sedate
Curtsying downward as they go.

The bees have kicked them off, no doubt,
While ravishing the yellow heart.
Bees are so rough, they go about
Their pollen pilfering all without
A thought of petals pried apart.

Save for the rude and noisy bees
It's quiet here, and one may drowse,
Shut from the world by lilac trees,
—The graceful Persians. If you please
Observe the woodbine on the house.

A thing of delicate colour. See!
Cream, honey, shading into buff.
A nested humming-bird would be
A proper guest. I think that she
Would find a tendril slim enough.

The summer house,—a stout old vine
Holds rotting lattice clapsed. (A child
Could break the lath.) While columbine
Springs till the roots of it entwine,
Forget-me-not that grew up wild.

Stray buttercups enamelled gold
Glint aimlessly. And up above
The baby chipmunks growing bold
From shading branches leap and scold
Friends in the next door neighbour's grove.

Below, the quiet gardeners dig
Round ancient trees, with branches stuffed,
With nests in fork and hole and twig,
Where elm and maple branching big
Hang over drifts of candytuft.

And ever, swiftly, to and fro,
Drive shadow-silent and unheard,
Sane birds that seem almost to know
And leave the sweet deep silence so.
—what a good comrade is a bird!

* * *

Canadian Authors Association, Calgary Branch

On Tuesday evening, January 8th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McDonald, the members of the Calgary Branch met to continue their study of the short story. Mr. R. B. Forsyth gave an excellent talk on "Human Interest in the Short Story," pointing out the parts which plot, character, and atmosphere must take in the development of a well-balanced story. Conrad's "Typhoon" and Fanny Hurst's "The Good Provider" were chosen as examples of different manners of treatment, while the latter tale was the centre around which most of the discussion which followed, revolved. It was suggested that at a future meeting several members should bring in an outline of an original plot for discussion and criticism.

The President, Mrs. J. F. Price, was in the chair, and a pleasant social hour brought the meeting to a close.

* * *

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Art Notes

By Jeanne Adeney

MORE and more, visitors to Toronto are finding the Art Gallery a place worth seeing. Changed approximately once a month, the exhibitions are always interesting and at times they are exceptionally good. Perhaps the executors of the Gallery resolved with the New Year to give us even better things, for the January exhibition contained a collection of paintings by Old Masters, contemporary American pictures and modern English woodblocks.

Unlike the galleries of the world's great cities, that at Toronto is small, and may be taken in at one visit. It contains but seven rooms, a sculpture court and a print room. May it never grow larger! The arrangement at present is almost ideal—I should like to see even fewer pictures on the walls at one time, though it meant more frequent changing.

Because there are just twenty pictures by Old Masters, one could really contemplate them. There is no age to portraits like the "Young Man" of Paris Bordone's, or the portraits of men by Franz Hals and Van Der Helst, or "Mrs. George Thomson" by Sir Henry Raeburn. These pictures look across to us in friendly fashion, as if the gulf of years did not exist. The two Rembrandts were not as soul searching as some of that artist's work. Perhaps it is difficult to paint the soul of one's betrothed. The other portrait, "Lady with Dog," was painted four years before his death. The exhibition contained the charming "Prince Edward" by Holbein, two Van Dycks, "Portrait of a Spanish Nobleman" by Murillo, and "Marquesa de Fontana" by Goya. Odd how Ruysdael's landscapes, especially "Bleaching Ground, Haarlem," appear more modern than those by Gainsborough. Romney and Gainsborough painted the romantic aspect of things, and modern artists do not view the world romantically. Gainsborough's landscapes have charm, but "Emma, Lady Hamilton, as Mirth," by Romney, was the one uninteresting picture in the show.

The collection of American paintings came from the Forty-first Annual Exhibition of American Paintings and Sculpture, held in Chicago. America, with her mixture of races, has not produced as definite a type of art as Canada is evolving. It was interesting in this exhibition to note various influences in the pictures. Emil Carlsen borrowed the method of the impressionists in the broken light and color of "Niagara Falls." "The Talmudists," by William S. Swartz, reminded one of a Russian stage set. William Schulhoff was modernistic in his "Arrangement," and Emile Grumieaux approached the Canadian feeling in "The Quiet of the Hills." Perhaps the most truly American pictures were "Negro Reading" by H. G. Berman, so suggestively painted even to the tiny figures of woman and child in the background, and "The Black Mantilla" by J. Theodore Johnson, brilliantly executed and interesting enough to compare with the Old Masters.

The exhibition of English woodcuts showed a surprising degree of skill and a greater variety of effect than one would imagine possible from the medium. Many modern artists are going back to this early form of expression. One finds such names as Gordon Craig, Eric Gill and John and Paul Nash among them. This exhibition has been shown in Montreal and Ottawa, and is going on to other Canadian cities.

* * *

The National Gallery at Ottawa was in formally opened on January 22. Since the last exhibition a number of important pictures have been added to the permanent collection, chiefly of the Italian School. The Canadian section was most prominent, but there was a good showing of English and Dutch pictures and a few Spanish and French. A number of Canadian sculptors exhibited, and there was in addition a collection of French-Canadian wood-carvings.

* * *

In New York City on January the thirteenth, Emil Fuchs, famous painter and sculptor, committed suicide by shooting himself. He was sixty-two years old and suffering from cancer. Mr. Fuchs was born in Austria, and as a young man studied art in Berlin. There he won the Prix de Rome, and lived for seven years in Italy. His study of the head of King Edward the Seventh, which was used on the British postage stamps, was recently on view in the Print Room of the Toronto Art Gallery.

CRITICISM THAT HELPS

A Calgary writer, under date of Jan. 12, 1929, says: "I am pleased to be able to tell you that I received a cheque for $35 from the Toronto 'Star Weekly' for my story. I must thank you for your criticism, which enabled me to make the story salable."

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Key to Literary Puzzle

In the last issue, in connection with the Canadian Literature Puzzle, as given on page 26, it was announced that the key would appear this month. This, however, has had to be held over until next month on account of press of other matter.

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Danger Ahead!

A very pertinent and frank discussion on censorship in Canada by Felix Walter, in the February issue of *The Canadian Mercury*, Canada's new Literary Monthly Journal. Articles and stories by A. J. M. Smith, Joseph Easton MacDougall, C. J. Eustace, A. Y. Jackson, Marcus Adeney and others. Montparnasse Letter from Leon Edel.

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: : : THE COLLECTOR : : :

PART I of what is now the famous library of Jerome Kern, the New York playright, was sold at the Anderson Galleries in that city on January 7th to 10th, and almost realized the total of "nearly a million dollars" predicted for the entire library when the first announcement of the sale was made, 948 lots bringing $933,625. The sale was one succession of record-breaking prices, practically every item bringing new figures. The star lot of the sale was the author's original manuscript of Thomas Hardy's *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, 156 pages, which brought $34,000. The next highest item was Henry Fielding's *History of Tom Jones, a Foundling*, 6 Vols., in the original boards, uncut, with the leaf of errata in the first volume, and believed to be the finest copy in existence, which realized $29,000, and was followed closely by *Pickwick Papers*, a perfect set of the original parts, for which $28,000 was paid. It is out of the question to detail here all the items which brought notable prices, but some of the more important among them may be named, as follows: Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*, 3 Vols., original boards, London, 1811, $4,800; James Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson*, 2 Vols., London, 1791, autograph letters of both Johnson and Boswell inserted, $5,250; Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *The Battle of Marathon*, London, 1820, presentation copy of her first book, $17,500; Robert Browning's *Pauline*, London, 1835, his first book, $16,000; Fanny Burney's *Evelina*, 3 Vols., London, 1778, $5,800; Robert Burns' *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, 2 Vols., Edinburgh, 1793, with full-page author's presentation inscription to his friend, John McMurdo, $23,500; Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Cantos I. and II., London, 1812, $5,100; do., *The Waltz, An Apostrophic Hymn*, London, 1813, $8,250; do., original manuscript of Cantos XIV. and XV. of *Don Juan*, 49 pages, $20,000; do., original manuscript of *Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice*, 142 pages, $27,000; Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, London, 1865, the suppressed first edition, $10,000; original manuscript of Jas. Conrad's *Under Western Eyes*, 135 pages, $7,250; Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, 3 Vols., London, 1717-1720, in the original calf, $11,500; Charles Dickens' *The Strange Gentleman*, London, 1837, first edition, $10,500; do., original manuscript of *Oliver Twist*, $8,500; do., *Barnaby Rudge*, London, 1841, author's presentation copy to W. S. Landon, $5,500; do., *The Haunted Man and The Ghost's Bargain*, London, 1848, author's presentation copy to W. H. Ainsworth, $6,750; do., *A Child's History of England*, 3 Vols., London, 1853-54, author's presentation copy, $6,250; do., *A Tale of Two Cities*, London, 1859, author's presentation copy, $10,250; do., *A Curious Dance Round a Curious Tree*, London, 1860, with 10 pages of original manuscript bound in, $9,000; do., book of memoranda from 1855 to the close of his life, containing suggestions for plots, names, dialogues, etc., for his novels, $15,000; do., incomplete original manuscript of *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners*, 51 pages, $15,000; Edward FitzGerald's translation of *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, London, 1859, first edition, $8,000; Oliver Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*, Salisbury, 1766, original calf, author's presentation copy, only one known, $6,600; do., *She Stoops to Conquer*, London, 1773, first edition, in original wrappers, $800; do., *The Haunch of Venison*, London, 1766; $5,500; Thomas Gray's *An Elegy Wrote in a County Churchyard*, London, 1751, $12,000; Thomas Hardy's *Desperate Remedies*, 3 Vols., London, 1871, the author's first book, $4,800; Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Fanshawe*, Boston, 1828, the author's first book, $4,750; a leaf of the original manuscript of Samuel Johnson's *Dictionary of the English Language*, $11,000; Johnson's *The Prince of Abyssinia*, 2 Vols., London, 1759, first edition and author's own copy, $5,000; do., *The Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets*, 4 Vols., London, 1781, Mrs. Thrale's copy, $4,700; do., A. L. S. to Mrs. Thrale about Gray's *Elegy*, $5,500.

* * *

The New York Public Library has adopted a policy which might well be followed by all Canadian public and other libraries, namely, of seeking to obtain from the immediate relatives of distinguished men who have recently died all their public papers which may be of value to future historians. Its foresight is evident from a note in its January Bulletin setting forth that, "Realizing that the library has ample facilities for the care and administration of material of this sort, a growing number of men who have retired from useful lives of public service are placing their files of letters and papers in its hands." It is almost a tragedy that original documents of the greatest public importance and value are constantly being lost to the world, owing to their destruction at the hands of persons who have no suspicion that they possess such value.

* * *

A letter by Robert Burns, believed to constitute the only existing manuscript of his famous song, *O My Love's Like the Red, Red Rose*, has recently crossed the Atlantic to the United States. The letter, formerly owned by Dr. Maurice Davidson, of London, was sold at auction there several years ago for £2,000, which was said at the time to be a record price for a Burns letter. It is addressed to Alexander Cunningham and deals with Burns'

business relationship with Pietro Urbani, a musician. Urbani was a native of Italy, who about 1780 made his way to Scotland, singing and teaching. He published six volumes of his arrangements of Scottish songs, some of them being by Burns. His meeting with Burns took place in 1793.

* * *

The library of McGill University, Montreal, has recenty acquired two extremely valuable Greek manuscripts, one, and the larger of the two, dating back to the twelfth or early thirteenth century, and the other volume a lectionary dating from the thirteenth century. The larger book has a cover dating from the seventeenth century or later, consisting of four corner pieces, showing the evangelists holding their Gospels, with a large central panel on the front depicting the Crucifixion and one on the back depicting the Ascension. The lectionary has as its only decoration red capitals and one beautiful headpiece, in bright red and gold, coming before the Gospel accoring to St. John.

* * *

One of the greatest literary treasures of the East, the oldest of the large printed Chinese encyclopedias, has recently come into the possession of the Gest Chinese Research Library at McGill University, Montreal. It has the distinction of being the only copy of the original complete edition outside China, with the exception of a copy which the British Museum acquired in 1877. This great Chinese work comprises nearly two tons of books, consisting of five thousand volumes of ten thousand chapters on thirty-two subjects. It was formerly in the possession of a private collector in Pekin, and was secured for the Gest Chinese Research Library through Capt. I. V. Gillis, the library's representative in China.

* * *

The oldest bookshop in London is that of Ellis, 29 New Bond Street. It was originally opened in 1728, by John Brindley and, strangely enough, no proprietor during the 200 years which have elapsed since then has been succeeded by his son. Brindley, before taking up the book business had made something of a name for himself as a bookbinder, and he not only continued this occupation, but added to it that of publisher. He is notable for having, in 1734, issued the first known catalogue of old and rare books. Brindley died in 1758, his business being carried on by his wife, who later transferred it to his apprentice, James Robson, made famous in after life by being used by Sir Walter Scott for his portrait of "Snuffy Davie" in *The Antiquary*. Robson died in 1806, seventy-three years of age, and the business was continued first by Thos. and Wm. Boone, and then by F. S. Ellis, who subsequently became associated with Wm. Morris in his Kelmscott Press venture. The business is now conducted by L. J. Holdsworth and Geo. Smith, who have retained the name of Ellis as the name of the bookshop.

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Who's Who in Canadian Literature

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

BY LIONEL STEVENSON

A FUNDAMENTAL assumption of valid criticism is that literature is cumulative. As years and centuries pass, the words of any language and the literary forms become more and more richly endowed with connotation, bequeathed by all the antecedent authors. Even the radical innovator inherits far more than he rejects, and must inevitably do so if he wishes to be comprehended. His greatness is measured by his degree of success in contributing something permanent to the heritage, not in demolishing it.

In discussions of Canadian literature this matter of literary ancestry is frequently neglected, perhaps through a Chauvinistic feeling that the native product ought to stand alone, and that any admission of antecedents would be a confession of weakness. The neglect is partly justified by the fact that Canadian literature is sadly deficient in the quality of eclectic background. Perhaps no other cause is so directly responsible for our lack of prestige in contemporary literature. It is the chief source of that simple-minded effect which characterizes most Canadian fiction and makes us hesitate to apply the term "novel," since the novel is essentially a complex and cultured product. In poetry the lack is not so fatal, for the simplicity of Canadian poetry is in refreshing contrast to the over-sophistication prevalent elsewhere. But Canada ought not to be content to have her poetry appreciated only in the restricted function of an antidote.

To be sure, the Canadian poets have all revealed the influence of a few old-world poets. First Byron and Burns, then Keats and Tennyson, have been obviously discernible as models. No derogation is involved in such a comment; having perceived the best qualities in their mentors, the Canadian poets have adapted them to the conditions and outlook of the new life, and cannot therefore be condemned as derivative or imitative. Nevertheless, it would be sad if Canadian poetry were open to the charge of being wholly obvious and naive in method, and so for the fully-rounded maturity of Canadian poetry we must pay especial honor to Duncan Campbell Scott.

Born in 1862, and therefore the youngest of the half-dozen pre-

eminent poets whose birth occurred within the span of two and a half years, Mr. Scott has had a distinguished career in the Civil Service, having been for the past fifteen years deputy superintendent general of Indian affairs. Various honors have come to him in recognition of his literary achievements, such as the Presidency of the Royal Society of Canada, the honorary degree of Litt.D. from Toronto University, and the Lorne Pierce Medal, but he has never attempted to capitalize his fame or allowed it to relax his literary conscience. The total of his published work contrasts strikingly with that of many of his contemporaries: in over thirty years he has given out two volumes of short stories, four of verse (collected later into a single book) and one biography. In addition he has edited the poetry of his friend Archibald Lampman and was one of the editors of the Makers of Canada series.

As a result of his restricted publication, Mr. Scott has maintained a remarkable level of perfection and variety in his poems. He never repeats himself, either in form or in subject-matter. He ranges from the lightest lyric snatches to sonorous poems full of cosmic imagery, he depicts many aspects of Canadian life—dramatic, habitant and Indian studies, lovely landscapes colored with all the variations of seasons, interpretations of the very spirit of forest and river and prairie. Yet always one has the gratifying sense of austere and confident artistry. Though the subjects are often of the new world, the technique has been acquired and perfected by the only method—long and sensitive study of the masterpieces of the past.

Such a tour de force as "Variations upon a Seventeenth Century Theme" is a manifest proof of the poet's ability. Like the skilled musician that he is, he carries a single motif through a series of studies in diverse manners, perfectly capturing the mood and method of Chaucer, Herrick, Burns, and others, yet never simply imitating or parodying, but inducing in himself their genuine qualities. Less patently, but with equal definiteness, the same ability underlies all his poems. He seems to have fallen early under the spell of George Meredith, and it is no small tribute that he is able to rival the strange insistent metres of that wayward genius. It is interesting to notice that he takes his Meredith in inverse order; in the nineties he published such poems as "Labor and the Angel" and "The Dame Regnant," which are in the jigging restless metre of Meredith's later poetry, and twenty years later he gave us "Spring on Mattagami" and "The Lover to His Lass," which echo the haunting music of Meredith's early rhapsody, "Love in the Valley." So many other literary suggestions, however, inhabit his poems that he cannot be listed as the disciple of any single master. By acquainting himself intimately with the best achievements of others, he has developed a new achievement indisputably his own.

Long before the American outburst of "free verse," even before that phrase was coined, he was experimenting with it—or rather with

that modified version of it which seems destined to be its final legacy, namely, a rhymed and rhythmical form with no predetermined stanza pattern, the lines fitting themselves flexibly to the involutions of feeling and thought. Some of his finest poems are in this style, yet he can be equally at home in the simplest quatrains or in the exacting Petrarchan sonnet.

I have been stressing Mr. Scott's virtuosity because it is so rare in Canadian poetry, but I do not want to imply that he is merely a virtuoso. Beneath the surface of his poems is discernible a definite and noble philosophy of life. He is too good an artist to intrude the philosophical elements which tend toward abstraction and are accordingly inimical to poetry, but they are implicit in everything he writes. His two sonnets "To the Heroic Soul" challenge the supremacy of Lampman's three on "The Largest Life" as the most exalted philosophical sonnets of Canada, if not of the English language. The second of Mr. Scott's sonnets may be quoted to illustrate how the restricted form may be charged with overwhelming emotional power and dignity:

> Be strong, O warring soul! For very sooth
> Kings are but wraiths, republics fade like rain,
> Peoples are reaped and garnered as the grain,
> And that alone prevails which is the truth:
> Be strong when all the days of life bear ruth
> And fury, and are hot with toil and strain:
> Hold thy large faith and quell thy mighty pain:
> Dream the great dream that buoys thine age with youth.
>
> Thou art an eagle mewed in a sea-stopped cave:
> He, poised in darkness with victorious wings,
> Keeps night between the granite and the sea,
> Until the tide has drawn the warder-wave:
> Then from the portal where the ripple rings,
> He bursts into the boundless morning,—free!

This gospel of fortitude, latent in many of his poems, is admirably in accord with the present-day mood; and equally acceptable to our generation is the lack of Victorian didacticism in most of the poems. The twentieth-century reaction has been away from preaching in poetry and in the direction of realism: Mr. Scott reflects that tendency by his devotion to clear-cut objective images and incidents, and yet he satisfies the permanent desire for an inspirational value in poetry, by the recurrent flashes of inherent idealism.

His prevailing realism, moreover, does not indicate deficiency in imaginative scope. The poems in which strong emotion demands transcendent imagery for its expression are admirable for boldness of vision. Here is his description of "the season when new worlds should blossom in the springtime sky":

How have they blossomed, see the sky is like a garden!
Ah! how fresh the worlds look hanging on the slope!
Pluck one and wear it, Love, and ask the Gardener's pardon,
Pluck out the Pleiads like a spray of heliotrope.

See Aldebaran like a red rose clamber,
See brave Betelgeux pranked with poppy light;
This young earth must float in floods of amber
Glowing with a crocus flame in the dells of night.

The creator of such poetry can never be accused of mere virtuosity, no matter how interesting his technical experiments may be to the specialist. Perfection of technique occupies in his poetry its due position as subordinate to genuineness of feeling and beauty of imagery, and none of his poems exists with one or the other alone.

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T. B. Roberton and the Milk and Water School of Writing

BY JOHN W. GARVIN

IN THE first week of February, 1929, there was a formidable literary quake, in the city of Winnipeg. It manifested in an editorial, and its tremors are still felt in Toronto and Montreal and, doubtless, elsewhere . . . This editorial was written by T. B. Roberton, well-known author and critic, and was printed in the February 4th issue of "The Literary and Book Review Section of the Manitoba Free Press," under the heading "The Milk and Water School of Writing."

What makes it of particular interest to Canadian authors is, the reference to Professor Waugh's "conventional style" in his "painstaking Life of Wolfe," when he could have been "masterful and piercing;" the slashing criticism of John Mebourne Elson's article in the January issue of "The Canadian Bookman," entitled "The Canadian Literary Scene;" and this astounding dictum laid down as a gauge for measuring the value of books: "Books worth reading are inspired by the ruthless, intolerant and cynical impulses."

We are told: "The Literary Scene, as viewed through Mr. Elson's eyes, is a landscape of insufferable banality. Mr. Elson, beginning on a peurile note of childish gratification, finds himself at the end of

his article shovelling the names of Canadian authors into his columns with as little discrimination as a scavenger at a junk pile, and apologizing to the writers whom he has happened to miss. The wicked thing is that while Mr. Elson includes in his pages pretty nearly everybody and anybody who has in the past few years turned out a hack novel or some twaddling verse, he manages to miss the one writer who has not only written an original and brilliant Canadian book, but whose style indicates the path writers have to tread if they would produce work and not rubbish. We are referring to Sir Andrew MacPhail's 'The Medical Services,' which came out in 1926, and caused a sensation all over Canada by virtue of the very qualities which few or none of Mr. Elson's authors know anything about. Sir Andrew did not fill his ink bottle as Professor Waugh filled his—with skim milk: he filled it with vitriol and dynamite. He was tremendously concerned with good style and not a bit concerned about good nature. His book dropped like a bomb among our amiable people, and all sorts of solemn dullards took him to task with dull solemnity for having written the most brilliant book of the year. Mr. Elson is an encourager of sappiness and quietism, and smug amateurish mediocrity; and so is everyone who prints the same sort of lists and takes up the same attitude. And all Mr. Elson's article shows is the disgusting thoroughness with which mediocrity has captured the Canadian authors, few of whom, it must be admitted, have a tithe of Prof. Waugh's scholarship or literary ability."

In reply: 1. In writing his article, it did not once occur to Mr. Elson to dip his pen in "vitriol and dynamite." After several pages of general remarks he gave a resume of meritorious books, published during the last two years in particular, and made short running comments of appreciation. As a considerable portion of what appeared in the article was spoken by Mr. Elson, before publication, at the December meeting of the Toronto Branch of the C.A.A., such a quality of ink would have been entirely out of place. Let us, however, glance over this landscape of "insufferable banality," and take a look at these writers of "hack novels" and "twaddling verse," and "mediocre" essays, histories and whatnot, in whom Mr. Elson is encouraging "sappiness and quietism, and smug amateurish mediocrity;" and whose works are a proof of "the disgusting thoroughness with which mediocrity has captured the Canadian authors."

Here is the picture: Mazo de la Roche, *Jalna;* Martha Ostenso, *Wild Geese;* Louis Hemon, *Maria Chapdelaine;* Miss J. G. Sime, *Our Little Lives;* Laura Goodman Salverson, *The Viking Heart* and *Lord of the Silver Dragon;* Gilbert Parker, *Seats of the Mighty;* William Kirby, *The Golden Dog;* Frederick Philip Grove, *A Search for America* and *Our Daily Bread;* Martin Burrell, *Betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross;* Maurice Hutton, *The Rivers Run Into the Sea;* M. O. Hammond, *Canadian Footprints;* Katherine Hale, *Canadian Houses of Romance;* Hector Charlesworth, *More Candid Chronicles;* J. W. L. Forster, *Under the Studio Light;* Murray Gibbon, *Canadian Folk Songs;* Lawrence J. Burpee, *On the Athabaska Trail;* C. H. J. Snider, *Under the Red Jack;* Frank Oliver Call, *The Spell of French Canada;* Pelham Edgar, *Henry James;* W. T. Waugh, *Life of Wolfe;* George McKinnon Wrong, *Rise and Fall of New France;* John W. Garvin (editor), *Voyages of Mackenzie;* J. E. Middleton, *The History of Ontario;* C. A. Chant, *Our Wonderful Universe;* Watson Kirkconnell, *European Elegies;* Charles G. D. Roberts, *A Vagrant of Time;* Arthur Stringer, *A Woman At Dusk;* E. J. Pratt, *The Iron Door;* Wilson Macdonald, *Out of the Wilderness;* A. M. Stephen, *The Land of Singing Waters;* Florence Randal Livesay, *Savour*

of Salt; Judge Howay, *The Making of a Province;* Archibald MacMechan, *There Go the Ships;* Stephen Leacock, *Short Circuits;* and Bernard K. Sandwell, *The Privacity Agent.*

This list contains all the books mentioned with the names of their authors and are given in the order in which they appeared; and in the list of authors whose names were "shovelled" in with as "little discrimination as a scavenger at a junk pile" the reader will find a substantial number of Canada's most distinguished and popular writers.

But how dare any critic class as the product of "amateurish mediocrity" such books as those mentioned above, unless through an accident his pen dipped in the wrong ink bottle? Frankly I think it must have been an accident, for Mr. Roberton is a writer and critic of such ability that his pages contain many of the most penetrating and comprehensive reviews appearing in this country. And by such interpretations of books, he is doing to Canadian literature a signal service.

2. Sir Andrew MacPhail's "The Medical Services" was Volume I of the "official history of the Canadian forces in the Great War" and was published by the King's printer in 1925, by the authority of the Minister of National Defence, under the direction of the general staff. It did not occur at the time to our literary critics nor to readers generally that this book was intended as literature—vitriolic and dynamitish or otherwise. It was believed to be a record chiefly for future reference, and to be of particular interest to medical men. The only criticisms I remember reading were letters from physicians and surgeons complaining of the unfairness of some of MacPhail's strictures. Hence Mr. Elson cannot justly be blamed for such an omission; but there were at least two volumes overlooked which should have had special mention: Roberton's "The Fighting Bishop" (1926); and The Radisson Society's "Charles Mair," which was publicly acclaimed by Prof. W. T. Allison as the outstanding book of Canada's Diamond Jubilee Year.

3. Did it please Prof. Waugh to be told publicly that few of the Canadian authors "have a tithe of" his "scholarship or literary ability"? I trow not; for he must know that at least a dozen of the distinguished authors mentioned in Mr. Elson's list are not inferior to himself in scholarship and literary attainments.

4. Will Mr. Roberton favor us in his next issue with the names of at least "ten" other books, which, in his opinion, were inspired by "ruthless, intolerant and cynical impulses," and which he would recommend to Canadian writers as models? Is "Point Counter Point," by Aldous Huxley, one of them? It is so infernally clever in its shameless and often vulgar indecency. For ruthless cynicism, has it ever been surpassed? Is Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" another? It is a big piece of work, but how disgustingly demoralizing in its tendency. Is Morley Callaghan's "Strange Fugitive" in the list? In terse, restrained style, with never a waste word, we are given insights into the activities of murderous bootleggers and loose women.

Alas, for the morals of the young people of this generation, if such books are generally accepted as the standard of literary excellence!

The Burden of Existence

By C. F. Lloyd

"And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost and deep almost as life."

THE FROST Wordsworth was thinking about when he wrote the foregoing lines of this great ode, was, I fancy, not that delicate crystal mantle that blackens the dahlia leaves and fades from the hillside in a cloud of mist on an autumn morning, but rather that terrible monster of Norse mythology, the Heimer of the elder Edda, who crunches the rocks in his teeth and binds the white world of the arctic in a chain that no genial influence of spring or summer ever loosens. To compare the weight of custom to the heavy hand of this arctic giant was a happy inspiration of genius, for certainly nothing can be heavier or more chilling than custom. It crushes the heart and freezes it at the same time. It is the death of all that spontaneous gush of feeling that is one of the imperishable beauties of childhood. It is, no doubt, necessary that an organized society should insist on its grown up members doing certain things in a certain way, such as wearing top hats to the opera or eating marmalade for breakfast, but however admirable a custom may be it does not add to the joy of living, if living ever is a joy after one has grown up, which I take the liberty of doubting.

In some ancient societies the burden of existence was imposed upon the child almost before it was out of the cradle. The child has been even more completely overlooked by solemn historians relating facts than by flippant novelists recording fancies. We really know very little about how children were treated in ancient Babylonia or Egypt, or even in Greece or Rome. We know that a Roman child was the property of his father who could, and not infrequently did, sell him into slavery, down to a very late period in the history of Rome. But as to what games the Roman boy played or how much freedom he enjoyed in the home, or what hours he kept, we know surprisingly little and that little is not of a nature to tempt one to wish that one had been born under the consuls or the more or less democratic magistrates of Athens.

With the coming of Christianity the condition and status of the European child began slowly to improve, a fact which the people who are fond of attacking Christianity might do well to remember: that a child entering the waters of baptism became a child of God, who gave him a value even in the eyes of coarse and brutal people, such as the Pagan child never possessed. Even the most cruel Medieval lord, Charles of Anjou or Galeazo Visconti, did occasionally remember that God had become a child to save him from the consequences of becoming a devil.

Even in this age of humanitarian gush and somewhat sloppy sentiment, when hell has been abolished as conflicting with the general

idea of a God of mercy, I fear the burden of existence is permitted to rest a little too heavily on the shoulders of the weak, of old people, woman and children. One of the ugliest defects of our common human nature is its incurable propensity to bully the weak, to impose intolerable burdens upon those who are least able to bear them, simply because they are also the least able to offer any effective resistance. That societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals and children are still necessary in a civilized country is a reproach, an insult to right feeling of a nature which, if offered by one nation to another, would be a sufficient excuse for war.

When one speaks of the burden of existence as it effects grown up people one is speaking of something that it is difficult to define or describe. There are people who will say that it is something as solid and tangible as Mount Everest, while others would refer to it with an airy insouciance as though it were as impalpable as the missing link. That it does not press upon the shoulders of all men equally, as the ocean presses on its bed equally, according to its depth, is a fact. I have one friend who declares that he has never been conscious of it, while another states, with considerable truth, that it is killing him. Its character and the degree to which it affects one, depends upon so many circumstances of time and place, so many differences of individual temperament and so many varieties of social and physical organization, that it would be quite futile to attempt to draw any general outline of the thing that shall be true of Chinese coolie in Canton, a merchant in Winnipeg, an actor in London and an Eskimo hunter in Etah. Perhaps the best way to speak of the burden of existence is simply to say that it exists, whether the individual is conscious of it or not, just as a man has a stomach whether he is conscious of it or not.

Speaking for myself, and in doing so I must be speaking for a great many other people as well, I may say that I cannot recall a time when this curious, shadowy but extremely real thing did not press upon me with sufficient force to be distinctly oppressive. Even as a child, and an extremely happy child, I was conscious during the whole of my waking hours of something around and within me that took the spring out of my step, and the joy out of laughter, that drew a gray veil between me and the colors of sunset and confronted me, like a cloudy day, the instant I awoke in the morning. It was not referable to any act or object or rule or opinion. It had nothing to do with cold wash-water or plain breakfasts or Latin grammar or eight o'clock bedtime. It was something wholly invisible that came at me out of the unknown and settled upon my spirit like one of those terrifying things, born of the night, that occasionally oppress us in a dream. It was the daymare of earthly life. I did not attempt to understand it then nor am I going to examine it very closely now, but there it was, none the less, a frightful reality, part of the immemorial heritage of the sons of Adam.

There are people who despise life, like Eastern fanatics, and others who regret it, like modern pessimists. There are those who say life is so good that they would like to live for ever, while others seem to hold a grudge against the author of their being for allowing them to come into existence at all. I belong to neither of these classes. I do not regret having been born. I do not, with Job, curse the day of my birth, I even celebrate the day of my birth, or did. But on the other hand I shall certainly not curse the day of my death. I derive a mild and chequered enjoyment from being alive, but I have a suspicion that grows upon me as the months go by that I shall feel an even deeper satisfaction from being dead. Life has been to me a story, not infrequently a hair-raising story, sometimes a tall story, for thirteen years a delightful story, but it is rapidly becoming an old story which is just another way of saying that I am becoming a bit tired of it, not with the peculiar gray tiredness of the pessimist, who was born tired, but rather with the painful weariness of the soldier at the end of battle.

All normal people fear death, just as all normal people desire happiness. Perhaps I am not normal but, be that as it may, I have from childhood viewed the prospect of my own death with indifference, except in so far as it might affect others or separate me from them. Now what is stranger perhaps than my not being afraid of death is that I have often been horribly afraid of life. I know very well that the heroic attitude towards both life and death is to be afraid of neither, but unfortunately I am no hero. I am much better qualified to toy with the doubts of Hamlet than to wield the sword of Roland.

I fear death for my friends and not for myself, and for the best of reasons, self-love. It may be a good thing for my friend that she should go to heaven, but it is not a good thing for me since it leaves me in hell. Death is a personal and particular thing, like a black eye. Life is a terribly impersonal and diffuse thing, like the black plague. Death may drop a stone on my head from the top of the first tall building I happen to pass, but Life too often treats me to a terrifying vision of a number of tall buildings chasing me down street. Death will restore me to the society of my friends, if only in sleep, while life takes my friend away and then points futilely to what I have lost. Death will take me somewhere, if only to the cemetery; Life leaves me somewhere, usually in the hole. In short Death is an ultimate and definite thing, like the inn at the end of the road, while Life is a series of unforeseen accidents, like one of those horrible dreams in which one falls down an endless succession of flights of stairs.

No, hide it as we will, the fear of death is a real fear, but the burden of existence is also a very real burden, and there comes to every man a time, to some early to others late, when he cheerfully accepts the black wine of dissolution to rid himself of the intolerable weight of the burden.

Philip Grove at the Empire Club

AFTER a strenuous year, which took him into all sections of Canada on a lecture tour, addressing the Canadian Clubs and other organizations, Mr. F. P. Grove, the author, is about to return to his home in Rapid City, Manitoba, with the prospect of devoting more time to his literary work. In the twelve months since beginning his nation-wide tour, Mr. Grove delivered 412 addresses, sometimes making three or four in one day.

One of his most recent addresses was that before the Empire Club, of Toronto, on Thursday, February 28th, and it is in keeping with his courageous spirit that he did not on that occasion trim his sails in the matter of expressing his considered thought on the subject of the development and preservation of an individualistic national spirit in this country.

In the knots and groups of members who gathered afterward, more or less casually discussing the address, were some who were not altogether cocksure as to just where Mr. Grove stood in relationship to the particular aims and tenets of the Empire Club. There was more than a shade of this doubt in such expressions as that of one member, who said, "I think he is with us," indicating a strong impression made by Mr. Grove's expressed preference for Canada's continued British connection, in support of which he instanced the advantage of such a course as based upon the experience of the French Canadians who, from being a conquered race in 1759, had come to be among the strongest protagonists of the status quo.

But there were other passages which we could well consider to be rather unpalatable fare for many of the Empire Club's ultra-Imperialistic members. True, the organization's motto is "For Canada and the Empire," and all credit to the present wide-awake and capable incumbent of the presidency, Mr. Hugh S. Eayrs, for his broad interpretation of that term.

The speaker laid great stress upon the fact that Canada had for more than a hundred years withstood the influence of the American republic, thus achieving a distinctive national individualism. The distinct Canadian type, however, was found to-day in fuller flower in the west than in the east.

Mr. Grove was urgent in sounding the need for continued battle against the pressure of the influence of a neighbor of such huge proportions in population, wealth and materialistic tendencies. The whole world was threatened with this "Americanization," and he would have Canadians put up a stronger fight than ever to maintain those characteristics which are the antithesis of those which dominate the people of the United States.

It is Reported

THAT—

—Bliss Carman, at Winnipeg, said that quite often the more simple folk are more attuned to nature than the sophisticated. "The mind of man must be 'graded' to beauty. The mind crowded with gross materialism cannot find room for the wonders of the natural universe." He defined poetry as the window through which men might gaze at life's beauty and nature's wonder.

* * *

—the "Better English Games" as developed by Miss Rosamond M. de Wolf Archibald, in her work referred to elsewhere in this issue, are now being broadcast by radio by authority of the Department of Education of the government of Nova Scotia. This should be of vital interest to educationists in other provinces as well.

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—a prize of $2,000 for the best manuscript on "Religion in Education" and a similar amount for the best manuscript on "The Heroic Appeal of Christianity to Young People," will be awarded by the American Sunday School Union, under the provisions of the John C. Green Fund. Particulars may be had by writing the American Sunday School Union, 1816 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

—the editor of *The Goblin*, in the course of a lecture in the Sigma Delta Chi course in journalism at the University of Toronto, told of seven *Goblin* contributors who are domiciled in the Ohio State Penitentiary. We hope that the inference is not that all *Goblin* contributors should be sequestered behind bars!

The Voices

By Hilma Sheppard Parsons

O, those that hear the voices
That call within the hills,
Then hover in the meadows
And run along the rills;

That linger in the tree-tops
And whisper in the grass;
Then hail from out the mountains
And echo in the pass.

Their touch upon the heart-strings
Is ever soft and sweet,
And those who hear their pleading
Can never stay their feet.

They take the open highway,
And never find it long,
For all the golden hours
Hold laughter and a song.

As One on a High Mountain

A Review by T. G. Marquis

During the past decade innumerable books have been produced by Canadian authors. For the most part these have been in lighter vein —collections of historical sketches, volumes of, with few exceptions, commonplace verse, fiction without strength or originality. An important department of literature has been neglected, a department admirably represented in Great Britain by such masters of style as Matthew Arnold, George Saintsbury, Walter Pater, Sir Edmund Gosse, and Andrew Lang—the essay.

In *All the Rivers Run Into the Sea*, the author has produced a work of distinction, style and matter having a sincerity and high seriousness that is possessed by only a few chosen spirits. In the literal sense of the word Principal Hutton is not a Canadian, but as he has lived and taught in Canada for nearly fifty years, it is not amiss to class him among Canadian writers.

This volume of essays has a diversity of topic, but all deal mainly with modern thought and policies. The author is as one standing on a high mountain—a mountain of scholarship and experience—viewing mankind and their endeavors to realize themselves. He has a wonderful insight into human character and in the essays "In Paris" and "The Englishman" with a rapid pen he lays bare the strength and weakness of the French and English. In "On the Down Grade" he studies a number of distinguished men at the close of their careers—men like Jowett, Arnold, Gladstone, Dean Swift, and Dr. Johnson. Instead of "On the Down Grade," for some of these men, a better title would have been—a sporting title—"The Last Lap," or "In the Home Stretch." For the most part, even at the close of their lives, where they had kept their minds alert and gave thought to their health, they were still running a good race.

How admirably Dean Swift is presented in the words: "The gloomy dean of his time; the man who thought that he hated, and said that he hated, the human race, but who, like other men of those thoughts and words, was always kind, considerate and careful for every man whom he saw and met." Of Clough and Caird it is said they were: "Unrelenting students, men who faced facts to the bitter end, and would not let themselves be turned aside by personal success or flattered vanity, or gratified ambition from seeing what they saw: the waning of faith and hope, the increase only of knowledge." *All the Rivers Run Into the Sea* could have been produced only by a man who had the attitude of Clough and Caird towards society and towards intellectual and national problems.

The essays entitled "By-Products of Democracy," "The Philosophy of Political Parties," and "National Leagues" vibrate with living interest, and are studies by one who stands apart, without prejudice and with no axe to grind. The first mentioned opens with the sentence: "I am going to consider for a few moments the philosophy of political parties: especially of the two great political parties into which Canada is still divided, and Ontario with the rest of Canada: Liberals and Conservatives." The study is, from a theoretical point of view, an excellent one, but it has one weakness. The two parties mentioned no longer exist, except in name. In their place we have the "Ins" and "Outs." For many years all federal and provincial legislatures have aimed only at holding power. The provincial parliaments have become merely business institutions, where the bookkeeper plays a more important part than the politician. So far as the federal parliament is concerned, it would take a wise man to tell just wherein the policies of the two parties differ.

As has already been said, the work under review has distinction of style and is entirely free from provincialism, the weakness of so many Canadian writers. It is done in the best British tradition—elevated in manner, sympathetic in thought, unprejudiced in its treatment of national and international questions, sober in its discussion of theological problems, and constantly relieved by a fine vein of dignified, genial humor. In every essay the influence of Plato, the master thinker of the ancient world, and of Matthew Arnold, the most subtle critic of comparatively recent years, can be traced.

A book to be read and re-read: so packed is it with penetrating thought that its full force cannot be taken in at one reading, or, indeed, in many readings.

All the Rivers Run Into the Sea. *By Maurice Hutton. Toronto: The Musson Book Co., Ltd.* $3.50.

Aldous Huxley Explores the Obvious

A Review by Marcus Adeney

WHEN a novelist writes about a novelist he generally describes himself. Philip Quarles might have written *Point Counter Point*, but as luck would have it, Aldous got there first. So Philip lives precariously in the printed page, making up for his somewhat ghostly nature by talking peculiarly well in a circle of exceptional talkers. The queerness of all obvious things was what he would have written about: "We take it (reality) all for granted; but the moment you start thinking it becomes queer. And the more you think the queerer it grows. That's what I wanted to get into this book—the astonishingness of the most obvious things. Really any plot or situation would do. Because everything's implicit in anything." And there you have a clue to Aldous Huxley and his latest book. He has re-discovered the strangeness of things as they are.

Of course the people in *Point Counter Point* are simply impossible. Imagine what we and all our friends would look like if the polite lid were taken off our lives and our selfish little souls were exposed to the light of day—stripped of all the pleasant little explanations, the snow-white drapery of respectability, the easy self-righteousness that goes with taken-for-granted comforts! No, the idea is unthinkable, even to Aldous Huxley. He introduces us only to exceptional people whose clear, more or less consistent lives are able to sustain the white light of a pitiless exposure. Clever people they are, so clever that for the most part they have created harmonious, thoroughly justified modes of living out of materials immediately at hand. In fact they are far too good to be true. They might be regarded as norms to which with such discipline and the constant practice of intelligence we might some day conform. Decadent norms of course, but our age is (he would say) so thoroughly decadent that nothing short of a miracle can save us. "Industrial progress," declares Rampion, who is Huxley's idea of what he would like to be, "means over-production, means the need for getting new markets, means international rivalry, means war. And mechanical progress means more specialization and standardization of work, means more ready-made and unindividual amusements, means diminution of initiative and creativeness, means more intellectualism and the progressive atrophy of all the vital and fundamental things in human nature, means increased boredom and restlessness, means finally a kind of individual madness that can only result in social revolution. Count on them or not, wars and revolutions are inevitable, if things are allowed to go on as they are at present."

Aldous Huxley is an astonishing heretic. The optimism of Big Business leaves him as unmoved as the faith of a new Russia. Oriental mysticism he finds as futile as modern science, the teachings of Jesus as dangerous as their opposites. "Your absolute God and your absolute devil belong to the class of irrelevent non-human facts," says Rampion to Spandrell, who, being a very wicked person, clings desperately to the dramatic idea of sin, "and if you allow yourself to be influenced by non-human, absolute considerations, then you inevitably make either a fool of yourself or a villain, or perhaps both." And what are we offered in place of irrelevancies? "The only absolute men can ever really know is the absolute of perfect balance. The absoluteness of perfect relativity. Which is a paradox and nonsense intellectually. But so is all real, genuine, living truth—just nonsense according to logic. And logic is just nonsense in the light of living truth. You can choose which you like, logic or life." No intellectual certainty there. But why this never-ending cry for something to pin down, label, put away and forget? Is it because, as Huxley suggests, our age breeds only intellectuals, that all of us, business men and machine-workers, conservative rich and radical poor, have substituted convenient concepts for the flex and play of the normally observant mind? This would account for the astonishing diversity of those who find *Point Counter Point* and all the people in it insufferable. Aldous Huxley refuses to cheer for any team; he doesn't play the game; instead he tells the truth about games in general in a simply devastating fashion.

Strictly speaking, this is not a novel at all; it is a sociological pill with a very thin coating of sugar, and those who expect to find in its six hundred pages a lot of irresponsible cleverness adroitly playing about a phallic interest are sure to be grievously disappointed. For Aldous Huxley's candour about sex is exactly on a par with his candour about its various sublimations. Unlike the movie-producers of Hollywood and their dupes in Toronto he finds the contemplation of conventional vices as stale and unprofitable as the practice of those same vices. "There is in debauchery something so intrinsically dull, something so absolutely and hopelessly dismal, that it is only the rarest beings, gifted with much less than the usual amount of intelligence and much more than the usual amount of appetite, who can go on actively enjoying a regular course of vice or continue actively to believe in its wickedness. Most habitual debauchees are debauchees not because they enjoy debauchery, but, because they are uncomfortable when deprived of it." That is, the sense of wickedness is part of the God-concept and inseparable from it. "Telling people to obey Jesus," says Rampion towards the end of the book, "is telling them to be more than human. And in practice, trying to be more than human always means succeeding in being less than human."

So now, if you take any interest in such things, you may be able to detect the first shadowy outlines of a new morality founded upon a thorough-going humanism. One does not naturally look to contemporary artists for moral instruction. Perhaps it would be better if we did. Lecturing in the University of

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POINT COUNTER POINT. *By Aldous Huxley. Toronto: The Musson Book Co.* $3.00.

London, J. Isaacs told his class: "D. H. Lawrence is the one novelist in the history of English writing who has treated sex reverently with full knowledge of its nature. He has more intelligently expounded the problem of morality." No less sure it is that Aldous Huxley, to-day's bad boy of good literature, has something vastly more important to say about humanity and the social problems of our time than those who complain that he has left something essential out of life. To these people with a superior sense of "reality" it might be retorted that the real is only one way of interpreting experience, and the essential thing is essential only so long as we have found nothing to take its place.

Point Counter Point is a long novel made up of brief dramatic units after the manner of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. This method, which involves continuity only where continuity is artistically desirable, allows great freedom in the choice and arrangement of material. But each chapter, as a detached fragment of life, must be in itself significant and rounded out so that it could stand alone, like a short story. In the completed work we find a series of units harmonizing to form a higher unit after the fashion of living organisms everywhere. Mr. Huxley uses a large canvas for a distinctly non-realistic painting. Thought-forms interest him more than forms-in-nature; but then it must be remembered that only through thought-forms of some sort is nature ever apprehended. Emotion, in itself, does not greatly interest the intellectual; that is why one is so touched when, in *Point Counter Point*, as in the story of Guido, child-suffering is brought home to us with an almost unbearable poignancy.

Quite a number of alert critics have discovered in this singularly candid book (which pleases so few people) the sort of social criticism for which, after a lapse of years, men are always grateful. Can it be that the spirit of Aristophanes, of Rabelais and Swift, has lived on into this age of suffocating comfort, of cigarette-sucking æsthetes and money-grubbing barbarians?

* * *

FRUITS OF THE EARTH. *By Chas. W. Peterson. Ru-mi-lou Books, Ottawa.*

In transplanting the Anstruther family from England to the wide-open spaces of our Canadian prairies, Mr. Peterson vividly presents to us the possibilities that are still open for those who have the courage and the aspiration to seek success in new fields. He depicts clearly the obstacles and difficulties that are very apt to be encountered by those inexperienced in agricultural problems, but constantly holds out the hopes and dreams of success that real pioneers must cling to if they would prove successful homesteaders. In this homely tale, the love affairs of Dick and Mary, the adjustment of Mr. and Mrs. Anstruther to their new surroundings, the problems that confronted them in their agricultural pursuits, and the question of colonization in a new country, are all interestingly set forth by the author, and portray experiences that may be met with by any one seeking to make a new home in the Canadian West.

As a general rule the prologue or preface to a book receives little attention and often is not given more than a cursory glance by the reader. In this case particular attention should be paid to the prologue, in which the author has summed up his subject in a brilliant and realistic manner. In this brief introduction a vivid sketch of the colonization of the prairie provinces from the time the first wagon trail made its imprint upon the trackless wilderness up until the present time, when settlers may travel luxuriously from East to West, closes with the appropriate sentence: "Such is the making of a new country."

As the question of immigration and colonization with regard to the Canadian West is an important one for Canada, Mr. Peterson's book is a most timely one. In it he presents many interesting and authoritative facts bearing on such matters, and as he himself settled on a homestead in Manitoba in the year 1887, later becoming rancher, colonizer, editor and publisher, he is in a position to speak from experience. He shows an intense love for his subject and the book would bring encouragement and enlightenment to all those venturing into new fields. A. S. M.

MR. BLETTSWORTHY ON RAMPOLE ISLAND. *By H. G. Wells. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy.* $2.00.

To call Mr. Wells' latest book fantastic is not enough; we must somehow reconcile the incredible with the perfectly sane, the wildest dreaming with a dependable workaday farsightedness which is only the other side of Mr. Wells. To do this is so easy in the reading that we do not stop to reflect upon its strangeness. When an author has magic we are momentarily grateful and a little amazed; we regard him, as Mr. Blettsworthy was regarded by the savages of Rampole Island, as a Sacred Lunatic, acknowledging his prophetic power; but we do not, as a rule, know how closely the magic of an exceptional mind resembles our own. We live fantastically in a fantastic world, but mechanization and the schools have almost knocked the sense of fantasy out of us. Mr. Wells, who is something more than a social critic, tries very hard to put it back.

Without fantasy there is no perspective. One who has never really played with words cannot know the limitations of words. That is why formulas are often good enough for governments and religious sects, but they never impose upon the true prophet—be he religious leader or artist. Mr. Wells may strive endlessly to express, once for all, the feelings he has about life and modern society; the expression will never exactly conform to the feeling because that is the nature and limitation of art. Fantasy is the way dreams have of being real, and the way real things have of being dreams; it is the key to Sacred Lunacy without which Common Sense could achieve nothing.

Mr. Blettsworthy was brought up in a Wiltshire parsonage at a time when the English countryside was bathed in the blissfully inde-

terminate light of late Liberalism. "Human beings are good unless they are pressed or vexed or deluded or starved or startled or scared. Men really are brothers. Getting this explained and believed, and above all believing and acting upon it oneself, was what my dear uncle meant by civilization. When at last all the world was civilized everyone would be happy." Thus was Mr. Blettsworthy prepared, or should we say unprepared? for the serious business of earning a living, for love, for every sort of enterprise in a harsh world. Calamity falls upon business, friendship and love, and the young Englishman, no longer a Liberal, goes to sea in search of health (physical and moral) and a tolerable view of life. Storm, mutiny and shipwreck follow. Mr. Blettsworthy lives among savages as their Sacred Lunatic, and his knowledge of primitive tribal customs oddly prepares him for a return to the civilized world and participation in the War to End War. There follows a brief survey of after-war conditions as they affect the Wellsian mind of Mr. Blettsworthy, including, of course, the affair of Sacco and Vanzetti. "I was impressed beyond measure by the unimaginative hardness, the poverty of sympathy, the vindictiveness against 'Radicals' and reformers, displayed by great masses of comfortable and powerful people throughout the world. I was less concerned with the rights and wrongs of the trial than with the way people thought and spoke and wrote about those rights and wrongs. This troubled me more and more. It kept me awake of nights. It became monstrous in the night. It is unreasonable that this should be so, but so it was."

In this book Mr. Wells is reminiscent of his far-off earlier self, the writer of incomparable short stories. But there can be no retracing of steps. He has felt the tendencies of his own time too strongly ever again to regard phantasy as an end in itself. The world moves on and with it Mr. Wells. To him might be applied Santayana's definition of an artist: "He is a dreamer who has consented to dream of the real world." MARCUS ADENEY.

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What Robert Norwood Meant by "God is not Omnipotent"

After writing his review of *The Steep Ascent*, Mr. Garvin wrote Dr. Norwood requesting to know exactly what he meant when he said and published, "God is not omnipotent." He received this reply: "I mean 'God is not omnipotent' in this sense: The moment an artist commits himself to a form of art, he is self-limited. God is not omnipotent through matter. He must wait upon that medium as a sculptor upon his marble or an artist upon his canvas and paint, or a poet upon his words. Jesus reveals God self-limited and by the Creator bound. That thought you will find in David's answer to Saul in *The Witch of Endor*."

* * *

Beyond the Rockies, by Lukin Johnston, is a "journey-book" of three thousand miles by trail and canoe through little-known British Columbia.

THE LETTERS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD. *By John Middleton Murry. Macmillan.* $4.50.

Katherine Mansfield died in 1922. Five years later her husband, John Middleton Murry, edited and authorized the publication of her *Journal*, written from 1914 to 1922, and in 1928 the *Letters*, written during the same years. The *Journal* is full of little recorded observations and impression, beauty, pity, bitterness—which would have been made into more complete pictures had she lived. They also contain Katherine Mansfield's creed of devotion to life and more to her despair in illness than she ever acknowledged to her friends. The *Letters* are records of her love, her desire to live peacefully and beautifully and for friendship, truth and understanding. Without these two books one might think her other works merely "frightfully clever;" but it seems too bad not to know the person who wrote them, her sorrow at the failures men made, her longing for perfection, the relief with which she freed herself from disappointment in people to delight in natural things—flowers, kittens, friends. We might misjudge the writer of those critical, infallibly true stories if we didn't know the Katharine Mansfield who writes: "I've two 'kick-offs' in the writing game, one is joy—real joy—the thing that made me write when we lived at Pauline, and that sort of writing I could only do in just that state of being, in some blissful way at peace. Then something delicate and lovely seems to open before my eyes, like a flower without thought of a frost or a cold breath, knowing that all about it is warm and tender and 'ready.' And that I try, ever so humbly, to express. The other 'kick-off' is my old original one, and, had I not known love, it would have been my all. Not hate or destruction (both are beneath contempt as real motives), but an extremely deep sense of hopelessness—a cry against corruption, not a protest—*a cry*. And I mean corruption in the widest sense of the word, of course." (The *Letters of Katherine Mansfield*, p. 119.)

Katherine Mansfield felt the purpose which is every true artist's— aside from her absolute insistance upon economy and directness of expression in writing—to be the eyes through which the blind world knows itself. The difference is that most writers are moved by some particular situation or state of affairs —one may uncover in his writing cruelty, injustice, another the hope which frees the simple people from fate—whereas her feeling was not against man's failure in any particular thing, but in ugliness of living. Ah, it hurt her so!

"Life is wonderful—wonderful—bitter, sweet, an anguish and a joy—and oh, I do not want to be resigned! I want to drink deeply. Shall I ever be able to express it? If I can only convey this difference, this vision of the world as we see it! Chekov saw it, too, and so I think did Keats."—(The *Letters.*)

It is undeniable that Katherine Mansfield was the pioneer of a new era in English prose writing. After her life many have had the courage, if not the conviction, for a new hon-

esty. There is now a fore-warning of one fed from the same fountain-head, as those who have read Manhood's *Night-seed*, will recognize.

But if Katherine Mansfield's life and ideals as an artist are told in these three volumes they are finally completed and interpreted in a book written by Murry and published in 1926, his *Keats and Shakespeare*. If ever two people had the reassurance of working with a single purpose these two had. Only (if I may state what is sheer speculation) they both, by 1918, knew by instinct what Murry has now explained to himself by logic; a logic which Katherine Mansfield might never have attempted.

Because they were both sincere and full of eagerness for the good life, they knew the essential need of a new spirit of honesty and truth in the world, but they had no answer yet as to why they knew this. "The artist does not impose forms upon the world. By the compelling rhythm of his own progress he becomes more and more a vehicle of the spirit which is forever wrestling with its own materiality. . . . All his life has been a long preparation of himself as a more perfect instrument of life. While he was in the wilderness he believed that his purpose was that he should express himself, now he has realized that his purpose is that life should be expressed through him."—(*The Evolution of an Intellectual*, J. M. Murry, 1918.)

"Honesty, (why?) is the only thing one seems to prize beyond life, love, death, everything. It alone remaineth. O you who come after me will you believe it? At the end truth is the only thing worth having: it's more thrilling than love, more joyful and more passionate. It simply cannot fail. All else fails. I, at any rate, give the remainder of my life to it, and it alone."—(*The Journal of Katherine Mansfield*, 1919.)

Katherine Mansfield says, "Honesty is the only thing," and puts a little question "why?" after it; Murry still writes of "absolute *truths*." When Mr. Murry comes to his true vision and understanding he writes a book which is important, convincing and a true light in darkness. The time is gone now when as Katherine Mansfield puts it, "he jumps bodily into the milk jug to rescue a fly." *Keats and Shakespeare* is a book to follow, for in Keats Mr. Murry finds a conscious expression of this feeling for truth which is the characteristic, sometimes unrecognized by themselves, of all great artists.

Who will say that this is not overwhelmingly important? That is the point, people do say it. A fact may be accepted, but unless it is seen in its relative value it is not actually comprehended. How many times have we read, "The Truth shall make you free"? Are we thrilled by it? We pass it by; we take it to refer to certain events, not to a great abstract principle, containing all the hope and promise of the world.

But it is impressive. It is like discovering, lying unnoticed in the open light, something for which men have spent their lives searching. Mr. Murry is impressed and the result is a book clear, scholarly and sincere, written by one devoted to an ideal and to the explanation of the person in whom he finds it expressed. For Keats said, "Beauty is Truth, Truth, Beauty." The world accepted this as an unexplainable paradox. Poor Keats, misunderstood after death as well as during life. Amy Lowell's two volumes are the account of his body's dying, and Mr. Murry's are of his spirit's life.

Another result of Mr. Murry's writing is that the Press exclaims, "Mr. Murry is in danger of becoming *a man with one idea!*"

But if these two are forgotten it will only be because they are leaders of a cause, the fulfilment of which must so certainly be arrived at in the course of mankind's inevitable mental evolution that it needs no prophets.

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By Agatha Christie. (*Dodd.*) . . $2.00

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By Sinclair Gluck. (*Dodd.*) . . $2.00

THE HOUSE ON TOLLARD RIDGE
By John Rhode, Jr.. . . . . $2.00

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Inside Stuff. . .

Can Any Good Come Out of Canada?

Toronto is so full of the type of intelligensia whose fixed mental attitude (or pose) is "What good can come out of Canada?" in the literary sense, that it is quite a relief to get an occasional refreshing breeze from Saskatchewan, and other points west, even though Walter McRaye does, perhaps, lay himself open to being yclept a literary jingo in his invariable praise of Canadian literature. In a brief note from Moose Jaw, he says:

"Saskatchewan, of all the provinces, seems the most appreciative of native writing. It is fine to have them start the ball rolling for school and public libraries. Everyone is proud of our writers, such as Grove, Kirkconnell, Stephen, Miss Grayson. The librarian here reports an increased demand for Canadian works."

Mr. McRaye encloses an editorial from the Regina "Daily Post" which says in part: "Canadian literature, to succeed, must be good, but where it is good it should invite appreciation and support. Recognition and appreciation inspire new zeal in effort of whatever sort, and this is true in literature in very pronounced degree."

* * *

Reviews as Guides

Swift Current, Sask.,
January 18, 1929.

Editor, "The Canadian Bookman":

Encouragement you deserve, and shall have from at least one remote reader in the West. The changed type and size of "The Canadian Bookman" are distinct improvements. I look forward with interest to the plans for the future which you adumbrate.

Concerning reviews; the Canadian people, engaged chiefly in toil of a prolonged and arduous nature, have little leisure for reading, nor can they easily choose their books, but must take what chance provides. Reviews should help in the selection of books; should give the public a concise account of the subject treated and the author's point of view. Errors or inconsistencies should be noted, but the reviewer's own opinions are out of place, except as to literary style, and should not be obtruded. I look to a review to aid me in deciding whether the book reviewed should be picked out of the flood of current literature for my own perusal. This type of review I find in some of the English magazines, and should like to see it more evident in "The Canadian Bookman." With best wishes for the continued success of your magazine.

Yours faithfully,

F. W. GAMMAN.

Canadian Authors Association

REPORT OF THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING, FEBRUARY 16, 1929

THE National Executive Committee met in the King Edward Hotel. Present: Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, His Honor, Judge Surveyor, John M. Elson, L. J. Burpee, Professor Edgar, M. O. Hammond, H. A. Kennedy, Dr. George H. Locke, Robert J. C. Stead, and E. A. Hardy.

Communications were presented from the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers, Royal Commission on Radio Broadcasting, Professor O. D. Skelton, Authors' League of America, and the Societe des Gens de Lettres de France.

The Secretary reported the issuing of the *Bulletin* for 1928, and it was agreed that an editorial committee should be appointed for next year's *Bulletin* under the chairmanship of the National Secretary, with power to decide what addresses or other material should be included in the *Bulletin*.

The date of the 1929 Book Week was fixed for the second week in November, and the Secretary was instructed to give as much publicity as possible to Book Week.

The dates of the Annual Meeting at Halifax were confirmed for Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, June 25, 26, 27, and Friday, June 28, at Annapolis.

The draft programme was approved, with the addition of one or two papers.

Considerable attention was given to the copyright situation, and Mr. Burpee and the National Secretary were instructed to present a resolution to the Secretary of State, asking that the present regulations be amended to bring them into harmony with the Berne Convention.

It was reported that an adjustment committee had been appointed, with His Honor, Mr. Justice Surveyor, as Chairman, and Mr. J. F. Edgar as Honorary Counsel, and that one case had already been referred to this committee.

A report of the Teachers' Book Fair in Toronto, February 8-16, was given, noting the great success of the Fair. It was decided to appoint representatives to the Conference of the Societe des Gens de Lettres at their meeting in Paris this June.

Judges for the I.O.D.E. competition were approved, as follows: Drama—Sir Andrew MacPhail and B. K. Sandwell, Montreal; Short Story—Mrs. Ethel Hume Bennett and Raymond Knister, Toronto.

* * *

Calgary

The regular meeting was held on February 5th at the home of the Misses Boyd. The topic of the evening was a comparison of the Canadian and Australian Short Story, which was followed by a discussion opened by Mr. Alexander Calhoun, who gave an interesting account of the development and trend of Australian fiction. Mrs. H. B. Hill then read a paper on the Canadian Short Story, concluding with the reading of *The Root House*, by Leslie McFarlane.

* * *

Victoria and Islands

Through the efforts of Mr. C. C. Pemberton, who was congratulated by the chairman, Mr. Alfred Carmichael, at the February meeting held in Victoria College, a most interesting programme was planned and carried out. This was the discussion of three new publications by local writers, by speakers who illustrated their addresses by lantern slides. The first speaker was Mr. John Hosie, who took as his subject, *Pioneer Women of Vancouver Island*, by N. de Bertrand Lugrin. Mr. Hosie told something of the history of the compilation of the book, and what it was hoped to do in producing a second edition in the near future, which would give further details of other pioneers. The second volume for discussion was *The Colonial Postal Systems and Postage Stamps of Vancouver Island and British Columbia*, 1849-1871, by A. S. Deaville. Hon. Mr. Justice Martin gave a very able address upon the merits of this remarkable work, which will go all over the world as a treasure trove for philatelists. *An Octogenarian's Reminiscences*, by Elinor G. Smyth (Mrs. Arthur Fellows), was the third book dealt with. Mr. C. C. Pemberton told something of its history and of the voluminous correspondence between Mrs. Shaw and a son of the late Mrs. Fellows, who sent her this valuable copy of his mother's book and a number of fine pictures of Indians and scenes in the early days of Victoria, when she and her family had lived in the neighborhood of Esquimalt Harbor in "The House in the Woods."

Art Notes

By Jeanne Adeney

IF CANADA has developed anything distinctive in architecture, it is the French chateau style which she has incorporated so successfully in some of her finest hotels. The new Royal York Hotel, of Toronto, tallest building in the British Empire, splendid both in detail and in mass, thrusts its chateau roof high into the sky. This style also gives distinction and charm to the drawing for the new Runnymede Public Library, a building which claims to be truly Canadian, and has its main doorway supported by totem poles. Otherwise the drawings and photographs exhibited at the Second Annual Exhibition of Architecture and the Allied Arts, at the Art Gallery, in Toronto, compare favorably with buildings being constructed elsewhere on this continent. They may not represent much that is originally Canadian, but a few Canadian architects are creating original buildings. For private homes the English style of steep gable and timbered upper storey is both beautiful and favored. Larger homes are usually more classical. Tall office buildings follow the general trend of simplicity and soaring lines. Something interesting is being developed in service stations and garages, which may be our contribution (and America's) to architecture, for in Europe, as a rule, no attempt is made to build these beautifully.

For comparison with Canadian work and for general interest, the Allied Arts section contained a number of imported exhibits. How completely we have accepted the new in furniture, decorating and lighting was shown by the keen interest taken in the modern groups. Although the modern movement in art is half a century old, until two years ago there was hardly a hint of the new mode in house furnishing on this continent. The articles were supplied by leading commercial houses of the city; furniture designed by Ruhlmann and Lenoir of Paris, glass by Rene Lalique and Cappalin, chandeliers by Sabino, silver by Puiforcat and fabrics by Rodier. Occasionally some of the new feeling was seen in the Canadian crafts.

Examples of real antique furniture as well as modern copies of fine designs were on display. Exact reproductions of pieces taken from the tomb of Tutankhamen were lent by R. S. McLaughlin, of Oshawa. There was a fine Hepplewhite bookcase and reproductions of Chippendale and Sheraton pieces, as well as furniture in Tudor, Queen Anne, Elizabethan and Italian styles. The rooms were rich with every architectural accessory, French-Canadian rugs and fabrics in contrast to modern French fabrics and Oriental rugs, pottery of many kinds and dates, lamps, designs for stained glass windows and articles too numerous to classify. The art departments of several Ontario schools, and the Ontario College of Art sent examples of their work.

The exhibition was officially opened by the Hon. Vincent Massey, who believes that any architectural problem which presents itself in Canada can be solved by Canadian architects. He is confident that in time we will develop a distinctive type of architecture based on both French and British traditions, and urges the preservation of our pioneer buildings.

* * *

Mika Mikoun belongs to a Polish family which has been in the ceramic industry for many years. Familiar with her father's work from childhood, she has undertaken to reproduce her sculpture in the difficult medium of glazed terra cotta. An exhibition of her work was shown at the Toronto Art Gallery in February.

* * *

WILSON MacDONALD

Speaking before the Poetry Society of Canada in Toronto last month, Mr. Henry Falk, in the course of a recital-lecture dealing with the work of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Wilson MacDonald and John Masefield, included the Canadian poet with "the three greatest moderns."

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THE second part of the Jerome Kern library was sold at the Anderson Galleries in New York City, January 21-23, and yielded $796,087.50, making the total for the two parts, $1,729,462.50. This extraordinary total for a meagre 1,482 lots has never before been equalled, or even approached, averaging no less than $1,167 per lot. The star lot of Part II was Shelley's *Queen Mab*, first edition, with the poet's manuscript revisions, which sold for $68,000. This volume, it may be interesting to mention here, was bought by Kern for $6,000 at the Buxton Forman sale in New York in 1920. The next highest priced item was a manuscript of Charles Lamb's, consisting of contributions to Homes' *Table Book*, which brought $48,000, followed by the original manuscript of Pope's *Essay On Man*, for which $29,000 was paid. Other items which brought important prices were: Original manuscript of first stanzas of John Keats' *Isabella*, or, *The Pot of Basil*, $7,500; Keats' *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and Other Poems*, London, 1820, containing original manuscript of four stanzas of *Isabella* or, *The Pot of Basil*, $7,000; do., *Poetical Works*, London, 1854, with original manuscript of 22 lines of the poem, "I stood tiptoe upon a little hill," inserted, $17,000; Rudyard Kipling's *Schoolboy Lyrics*, Lahore, 1881, first edition of his first book, $4,000; do., *Under the Deodars, Allahabad*, 1888, author's autograph presentation copy, $5,000; do., *Life's Handicap*, London, 1891, author's presentation copy, with manuscript of verses from *Barrack-Room Ballads*, sgd. "Ruddy," $6,250; Charles Lamb's *John Woodvil*, London, 1802, author's autograph presentation copy, $4,000; do., *The King and Queen of Hearts*, London, 1805, first issue of first edition and only known copy with date on wrapper, $4,500; do., *Tales from Shakespeare*, 2 Vols., London, 1807, with letter of Lamb's laid in Vol. I, $5,700; do., *Poetry for Children*, 2 Vols., London, 1809, rarest of all Lamb's books, $8,750; do., A.L.S. to Coleridge, with sonnet to his sister and comments on Coleridge's "Ode on the Departing Year," $5,100; twenty-two original water-color drawings by John Leech to illustrate A'Beckett's *Comic History of Rome and Comic History of England*, $7,300; Sir Richard Lovelace's *Lucasta*, London, 1649, first edition, the Huth copy, $5,800; John Milton's *Poems*, London, 1645, first collected edition, $6,750; do., Lord Tennyson's copy, $7,000; A.L.S. of Edgar Allen Poe, 4 pp., quoting Mrs. Browning's opinion of "The Raven," $19,500; Alexander Pope's *Poems*, 1717, first collected edition, extensively annotated and corrected, and presented by the author to Jonathan Heber, $5,500; Samuel Richardson's *Pamela*, 4 Vols., London, 1741-42, first edition, $4,000; Wm. Combes' *The Three Tours of Dr. Suntax*, London, 1812-20-21, with 80 colored plates by Thomas Rowlandson, one volume in parts, and two volumes in original boards, with four original drawings, $5,300; Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley*, 3 Vols., Edinburgh, 1814, first edition, $4,400; do., original manuscript of *Tales of a Grandfather*, first series, $6,000; Wm. Shakespeare's *Poems*, London, 1640, first edition and large copy, with brilliant impression of the portrait by Marshall, $8,500; do., Second Folio, London, 1632, $5,700; do., Third Folio, London, 1663, first issue, $8,000; do., Third Folio, 1664, second issue third edition, $15,500; do., Fourth Folio, London, 1685, $4,000; Mary W. Shelley's *Frankenstein*, 3 Vols., London, 1818, with letter of P. B. Shelley concerning the book, $4,600; A.L.S. of P. B. Shelley, 2 pages, dated Eton College, May 7, 1809, offering *Zastrozza* to Longmans, his earliest known letter, $4,300; do., original manuscript of six stanzas of the Ninth Canto of *Laon and Cyntha*, $4,700; do., *Adonais*, Pisa, 1821, $6,000; Tobias Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*, 3 Vols., London, 1771, earliest issue, $6,200; Laurence Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, 9 Vols., London, 1760-67, first edition of all volumes in original state, $12,500; A.L.S. of R. L. Stevenson, 4 pages, undated, to W. E. Henley, telling him *Treasure Island* was being written, $5,250; Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*, London, 1885, first edition and dedication copy to his childhood nurse, "Cummy," $8,500; Robert Smith Surtees' Sporting Novels, 5 works in original parts, with colored plates by Leech and Phiz, 1853-65, $5,000; Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, 2 Vols., London, 1726, earliest issue on large paper, $17,000; Alfred, Lord Tennyson's, *The Lover's Tale*, London, 1833, first edition, privately printed, one of six known copies, $4,500; original manuscript of portion of Tennyson's *Maud*, $9,500; original manuscript of Tennyson's *The Coming of Arthur*, $8,000; W. M. Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, in the 20 original parts, London, 1847-48, first edition with all "points," $7,750; autograph manuscript of Thackeray's lectures on George I, George II and George IV, as delivered in America, $8,500; Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, Brooklyn, 1855, first issue of first edition, $3,400.

* * *

Anyone who fancies that the Oscar Wilde cult has lost its hold would have that idea dispelled immediately at the sight of Catalogue 161, a large quarto of 140 pages, entitled: *A Collection of Original Manuscripts, Letters and Books of Oscar Wilde, including his letters written to Robert Ross from Reading Gaol and Unpublished Letters, Poems and Plays formerly in possession of Robert Ross, C. S. Millard (Stuart Mason) and the Younger Son*

of Oscar Wilde, issued by Dulau & Co., Ltd., of London. The outstanding item in the catalogue is " a unique, important and intensely interesting" collection of letters written to Robert Ross while Wilde was in prison and comprising 21 items, some of them partly published in *De Profundis* or elsewhere—as are many of the other letters offered in the catalogue, though some of them here find their first publication. This item is priced at £2,000. Robert Ross, who was a close friend and literary executor of Wilde, it may be interesting to mention, was the son of the Hon. Mr. Ross, at one time Attorney-General of Ontario, his mother also being a Canadian.

* * *

The Boston Public Library, in recognition of the tercentenary of the birth of John Bunyan, held an exhibition of Bunyan books—mainly early American editions—the outstanding volume in the exhibition being what is regarded as the only extant copy of the first American edition of the first part of *The Pilgrim's Progress,* which was printed in 1681 in Boston, by Samuel Green, "upon assignment of Samuel Sewall's." Two other editions of the first part were printed in Boston in 1706 and 1738, but no copies of either can be traced to-day. The second part was first printed in Boston in 1744, and of it only a few copies exist—one being in the British Museum, two in the New York Library, one in the Boston Public Library, and perhaps one or two copies in private hands. All these copies seem to be of the same edition, but the Boston Public Library's copy has a different imprint from those in London and New York. Other interesting American editions shown in the exhibit included *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners,* two editions, one "reprinted for Nicholas Boone at the Sign of the Bible in Cornhill, 1729," and the other "printed by S. Kneeland and T. Green, for B. Gray at his Shop No. 2 at the Head of the Towndock, 1732"; *"Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ* (Boston, 1728); *Good News for the Vilest of Men* (Boston, 1733), and *The Doctrine of the Law and Grace Unfolded* (Boston, 1742). The exhibition also included the second and third editions of Bunyan's collected works, both printed in London in two volumes, the second edition in 1736-7 and the third in 1767-8.

* * *

A gift of the highest historical importance has recently been made to the Library of the Congress of the United States in the form of two exclusive collections of manuscripts acquired from Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the great bookdealer and collector of Philadelphia and New York City. These original papers, hitherto unknown, are described as having contents of extraordinary value concerning the history of Mexico and Peru during the period of Cortez and Pizarro and their successors. The earliest of the Mexican documents is dated 1525, only five years after Mexico was won for Spain on the plain of Otumba, while the earliest of the Peruvian papers is dated 1531, at Coaqui, and the last 1545.

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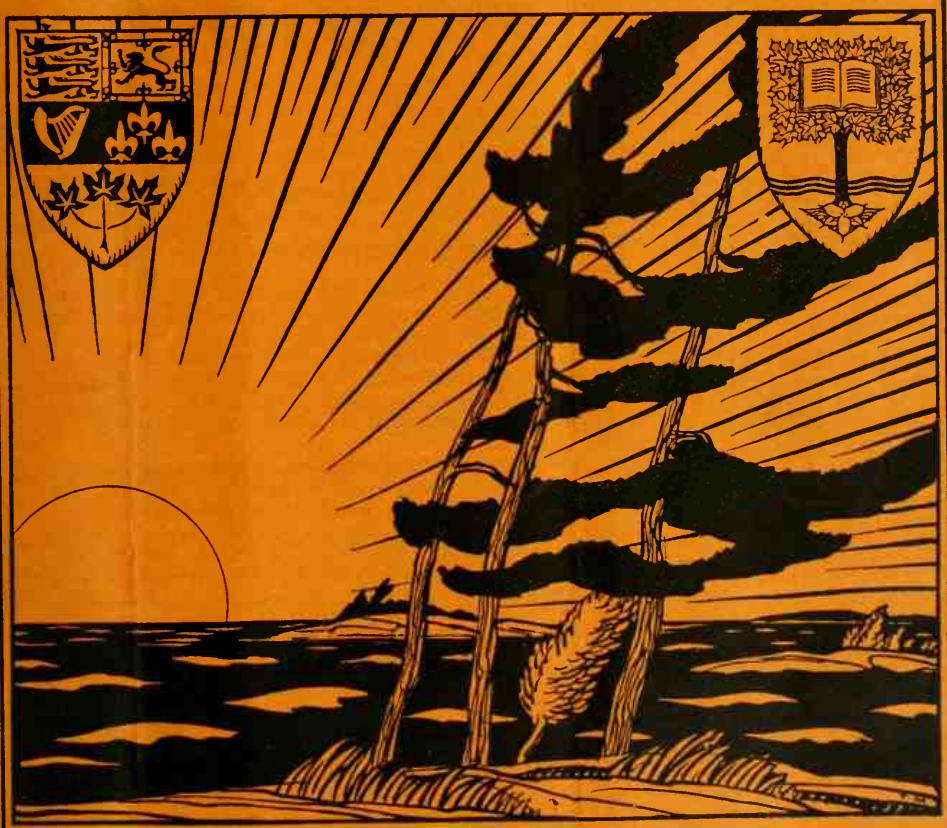

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AN EDITOR ONCE SAID

That of all the manuscripts he received, 50 per cent. of them were entirely outside the scope of his particular magazine; 25 per cent. were pencil written or on both sides of the paper, or otherwise unreadable; 20 per cent. had "been the rounds" or were in some particular delayed in transmission, thereby lacking in timeliness; the remaining 5 per cent. received editorial consideration.

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The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts

FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

Editorial and Business Office: 514-A Yonge St., Toronto 5, Ont.

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A Builder of Canada

By E. M.

UNTIL a people is conscious of itself—knows itself as having definite common aims, and rejoices in common achievements, it cannot become a real nation. Everything that tends to waken this consciousness, to create and strengthen recognition of community aims and attainments, assists in developing national sentiment. This is the age when we pretend to laugh at sentiment, but we nevertheless recognize that nothing great is achieved by individual or nation unless stimulated by some noble sentiment.

Canada has for a number of years now been conscious of herself as a great producer of prime necessities, such as wheat; and as a growing commercial power, due to her great export trade in that commodity. She has every reason to be proud of her military record, and there are few Canadians who do not feel that pride. She has, too, made rapid strides in public education, through splendid schools, colleges and universities. Here again she has a consciousness of united purpose and attainment.

Canada has also set an example to the world for religious tolerance and liberty, and after long struggle has seen the union of three great denominations into one church with undivided aims. This of itself would increase national sentiment. Much credit is due to all who have assisted in any of these recognized attainments.

But all of life is not bound up in these things, great though they be. There is that other expression of ideals which finds its metier in Literature and Art. To the poet and the artist a young people must look for an expression of its ideals. They become the interpreters of the soul of the people.

For the most part Canadians were still unconscious that so much had been accomplished in this direction, until John Daniel Logan (Ph.D. Harvard, and Litt.D. Acadia,) took upon himself the task of proving to them that there was already a considerable body of literature that might be regarded as truly Canadian, and which had been a valuable contribution to English Literature.

Just as there have been those who have feared that every advance in political sovereignty made by Canada might weaken her connection with Britain, so there were and are those who fear that to speak of "Canadian Literature" is dangerous lest we lose our regard for English literature as a whole. Not so Dr. Logan. Himself a philosopher and a poet, an editor and a soldier, a teacher and a lecturer who had made all knowledge his province, a Nova Scotian by birth, but a Canadian in its best sense by choice, he was especially well fitted for the work he set out to do.

He spent years in research and study, and Acadia University is much richer because of his donation of his wonderful collection of Canadiana. His book "Highways of Canadian Literature" may well be regarded as the instrument which attuned Canadian ears to the music of Canada's own poets, and proved to them that while building a country, a commerce, and a military record, they had also been developing a soul—creating true literature both as its dress and its means of expression.

Every fresh achievement exalts a people as it becomes conscious of it. This is the debt that Canada owes Dr. John Daniel Logan, who so recently was worsted in that fight which Browning calls "the best and the last," and has become one of that numerous cavalcade in whose journeyings he always manifested so keen an interest. One must think of him as gaily quaffing his "flagon in the Inn at the End of the Road." Did he at the bottom of it descry a picture of that ever-increasing gratitude and appreciation of a conscious Canadian people for the great service he rendered them? Let us hope so, for Logan was a true Builder of Canada.

* * *

Who's Who in Canadian Literature

"KATHERINE HALE"

By V. B. Rhodenizer

MRS. AMELIA BEERS (Warnock) GARVIN was born at Galt, Ontario, of Scotch and American parentage. She supplemented the education received at Galt and at "Glen Mawr," a private school in Toronto, by study in New York and in Europe, with special attention to singing. The quality of her articles on Wagnerian opera, contributed from New York to the Toronto "Mail and Empire," secured her appointment as Editor of Contemporary Literature with that paper, a position which she held until her marriage in 1912 to John W. Garvin, editor of several volumes of Canadian literature. Her editorial work was conducted under the now well-known nom-de-plume Katherine Hale, her mother's Christian name. Since her marriage her prose and verse have continued to appear in leading magazines. As early as 1908 she lectured in London, England, and elsewhere, on Canadian literature. She has continued and developed this

kind of work, with the result that her lecture-recitals now include folksongs as well as literary readings. She has lectured widely in the United States and in Canada, largely under the auspices of outstanding clubs and associations.

Her prose work includes literary and musical criticism of high quality, successful short stories, and vividly colorful descriptive sketches of Canadian houses and cities of romance. In verse she has achieved distinction in various ways. Her descriptive poems display felicitous audacity in images and figures of speech and, because of her musical training, a special gift of interpreting color in terms of music. As proof of her lyric excellence is the fact that several of her poems have been set to music, and sung by vocal artists of world fame. In the dramatic lyric, because of her power of imaginative sympathy, she has done even better work than in the lyric of personal emotion. Numerous poems might be mentioned to illustrate the qualities of her genius. Among them would be: from "Grey Knitting," the title poem and "Response"; from "Morning in the West," "Going North" and "Crimson Pool."

CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS

Grey Knitting, 1914.
The White Comrade, 1916.
The New Joan, 1917.
Canadian Cities of Romance, 1922.
Morning in the West, 1923.
Isabella Valancy Crawford, 1924.
Legends of the St. Lawrence, 1925.
Canadian Houses of Romance, 1927.
Canadian Cities of Romance (revised), 1928.

* * *

The Ancient Explorers

By C. F. Lloyd

ENORMOUS black mouths gaped to swallow us,
Splendor of dawn and sunset, cloud and star
Crowded our days, like gulls that follow us
In snowy tumult o'er the harbor bar.
The rugged god who holds the winds in thrall,
Loosed them to roar like lions on our track.
Chill terrors born of midnight would appal
Our souls that fled them, like the flying wrack;
Till as the gray light stole across the sea
We saw our ruddy captain, heard his cry:
Courage, my comrades, up, eat heartily.
We'll kiss our sweethearts yet before we die.
Strike deep the oars, we'll have strange tales and bold
To tell on winter nights when we grow old.

RUINS

By C. F. Lloyd

GAZING, somewhat languidly I must admit, one day at the ruined palace of the Caesers on Palatine Hill, I overheard a fat woman of the ubiquitous genus, Cook's tourist, remark puffily to the guide who accompanied her, eyeing the ruins through a lorgnette, "Who did you say lived here?" "The Emperors, madame," replied the guide, to which the fat woman replied even more puffily than before, "I don't see what people see in ruins anyway. Show me something new."

Strange though it may seem, I, soaked to the lips in history, living rather in the storied past than in the living present, felt inclined to sympathize with my fat friend. She had arrived in Rome after doing the old cities of Spain and what was once the Roman province of Narbonese Gaul, to say nothing of Florence, and probably Venice and Viterbo, and was properly surfeited with ruins.

There is a painful form of mental indigestion, very common among professors of history, which is caused by spending too much time amongst the dust of the past. The worst symptoms of this disease, (it might be called ruinitis,) is a tendency to become cranky at the mere mention of anything less than a thousand years old, united to a crabbed indifference to everything comparatively bright, pleasant and up-to-date. When a man contracts this distressing malady he should be shut up in a pyramid alone, like Browning's sage, and left to batten on a manuscript of Hesiod or Tutankhamen.

My obese friend did not intend to fall a victim to ruinitis if she could help it, and she could and did, for that same afternoon I came across her burbling ecstatically over an extremely new lion cub at the zoo. She had a healthy mind, yet not too healthy either, for it is as bad to spend all one's days among very new things as among old ones. One should practice moderation in both departments, dividing one's time between a long-barrow and a chorus girl, both interesting. As to which of the two you prefer that is purely a matter of temperament; I like both and both are apt to become stale after a time.

I was reared in a country where ruins are the rule and not the exception. England is, or at any rate was, full of ruins. There are even some wags who might go so far as to assert that she is one big ruin that ought to be replaced at once by something new and up-to-date on the American plan. I have my private doubts about that but none at all as to the beauty of the individual ruins scattered hither and yon from Tintagel to Kirkwall, which is just another way of saying from Land's End to John o' Groats. My particular corner of England, the Cider country, is rich in ruins, some interesting as ruins, others ruined because of the mistaken interest of tourists.

The first ruins I ever got on familiar terms with was not in my own country but on the south coast of Wales. I was spending a holiday at a small fishing village full of sea air in violent motion and a number of queer people who seemed never to move at all. There were also smells, prominent, remarkably and widely distributed smells of a most unusual badness. The name of this place was Ferryside. I suppose it was to escape the smells that I used to cross the river, on the bank of which the place was situated, about a mile from the sea. Reaching the opposite shore I would climb the heights to the ruined castle of Lanstefan which crowned them. Having reached the ruin I would generally spend some time exploring those parts of it which the paternal spirit of the local society of antiquaries had forgotten

to mark "Unsafe," I used to rather enjoy feeling my hair rising with a crisp, rustling sound as I gazed into the yawning mouth of some horrible dungeon. One day I saw something vague, formless and of a peculiar spooky whiteness moving in one of those dungeons and, remembering an old story about the torture of prisoners, was about to take to my heels, when the white thing came slowly out into the clean sunlight displaying the substantial but wholly unimaginative features of an aged sheep.

I know nothing whatever concerning the history of Lanstefan and its former lords. It probably enjoyed its full share of bloodshed and starvation. One thing I can vouch for and that is that if a ruin is satisfactory in proportion to the degree of dilapidation it presents to the eye then Lanstefan is the most satisfactory ruin in existence. When I saw it last it was so thoroughly ruined that there was precious little of it left. The walls were crumbling out of sight. None of the towers remained intact, or in anything like their former condition. The floor had disappeared, no doubt it had gone to find what had become of the roof. Only an antiquarian of the purest water could have recognized the original character and purpose of the place without being told. Fragmentary though it was, it possessed all the virtues of a good ruin. Like the fat boy at Todgers it could make yer flesh creep, mum, and it gave me more delightful thrills and a greater number of them than all the other ruins I have seen, put together.

The next ruin I saw after leaving Lanstefan was Kidwelly, not many miles distant from the former. I was not at all pleased with Kidwelly. The guide who showed me over it did not believe in ghosts and the place itself was too well preserved to be a quite satisfactory ruin, that is to an imaginative boy of nine. It had rather the air of being a standardized ruin got up by the authorities for the purpose of stimulating the tourist trade. I considered it a fraud.

What is there about a ruin that draws people from the ends of the earth to look at it, I wonder? It is not the age of the thing that counts. A ruin five hundred years old will attract as many people as one five thousand. Nor does the character of the place seem to be the loadstone that draws globe trotters and grubby savants into its magic circle. A ruined cow-stable may be more interesting than a ruined castle. More people go every year to look at the stable at Bethlehem, which is scarcely a ruin, than at Chepstow, which is a most imposing and satisfactory one.

After all the nature of the attractive power of old buildings, whether ruined or not, is not far to seek. Some event in human history has set its mark on a crumbling pile of stone or brick and in proportion as the event, or the central figure of it, continues to influence men's lives, the building, or fragment of a building, will possess an interest for living men and women. Every reader of good literature must recall with pleasure that noble passage, one of the noblest in English prose, in which Ruskin traces to its source the interest which a beautiful landscape in any part of Europe has for thoughtful men, as compared with the absence of such interest in a similar landscape of the new world. "The four-square tower of Joux and the dark keep of Granson." There you have in brief the

secret of the perennial interest and the attractiveness of ruins.

It is after all an altogether mystical thing, this attractiveness of ruins. The tottering walls are merely the outward, visible symbol of a power and a glory that have not passed away, for nothing passes absolutely, but have become an invisible influence, reminding the men of to-day that something which the more thoughtful among them feel as a still living and active principle, once manifested itself in a particular manner within the circle of those crumbling walls. In every ruin, whether famous or scarcely known beyond its immediate neighborhood, there is the strong, sharp flavor of human personality, of a great individual or series of individuals, as in the Roman forum, or a great community of effort, as in the walls of Rome or Kirkwall cathedral.

My fat friend who liked new things was scarcely capable of feeling the strange, subtle influence that emanates from every ancient building. Born in a settlement that is wholly new she had no ruins in her blood.

There is another source of this attraction towards ruined buildings. We all like to be gently reminded now and then of the instability of material things. One feels a new sense of security in one's comfortable bungalow or flat after gazing upon the ruined arches of Vale Crucis or the mighty sweep of the Claudian aqueduct. Ruins help us, I think, to enjoy life while we can, for it is all too brief, and so we hurry off to look at them just as we might steal a half-frightened glance at the bones of our ancestors. They remind us what we and our enormous piles of masonry will be some day.

* * *

Legends of Old France Woven In Habitant Coverts

By Roxy R. Greer

"THE Star and the Three Maries," the name of a favorite pattern, of itself suggests a legend, some tale of the days when the ancestors of the "habitant" of Quebec wove their coverts in this same design in that old land of France. The beauty of the weaving of these coverts in soft tones of rose or blue is as intriguing as the charm of the "Maries" all in a row, reminiscent, in their stiff little forms, of the strings of paper dolls one cut in childhood days. The fir trees have been added to this favorite design to typify the new land, but the combination of the "Star" with the "Three Maries" tells that the ancestors of some of the "habitant" came from that oldest part of France—Provence, where this legend still holds sway. There, traditions have persisted until, to the people of the land, they have become history.

Not far from the Mediterranean shore, on an escarpment of limestone rocks only a few hundred feet in length, in the far ages of Provence, there rose a tiny principality whose seigneurs became kings

of Arles and counts of Provence. To such power did they rise that even the kings of France feared these Princes of Les Baux. Yet, was it any wonder that they became so powerful? Did they not claim their descent from that Balthasar, one of the "Three Wise Men" who came from the East to visit the Babe of Bethlehem? One may see to-day, carved on the tomb of Raymond, one of the great counts of Les Baux, the inscription which proudly asserts this royal descent. As Balthasar, first Prince of Les Baux, had been led to the birthplace of the Christ Child by the guiding of the radiant "Star in the East," he took for his coat-of-arms a star of sixteen rays, and for centuries it has shone to proclaim by its many rays the widespread power of these lords of the little principality.

The limestone rocks on which it was built, worn by the winds of Provence into weird shapes, show many fossil remains, for the Mediterranean once washed the foot of these heights, and legend tells that "Les Trois Maries," Mary, Martha and their servant, driven out of Palestine, were carried thither in a frail boat, without chart or captain, miraculously guided to this spot. The country is steeped in legends of their deeds, but interest in the story is heightened at Les Baux by the Roman stele carved on the rocks on the road leading to the ruins of the chateau. Three curious figures have given it the name, "Les Tremaie." History suggests that it may commemorate the victorious Marius, his wife and the prophetess who always accompanied him, especially as one figure by its dress suggests a Roman consul. The two stories have become so confused in the course of time that scholars cannot discover the truth, but to the people of Les Baux, the "Tremaie" is the "Three Maries."

In odd corners of the ruined houses of Les Baux there live to-day a hundred or more people, supporting themselves by working in the limestone quarry near, or in the one fertile garden spot in the little plain at the foot of the height. Steep, stony streets lead from their half-ruined houses to the ancient Church of St. Vincent, which has been repaired sufficiently for use. Its right wall, hewn out of the rock, forms one side of a chapel, massive and rude, containing a small altar. In a dark corner of this primitive chapel stands a queer little wagon, like a crib on wheels, on which a cross nailed to the front, raises its height in blessing. On Christmas Eve a lamb is placed in the crib and a sheep is attached to draw the wagon. At midnight, as the stars still shine in the East, escorted by the whole population, the lamb is carried in this wagon to the priest, a reminder of the gift to the world of the Christ Child, the "Lamb of God." Year by year the memory of Balthasar, the ancestor of the Lords of Les Baux, who brought gifts to the Babe of Bethlehem, is renewed in this offering on Christmas Eve.

To-day one may visit the interesting ruins of Les Baux, not far from Avignon, and see in this tiny church the chapel dedicated to the shepherds.

Public Letter Writing

By A. E. Noblston

THIS essay is inscribed to those men who wish to express their thoughts and sentiments in the public press in a free, forceful and interesting manner, but who have refrained from doing so for reasons of excessive modesty, or lack of confidence, or want of knowledge of the best methods to adopt. By studying the subject and by close consideration of the suggestions offered, it is very probable that while success in all particulars may not attend every venture, yet powers will be developed in such a manner that what should be said will be said in a style clear, humorous and convincing.

* * * * * * * * *

By "Public Letter Writing" I mean letters written to the press for public consumption. Modern newspapers are in some respects generous receptacles—articles that perhaps would never have tasted printers' ink find an existence in the newspapers; to stuff that a schoolboy editor would reject without second thought, newspapers give prominent places; columns are provided where the budding author may practise with impunity, where the indignant citizen may censure exhaustively, where the idealist may dream and the seeker may question, all without fear of disturbances and personal risk. The correspondence column will allow air to anything practically short of libel, and it therefore presents opportunities for the publication of opinions which would otherwise be suppressed; it reflects a certain amount of respect on the correspondent, for authors, no matter what they produce, are treated with a respect tinged with awe, and from insignificance a vigorous correspondent will emerge a man of consequence.

Assuming that you have decided to write consistently to the press, the first step I consider is the choice of an appropriate pen-name. Some people write over their proper names, but the novice who intends to slaughter without mercy will find larger scope under a nom-de-plume. The use of a pen-name lays you open to strong attack, but for what you are about to receive you may return double.

Be modest in your selection of a pen-name. Shun Latin expressions like "Pro bono publico"—it is pedantic for the first reason, and secondly, if you are writing on "why my hair is falling out" the relation between the subject and your name is strained and not quite apparent. Names such as "Patience," "Anxious," are excusable when used by a struggling mother, but a stigma when applied to a man of vigor. There are names that sound imposing—avoid them. To call yourself "Sapience," you know, would be stretching the point, besides affording opponents means of attack by a slight abbreviation. In short, then, choose a name plain, sensible, and consistent with your style and character.

Those who write to the press are actuated by many motives. The vanity of some is gratified by the appearance of their thoughts in print; they write more from an effort to satisfy themselves than from any desire to enlighten their readers. There are, of course, some people who actually make of the correspondence columns a vehicle by which they impart information and instruction; they are experts in the knowledge how to drive off ants, destroy mosquitos, and how to produce a luxuriant crop of hair. The man I detest is he who is forever complaining, whose querulousness extends itself to the public ears, and who never sets down his pen, but to whine about some personal inconvenience; he believes his private cares are public worries and broadcasts them accordingly. But the man after my own heart is he who regards the correspondence column as a field, so to speak, wherein he may exercise his faculties and intellectual agility to his own advancement, to the discomfiture of all those who oppose him, and in some measure to the edification of the public. He picks up his pen with the intention of having a good time of it; he may have some useful information to give, some suggestion to make, yet that alone is not the inducement to write but rather an excuse for him to enter the lists.

My ideal scribe is he who is moved by the spirit of controversy; who plies his pen as a fighter wields his sword; and who never allows the whims of the editor or the assaults of his opponents to disturb his calmness of mind or sense of humor.

Dr. Johnson said, "Every man has a right to utter what he thinks truth, and every other man has a right to knock him down for it." Be, then, the man who does the knocking down; the task is far more congenial and serves to hinder the propagation of utterances not always truths. The Great Doctor does not tell us how to floor our man, but it is to be presumed that he would have us adopt those measures best calculated to bring about this

result in the shortest possible time. I cannot think of a more effective weapon than ridicule. Facts are indispensable, but a catalogue of facts is tedious to compile and most uninteresting to read. A combination of fact and ridicule is an invincible force—the one wounds the enemy, the other despatches him.

In the composing of a letter a few rules are to be observed. A knowledge of the subject is essential, but to display your full stock at one time will leave you exhausted before the completion of the argument. The prudent writer exposes no more than what is necessary to nullify the statements offered against and to maintain the controversy in his favor. Where you are confident of your facts, it is of great advantage to offer baits; a loose statement is made: the opponent jumps at it and criticizes it severely: you return with an irrefragable assertion supported by authority, and then proceed to censure your man for his inexcusable ignorance. Instances will occur when bluff, objectionable as it is, will add to the confusion of an opponent; his outlook is narrow, his reasoning illogical: tell him so, adding that he should read, study and digest X's book on the subject before presuming to pronounce an opinion. You have only heard of the book, never saw it in your life, but the effect produced is amusing and salutary. Needless to say, caution should be exercised and measure be taken of the opponent before practising this joke—if he were to turn round and question you on it, consequences will not be so funny.

When our facts have been expended and the battle goes hard with us, Dr. Johnson (who rarely, if ever, was beaten in an argument) advises us to animadvert on the composition of our antagonist. We may doubt the propriety of this procedure and the advisibility of using the methods of the sophists, but we cannot be too fastidious and at the same time win arguments. And let not your eyebrows rise at the expression "argue to win." A debate or argument should quicken the brain, stimulate the imagination, and sharpen the wit; where the result of a discussion is a matter of indifference, none of these faculties is exercised, and it were just as well that nothing be said of the subject.

If the situation compels the use of criticism, whether on the composition or the person, employ it without hesitation but judiciously and with due regard to the common rules of courtesy. Avoid vulgar abuse—do not call a man an ass; it is crude and brutal; say, "X has forsaken the vine for the thistle: every creature to its taste." Anti-climax and sarcasm are powerful weapons; lift your adversary to the top of the well, then drop the winch and souse him.

When you have silenced your opponent, do not exult in your victory, but maintain a dignified reserve. If you are beaten do not take on the attitude of injured innocence—rather assume the manner of a bored, yet tolerant patient—but fight it out resolutely till you are stunned or until the editor mercifully closes the correspondence.

* * * * * * * * *

These precepts are given as a guidance for the novice who is eager to make himself felt in his locality, but it is to be understood that everything to a great extent depends on the man and that no amount of instruction or coaxing will transform a snail into a fire-breathing dragon or a somnambulistic poet into an aggressive correspondent. I should add that I mean well, and that I can in no manner accept liability for injury received by unskilful practitioners.

Reunion

By C. F. Lloyd

I SHALL be a happy ghost to-night,
Feeling your hands among my hair again,
With the old gentle touch that brought delight
To nerves tormented by insistent pain:
And that pure glance wherein my heart beheld
Love's ancient, cleansing mystery shall bring
Peace to my soul, too long from grace withheld,
As the first tender rain of early spring
Wakens our violets by that oak you know,
Where you and I kept tryst so long ago.

It Is Reported THAT—

—Sir Andrew MacPhail's new book, *Three Persons*, already published in England, is to appear forthwith under a Canadian imprint.

* * *

—a new Scottish Literary Society is being formed in Toronto, the preliminary work being under the chairmanship of Mr. James T. Melville. Among the objectives is one to organize a series of lectures bearing on Scottish literature and history.

* * *

—the address delivered at the Ritz Carlton Hotel, Montreal, by Thornton Wilder was the first public address ever given by this young author who is so prominent in the eye of the literary public at the present time. This was the beginning of a sixty-day lecture tour. The speaker was introduced by Sir Andrew MacPhail. The address dealt with *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and how he came to write it. The germ of the book really came from a one-act play of Prosper Merimee which he had seen in Paris. Another factor was the idea of predestination, found so strong in New England Protestantism in which he had been brought up. In the book, however, he did not take sides in the matter; rather he tried to hang in mid-air the idea that we may never know whether or not certain happenings have a meaning.

* * *

—Mazo de la Roche is in Sicily at present, from where she plans a lengthy tour of the continent.

* * *

—Raymond Knister, Canadian author, whose *White Narcissus* has just appeared, is working on a novelized life of Keats.

* * *

"The Burden of Existence"

Editor, Canadian Bookman:

On a previous occasion I stated that I always read *The Canadian Bookman* from cover to cover, which statement continues to be true. It is also true that I do not always agree with the various contributors which to me is a fine thing, because the only condition more fatal to human happiness and progress, than universal anarchy, would be universal agreement, for this would mean stagnation.

On this occasion I wish to thank you for "The Burden of Existence" by C. F. Lloyd in the March issue. As a statement of modern, normal, common sense philosophy, it is outstanding in clearness of thought and courage of conviction.

Mr. Lloyd says that he is speaking for himself and in so doing is speaking for a great many other people as well. He is right. He is speaking for thousands of men and women who have reached a ripe maturity, raised families and achieved a certain degree of success in their vocations.

Mr. Lloyd's philosophy cannot appeal to extremists, the victims of a hundred isms because they suffer from a condition known as "tunnel sight," which means that their eyes cannot take in the side-lines. Mr. Lloyd is not one of these. I suspect that he, like myself, is a reader of Confucius, the apostle of the Middle Way. Allow me to quote from the Kasidah of Sir Richard Burton, a man amongst men:

"There is no good, there is no bad;
These be the whims of mortal will:
What works weal that call I good,
What harms and hurts I hold as ill."

MARK G. MCELHINNEY.

Ottawa, March, 1929.

* * *

Criticizes Canadian Records

In the course of a letter to *The Canadian Bookman* from a former Torontonian, now in the U.S., where he carries on work as a genealogist, he says:

"In the collections of the different societies to which I belong, and in which I do my work, the Canadian source material is meagre. I have found Canadian problems difficult of solution. This is not the fault of the various genealogical societies. They have all that Canada has done, which is surprisingly little as compared with other regions. Even the records of Toronto are in shameful condition. They cannot even find recent births and marriages; as late as 1849, for instance. Quebec has done some able work on that province. The York Pioneers have done something on Loyalist families.

"Among others, I am a member of the Kent Archaeological Society in England, and am very much interested in English research. One of our American societies has collected source material over 100 years; one for over eighty, and another for over sixty. They are members of all British societies and get all English material as fast as published."

* * *

Dead at the Chatelet Amboise

By Mary A. Knight

O PITEOUS star, a breathless world illuming,
Begot of wandering wind and heavy bloom,
Thy glory was a blaze for thy consuming;
Thy benedictive beauty was thy doom.
O piteous star!

O baffled bird, on bright aspiring pinion,
Kin to earth's evanescent fragile things,
All hearts, save only thine, 'neath thy dominion,
Dropping mid-flight, with madly beating wings,
O baffled bird!

O broken flower, thou didst outlive, unshielded,
The battering storms, the winter's cruel test;
Then, at June's touch, thy hidden sweets were yielded,
And life was wafted from thee, with the rest,
O broken flower!

The Financial Utopia

By C. F. Lloyd

MEN in the stone age had no libraries and among them there were probably only what Sir Thomas Browne called embryon philosophers, if indeed there were any at all. Rightly or wrongly I have always held the practice of philosophy, or if you prefer it, the act of philosophising to be a most grievous waste of good time in an all too brief life which should be devoted to such sensible pursuits as courting pretty girls, betting on horse races, playing hockey, reading good stories and discovering good places in which to eat, with good wine to drink. Even such comparatively futile and exhausting activities as writing good poetry and trying to keep the neighbor's pigs out of the garden are preferable to this barren and windy business of searching for what you think ought to be truth and retailing the result of your search to people who care no more for truth in the abstract than they do for the names of the Egyptian kings. Had I lived in Athens in the fourth century B.C. I very much fear I would have voted for the death of Socrates and perhaps of his disciple, Plato, as well. If I must have a philosopher among the ancients give me Aristotle. He at any rate went the right way to work. Did he want to know how shell fish behaved, he did not speculate, as Plato would have done, as to how perfect shell-fish ought to behave in a perfect ocean, he caught some shell-fish and put them in a tank full of salt water and watched them. Considering that he had nothing better in the way of optical instruments to work with than his unaided eyes, he was a wonder. But the real philosopher for my money is old Omar Khayyam. He did not speculate at all, instead he drank copious draughts of good wine and kept one eye on oblivion to prevent self-conceit, the besetting sin of philosophers, from getting the better of him.

One of the favorite diversions of philosophers when they have a few hours to spare from pursuing the good and the beautiful is, and no doubt will long continue to be, the creation of the perfect state where everybody is good, wise and of necessity happy. The outstanding examples of this form of production, blessed word, are Plato's *Republic*, Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, Lord Bacon's *New Atlantis*, and Samuel Butler's *Erewhon*. Of the four the *New Atlantis* is the only one in which any sane man would live for five minutes if he could possibly escape by any means less disastrous than suicide. A plain man would scarcely be comfortable even in the *New Atlantis*, though it is a proof of Bacon's fine genius for practical affairs that his perfect state is somewhat less insane than the others. The fundamental defect of all such works of art, that is really what they are, is that they are created by wise men for wise men, whereas, what we really need is a utopia designed by a fool for fools; such a state would probably be a workable one and almost certainly a comfortable one. It could hardly be less comfortable than the highly unutopian one in which we are now living. It is so easy to imagine men as other than what they actually are and, one may add, so extremely desirable, that a quick and penetrating intellect can scarcely resist the temptation to undo the work of the seven days and do it over on an improved plan of one's own, which, alas, turns out in the end to be no improvement at all, quite the reverse.

The latest addition to the world's stock of utopias is a financial one. In its inception at any rate it is to be an English one and there is about it much that is characteristically English, its orderliness for instance and its unemotional good sense. That this economic earthly paradise should owe its creation to George Bernard Shaw, the spiritual bad boy of Samuel Butler, is what any one who has watched the trend of English thought for the past thirty years would have expected and it is highly appropriate that it should be so. With his thin body, Mephistophelian outlook on life and patriarchal beard, Mr. Shaw looks rather like a combination of Pythagoras and Jove and he is infinitely wiser, better natured and better informed than the sage of Croton and the father of the gods put together. This does not, of course, mean that he has not his limitations, like the weakest of us. He has, and very serious limitations. There are a few things that even he does not know and one of them is that among the intelligent women who will read his book it is precisely the most intelligent who are going to violently disagree with nearly, if not quite all of his conclusions, including the conclusion that the lady president of the Women's Canadian Club should receive exactly the same income as her scullery maid and that if she did she would be much happier than she is now. Do you really believe that, Mr. Shaw? I don't, nor do I believe that you do because you are really much too intelligent.

No, it wont do, G. B., equalizing our incomes will no more make us all wise, well-bred, clean, honest and happy than making us all stand five-feet eight in our tockies would. If statesmen and philosophers would devote a little less time to trying to discover what is wrong with the world and a little more to discovering what is wrong with themselves, and if everybody else would follow their example we might really make some progress towards the golden age instead of merely marking time, which is what I fancy we are doing now. If our social system is bad, even half as bad as it is said to be, who created it, pray? and why do we tolerate it? Would socialism make us better men and women, or would communism or some yet undiscovered ism? That the capitalist system is very far from perfect I cheerfully admit, but then who expects perfection in an imperfect world? That a few shillings extra a week would be an excellent thing for many nice poor people and a few pounds less a week no bad thing for many silly rich ones, is, I think, self evident. But what about the poor who are not nice and the rich who are neither silly nor selfish, would equalizing their incomes help them or anybody else? I refuse to believe anything so obviously unbelievable. No, an extra tax on the incomes of idle and foolish rich people, if you like, and better or at least more certain incomes for the industrious poor, but no equalization, I beseech you. All real reform of the individual, outside the actual slums, must begin and end with the individual himself.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings,"

is true of all but the sick, who are more or less helpless, and the very poor who have never had even a ghost of a chance to reform themselves or anybody else. The slum, as I have seen it, in certain great cities of Europe and America, is a cancer eating the vitals of the body politic and will ultimately destroy the western nations as surely as a cancer in his flesh destroys the body of a man, unless we get rid of it. There is absolutely no excuse for the continued existence of the slum and either it or civilization must go, make no mistake about that. But we shall not get rid of the slum by giving the Archbishop of Canterbury the same salary as the errand boy at the corner grocery.

Mr. Shaw says birth control has come too soon. I am convinced that it has probably come too late, that the damage has already been done. It has long been apparent to me that the only way to improve human life on this planet is to produce better people, and the only way to do that is to stop bringing up eight children badly and bring up four well. Another thing we shall have to do to improve the race, if it is to improve, is to ruthlessly segregate or else sterilize all morons, misfits and incurably vicious persons instead of patting them on the head, calling them white-headed boys and girls and thus encouraging them to breed more of their kind. At present we are taxing decent bodies to and beyond the limit of endurance to provide funds for rearing a lot of people who should never have been born at all. We have grown so charitable to the worthless that the worth-while can no longer afford to have children. Fewer orphan asylums, my dears, and more rock piles for weary Willies, less charity and more commonsense, or, instead of the golden age, you are going to wake up some morning to find yourself in a Russia that includes everything on the map except China. Judging from the newspaper reports the Chinese are the only people who have learned how to treat communism effectively. I have great faith in the Chinese, they are a sensible race.

The really valuable features of Mr. Shaw's immensely entertaining book are the delightful, crystal-clear style, as limpid as a nice brook, and the enormous mass of facts that are actually facts, not mere popular superstitions. It is quite impossible to do justice to them in this short paper, but if you will read carefully the chapters on Communism: How much is enough, The idle rich, Your taxes, Empires in Collision, Banking and Money, you will see at once what I mean. You should read the whole book, but get by heart the short chapter on Empires in Collision, for it is the whole everlasting truth about what actually caused the war and exactly the same causes are going to land us all in the middle of another before long unless we take some effective steps to turn the greed and ambition of the huge financial and trading corporations into some safer channel than trying to cut one another's throats and enlisting the public to help them.

Towards the end of the book there is a good deal of rather dangerous nonsense about the doctors who, God bless them, are doing what they can to save us from the penalties of our own foolishness.

Read Mr. Shaw's book from cover to cover, carefully. It is more entertaining than forty novels and contains more sound sense than forty libraries of philosophy, either ancient or modern. But, my dears, don't believe quite all that Mr. Shaw tells you and above all, and most important of all, do a little thinking for yourselves, that is if you can—thinking is rather hard work.

* * *

DARKENED ROOMS. *By Philip Gibbs. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy.* $2.00. *Reviewed by John W. Garvin.*

Since having won world-wide distinction during the Great War, by his brilliant descriptive writing as a newspaper correspondent, Philip Gibbs has published many readable books, historical and fictional. The latest is *Darkened Rooms,* a realistic study in the form of fiction of present-day spiritualism. And we must assume that the author has attended seances and investigated mediums and spiritualistic phenomena.

The chief medium, Emery Jago, a young man, ambitious and unscrupulous, has unusual

telepathic and hypnotic powers, and in time becomes expert in all the tricks of the profession. He attracts the attention particularly of Adrian Mallard, K.C., distinguished at the bar as a criminal lawyer; of Rose Jeffrey, a talented young actress of fine character, with whom Mallard (estranged from his wife) is much in love, and who reciprocates his passion; and of Rupert Boyd, a Professor of Biology in the University of London.

Boyd is sceptical, but keeps the scientist's open mind. Mallard, on his return from the first seance, has an attack of angina pectoris, and this increases his desire to know for a certainty if his personality will persist after the grave. He conceals from Rose his fatal malady and secretly attends seances to hold cummunion with his young brother who was killed in the Great War. The seances, the love triangle, the death of Mallard from foolhardy exertion, and the baleful influence of Jago over grief-stricken Rose, make a novel of such intensely vital interest that once read it cannot be forgotten.

It is clear that the author is divided in opinion. Ruthlessly he exposes the trickery, its degrading effect on the medium, and its evil influence on the lives of trusting victims; but he seems much impressed by crystal-gazing clairvoyance and other phenomena which physical science cannot explain.

A decade ago a group of psychologists and scientists in Toronto, of whom I was one, investigated "spirit phenomena" for several months, as manifested through a well-known medium; and on the whole we were much impressed. There was trivial matter occasionally, and some evidence of deception, but there were many replies to spontaneous questions, which were profound and startling and couched in language that only a brilliant thinker and scholar could utter. As the medium was uneducated and was apparently more or less illiterate, such replies could not possibly have emanated from his brain. If they came from the subconscious selves of the scholars present, then surely our investigations were bearing fruit, for here was plenty of scope for scientific research; but if great men of past generations were actually holding converse with us to enlighten the earth-plane, as they alleged and seemed to prove, then a new and wonderful revelation was vouchsafed us.

Let no one attempt to ridicule and censure such investigators as Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Conan Doyle, the late Dr. Albert Durrant Watson, and others equally qualified, for they may be pioneers in psychic discoveries which in another generation will completely overshadow present-day marvels in science. But such faking as is revealed by Sir Philip Gibbs in *Darkened Rooms*, cannot be too much or too often exposed as a warning and a safeguard.

* * *

ROSE THE DANCER. *By Winifred Carter. New York: T. Y. Crowell Co.* $2.00.

Here the reader is given a real insight into the life of the professional dancer and it is diverting indeed to follow her through early drudgery to world-acclaim as a danseuse.

Sinclair Lewis Broadens Out

A Review of Dodsworth

The results of sojourns in England and abroad in recent years on the part of Sinclair Lewis, are apparent in his latest novel, whether or not the manuscript was in part or wholly written before his recent honeymoon peregrinations in Europe with his bride.

As this book reveals, Lewis has a broader view of the world than many of his restricted and self-satisfied co-nationals whose alleged wisdom is so frequently broadcast to the four winds.

He has discovered England and Europe! He even finds many points of superiority in people and institutions abroad and all without going to the other detestable extreme of belittling his own land. This is all to the good and it goes far in making *Dodsworth* a most readable book.

The newspapers have been full of reviews and Sam Dodsworth bids fair to become as familiar a character as Babbit, although the two have not very much in common, Dodsworth being a far less superficial man than the far-famed realtor of Zenith.

The story is concerned with what happened to Dodsworth and Fran, his wife, after he had made his great name in industry as a motor car king, and had passed the fiftieth milestone of life.

He finds time to court his wife and the dire necessity of this course is revealed by the action of the story beginning with the first European jaunt of the Dodsworths.

The innate modesty of Dodsworth in the social sphere stands out in relief in comparison with his dominating achievements as a captain of industry, and it is only after becoming really acquainted with Fran by close association, such as was impracticable in the days of his building as the creator of one of the greatest of the world's automobile industries, that her assumed superiority in the finer things of life reveals its spurious nature.

But it seems hard to credit the effect of her reactions to European environment, as a logical sequence to her admirably conducted life up to the time of this world-touring of their middle age. Fran is forty-two to Dodsworth's fifty-one and they have a grown-up son and daughter, the latter recently married.

Fran is a character who will not appeal to women readers, but how women will want to read about her!

JOHN MACKLEM.

DODSWORTH. *By Sinclair Lewis. Toronto: George McLeod Ltd.* $2.50.

* * *

THE WOLVES OF CHAOS. *By Harold McGrath. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy.* $2.00.

"Cutty" Clay, gallant soldier-adventurer, escapes from a grim stronghold of Red Russia and proceeds to Paris to enjoy the flesh pots of that gay capital, only to fall in with a drug-maddened group of radicals, with a secret agent turned traitor, and a fascinating Russian princess incognito to further compli-

cate the plot. The book carries the significant title "Loves Adventures in a Mad Land."

BETTER ENGLISH GAMES. *By Rosamund M. de Wolfe Archibald, M.A.* 35c.

In *The Child and His World,* which is Volume I of *The New Human Interest Library,* one most interesting section is devoted to "Better English Games" as taught by Miss Rosamond M. de Wolf Archibald, head of the Department of English at Horton School, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.

"Teachers and parents," says the introduction, "lament the fact that incorrect English is so common among children of all ages everywhere. What can be done to improve the situation? What can the teacher do? What can the parents do? The author of the following games believes that the teaching of formal rules will never teach a child to speak correct English. She has proved that simple drills do accomplish this desired result. She has developed a series of games using English drills. The editor believes these games will help not only children, but adults as well." Then follows a sixteen-page exposition of the drills.

Miss Archibald's is one of a series of practical articles on child education, making up a volume of 400 pages, published by the Midland Press, Chicago.

Since the foregoing was written, the editor is in receipt of an autographed copy of the first issue of this work as a separate brochure, receipt of which is gratefully acknowledged. The games, as set forth, amplify and supplement the material contained in *The King's English Drill,* previously published, and of which four editions appeared.

* * *

THE GAMBLER. *By Aylwin Martin. New York: T. Y. Crowell Co.* $2.00.

Here's an ample tale of the picturesque days of the old slave-holding South, dealing with a typical gambler of the old school. Just as one occasionally likes to revel in a story with all the old buccaneering elements, so does one welcome an old-fashioned tale involving primal passions against a background such as the South befo' de wa'. The book is full of life, color and action.

* * *

WILD GARDEN. *By Bliss Carman. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.* $2.00.

Lyrics and dance measures alternate with poems of nature and verse in various moods in this new volume. More extended notice will be given in an early issue of *The Canadian Bookman.*

* * *

BITTER BREAD. *By Alison Taylor. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co.* $2.00.

Charles Skene, Laird of Pardusin, had been eating the bitter bread of banishment for thirty years following the disastrous failure of the '45. With the king's pardon in his pocket, he returns home to find his sons, Duncan and Neil, fully grown men with minds and characters of their own. The stormy story of the conflict between the two generations is played out against the background of the royal town of Dunfermline, and it is only after disappointment, sacrifice and failure, that Neil wins to the freedom he had always longed for, and Duncan to his heart's desire.

* * *

THE SEVEN DIALS MYSTERY. *By Agatha Christie. Toronto: Dodd, Mead & Co.* $2.

To give even the slightest hint of the story spoils it for the reader and is obviously unfair. It may be disclosed that the scene is the "Chimneys," an English country house which has figured in earlier stories by the author; that Superintendent Battle of Scotland Yard plays an astonishing role in the affair—and that a cold-blooded murder gives the story its start. After and beyond that the reader must prepare himself for the sort of intellectual experience and mental exhilaration which Agatha Christie has proved herself such an expert in preparing.

* * *

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR. *By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.* $2.50.

Against a georgeous setting of Sussex village and country life emerges the vivid story of Laura Blazier and the two men who loved her—one enough to understand and forgive—the other too conventional to forgive. It is peculiarly a woman's novel, answering the question "What is a woman's supreme test of love in a man?"

* * *

A NATIVE ARGOSY. *By Morley Callaghan.* $2.00.

This book consists of twelve stories and two short novels. *An Autumn Penitent* is a dark and tragic tale. *In His Own Country* is much more delicate. The stories are varied, but the characters—people of the ring, the department store, the city room, the stage, and the road—are all peculiarly of this continent.

* * *

ROME HAUL. *By Walter Edmunds. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.* $2.00.

Sometimes a civilization, complete in itself, with its own racy native customs, speech, and types of character, springs up about some human trade or means of bread-winning in a particular locality. Here is the reflection of the little world, centered in the tow-ropes and sturdy teams and big-fisted bullies of the Erie Canal of by-gone days, picturesque and distinct in its roving characters and its special codes. It is a pungent story with a wealth of humor.

* * *

MR. AMBERTHWAITE. *By Louis Marlow. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co.* $2.50.

This story deals with an outwardly middle-aged, cynical man who is the last word in sophistication. On an Atlantic liner circumstances arise that lead to his adoption of a gentle young girl, Ensleigh, and thus commences the amusing series of adventures making up this book. To these twain is added the somewhat drunken Ramsrigger and also the charming June. What these four did together and to each other—but especially to Mr. Amberthwaite—forms a subtle and most diverting tale.

Canadian Authors Association Ninth Annual Convention at Halifax, N.S., June 25-26-27, 1929 and Annapolis Royal, June 28, 1929

Draft of Proposed Programme

June 24th

P.M.—For Early Arrivals. Informal Reception at Historic Home of Mrs. Charles Archibald. (Where King Edward and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales have been entertained.)

June 25th

FIRST DAY

Morning

9.30-10.30—Registrations and Introductions.
10.30-10.45—Appointment of Committees; Resolutions, Nominations and others.
10.45-11.15—Annual Report of the Secretary, E. A. Hardy, B.A., D.Paed., Toronto.
11.15-11.45—Annual Report of the Treasurer, John M. Elson, Toronto.
11.45-12.00—General Business.

Noon

Afternoon

2.00—Welcome by Governor Tory, Premier and Mayor.
2.15- 3.00—"The Contribution of Canadian Pacific Coast to the Development of Canadian Literature," A. M. Pound, Vancouver, Branch. Discussion.
3.00- 4.00—"The Contribution of the Maritime Provinces to the Development of Canadian Literature," Prof. Archibald MacMechan, Halifax Branch. Discussion.
4.00—Drive through City, with Afternoon Tea at Yacht Squadron.

Evening

9.00—Reception and Dance at Government House.

June 26th

SECOND DAY

Morning

9.30-10.00—General Business.
10.00-11.00—"The Contribution of French-Canada to the Development of Canadian Literature," Members of the French Section. Discussion.
11.00-11.30—Annual Address of the President, Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.C., Toronto.
11.30-12.00—Reports of Committees and General Business.

Noon

12.30- 1.30—Luncheon.

Afternoon

2.00—Drive at Hubbards or Chester, with Afternoon Tea at Ashburn Golf and Country Club.

Evening

7.00—Sail on Harbor, Landing at Waegwoltic Club, with Dancing at Waegwoltic Club.

June 27th

THIRD DAY

Morning

9.30-10.00—Reports of Committees, Elections, General Business.
10.00-11.00—"Canadian Magazines and Their Problems"—Speaker to be announced. Discussion.
11.00-12.00—"The Canadian Writer from the Publisher's Point of View"—Speaker to be Announced. Discussion.

Noon

1.00—Luncheon.

Afternoon

2.00- 3.00—"Canadian History as a Field for the Canadian Writer," (Dominion, Province, and Local). F. O. Call, Quebec Branch. H. A. Cody, New Brunswick Branch. Robert Watson, Manitoba Branch.
4.00- 5.00—Drive to Bedford and Around Dartmouth Lakes.
5.00—Tea at Brightwood Golf and Country Club.

Evening

Annual Dinner—to be arranged by the President.
Farewell Reception at Hotel.

June 28th

FOURTH DAY

A Visit to Annapolis Royal.

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CANADIAN AUTHORS ASSOCIATION

HALIFAX

Tentative plans for the annual convention of the Canadian Authors Association, to be held this year on June 25, 26 and 27 in Halifax, with a trip to Annapolis Royal on June 28, were discussed at a meeting of this branch, held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. H. F. Munro. Letters from Lieut.-Governor J. C. Tory and Premier E. N. Rhodes, expressing willingness to co-operate in entertaining the visiting authors, were read, and another letter from Dr. Hardy, National Secretary, suggesting topics for addresses and asking Dr. Archibald MacMechan to be one of the speakers, was given careful consideration. An original work by E. Chesley Allen, *The Great Mystery*, was read during the meeting. A resolution expressing regret at the death of the late Dr. John Daniel Logan was passed. New members admitted included Miss Edith Courser, Mr. Maura, Mrs. Noel Wilcox, Mrs. Ada McNab Hardy, and Mrs. William McNab.

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CALGARY BRANCH

A new feature of the meeting held on March 5th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Garbutt was the rendering of a cycle of seven songs composed by one of the members, Miss Vera McKim, and set to music by Mrs. E. G. Paddon. These songs, which showed a considerable versatility of style, were sung sympathetically by Mrs. Paddon and Mr. Richard Stow. Miss Winifred Times gave a well-developed paper outlining "A Canadian Short Story Course," which was followed by a fine review of Alberta Trimble's story "Foreground"— the first prize winner in MacLean's recent contest. This was given in her usual delightful manner by Mrs. Nellie McClung, and led to a brisk general discussion.

The third special meeting of the Poetry Group met on March 13th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Catley when Miss Georgina

Thomson, of the Reference Department of the Public Library, gave an excellent paper on the subject of "Mediocrity." A number of members then read some of their recent poems which they submitted for general criticism.

SASKATCHEWAN BRANCH

At the regular meeting, held on January 25th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Weekes, Regina, Col. A. C. Garner, Regina, Vice-President, was in the chair. Two items of special interest marked the occasion: the admission of a new member, Miss Ethel Kirke Grayson, of Moose Jaw, whose most recent work, *Willow Smoke*, has been very favorably reviewed, and the examination and review of a new national anthem entitled "Canada," the words by C. J. Greene, and the music by W. V. Stevens, both of Moose Jaw. The discussion of the One-Act Play followed, papers on this subject being contributed by Mrs. H. Y. Complin, Mrs. Dorothea L. Ross, Mrs. E. M. Davis, and Mr. J. J. Schull.

TORONTO BRANCH

According to E. J. Moore, of the Ryerson Press, Toronto, speaking at the March meeting of the Canadian Authors Association, (Toronto Branch), success in authorship comes only through intensive effort and perseverance. Writers should study the markets and also their prospective reading public.

Answering a question as to why Canadian publishers do not publish more Canadian books, he said:

"It is a fact that about 75 per cent. of the writers of Canada who submit manuscripts to publishers simply write what they think about whatever interests them, without any regard to what the public wants." The relatively small demand of the Canadian market as compared with the large output of the American and English markets explained why English and American publications had such a good market in Canada. In explaining the difficulties of the Canadian publisher and the small profits he made, Mr. Moore claimed that with an average volume of seventy to ninety-thousand words, a publisher must sell 2,000 copies in order to clear himself before he makes any money. As to "What kind of books the Canadian publisher wants?" he replied: "Fiction with a Canadian slant, but with the localism not too pronounced; historical romances, children's stories, good poetry and 'sentimental' fiction."

An animated discussion followed.

John M. Elson, President, referred feelingly to the late Sir Bertram Windle, who had contributed substantially to Canadian literature and read a glowing tribute from the pen of R. H. Hathaway to the memory of the late Dr. John D. Logan.

Dr. E. A. Hardy, the National Secretary, outlined the tentative programme of the Canadian Authors convention, to be held in Halifax.

Art Notes

BY JEANNE ADENEY

IF ONE turned to the right, on entering the Toronto Art Gallery in March, one encountered first, the small room containing striking canvasses by Bertrand Brooker, Bess Housser, Lowrie Warrener, two interpretations of Lake Superior by Lawren Harris and that amazing painting called "The Doctor" by J. W. McLaren. The fifty-seventh exhibition of The Ontario Society of Artists promised to be exciting indeed! But there certainly should have been a sign directing one to the left, for the above mentioned room was the climax of the show and most of the pictures in the four remaining rooms sifted down to a level of mediocrity. One likes to encourage young and obscure talent, and the task of choosing the pictures to be hung in an exhibition must be difficult indeed. But on the other hand, do we not encourage mediocrity by exhibiting it? If a hanging committee could maintain an attitude, uncompromisingly critical, yet keenly appreciative of real values in art; if fewer pictures were hung, and to be hung meant possessing real merit, do you think that young or latent talent would not be discovered? The development of the critical faculties in a whole people, artists, critics and spectators, is the only hope for producing a true art.

Among the mass of pictures in the galleries were discernible oases of inspiration. F. H. Brigden with his delicate treatment never loses the sense of unity in his subject. His painting of "The Schreiber Coast, Lake Superior" possesses true grandeur, as in a very different way does A. J. Casson's representation of the solemn "Coldwell Bay." Emily Carr and George Pepper exhibited totem pole subjects in modern treatment. Joachim Gauthier's "Up North," Mary Wrinch's "Temagami" series, "Lake Superior Country" by A. Y. Jackson and "A Sunday Morning, Baie St. Paul" by R. K. Courtice, as well as several others, were all interesting. One wonders if that clever young painter, Charles Comfort, is not more clever than profound in "Fine Day" and "Ruth's Mother." The effect of "The Dark Canyon" by G. A. Reid, and of "Portrait" by H. W. McCrae was marred by the hanging of inferior pictures by the same artists. As for portraits, there was something quite exceptional about Prudence Heward's "Portrait of a Blonde Woman."

"The Green Jar" by Marion Long was very effective; and the portraits of Charles G. D. Roberts by Charles Macgregor, and J. B. Reynolds by E. Wyly Grier were both good. Besides the vast number of paintings in oil and water color, there were drawings and etchings in black and white, and an exhibition of sculpture.

* * *

Although the three oil paintings by Bertrand Brooker were interesting, this artist conveys his maximum effect in black and white. His exhibition of pen-and-ink drawings was one of the most inspiring shows ever produced by a Canadian. Mr. Brooker, a modern, possesses an unerring sense for "significant form" which includes all those qualities that make a true artist. Besides his Elijah Series he showed several representations of musical terms, "Fugue," "Staccato," "Crescendo," etc., several pictures suggested by Whitman and Blake and a number of other studies.

* * *

The scissor-cuts by Lisl Hummel Borsook were executed with great charm and delicacy, and something more at times. Most of them were made as illustrations for children's books, but several were the product of her own fancy, and these for the most part were the best.

The scissor-cut is an ancient art of China. In the seventeenth century the art of shadow pictures was popular in Turkey. In the time of Louis XV, Etienne de Silhouette opposed the extravagance of miniature painting in France, and decorated his home with shadow-pictures, some of which were his own. From him we get the name "Silhouette." In the eighteenth century Menzel and Schwind made an art of the scissor-cut, the success of which depends on a special technique and a feeling for design.

* * *

Architectural Styles Profaned?

Burlington, Ontario,
March 19th, 1929

Editor, Canadian Bookman:

In the March number of *The Canadian Bookman* I read "Art Notes" by Jeanne Adeney with much interest, but I could not feel in sympathy with what was written about garages and service-stations. Some of these buildings were decidedly incongruous. One in our neighborhood is patterned after a little English church. I thought it really was a church when I first saw it. Another has white pillars, as an Academy of Music might be designed. Isn't this an infringement? It seems that architecture should have standards of tradition, that would prevent the profaning of architectral styles. White trellises and roses have sacred associations also to many. If these styles are borrowed how can they be a contribution? I would prefer to see a standard type of building for the sale of oil and gasoline rather than have a glorified style made common and vulgar.

RENA CHANDLER.

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"The way to get to the top is to begin by being the best man at the bottom. Even an office boy can be a success. A successful office boy is the one who does his work so well that he is naturally thought of when the first opening occurs in the grade just above him."—Irving T. Bush, in *Working With the World.*

WILD GARDEN
By Bliss Carman
A new collection of miscellaneous verse, representing the finest of Bliss Carman's work. $2.00.

DARK STAR
By Lorna Moon
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Early Canadiana

Of all the catalogues of Americana which come to The Collector's desk none are so comprehensive, important and interesting as are those issued at long intervals by Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles, London, Eng. No. 4, the latest—which, unfortunately, has been delayed in getting attention in this place—offers no exception to this statement. It is entitled: *Rare Americana: A Catalogue of Historical and Geographical Books, Pamphlets, and Manuscripts relating to the United States, Canada, Spanish America, West Indies and the Arctic Regions, with Numerous Illustrations and Bibliographical Annotations,* and contains descriptions of some 650 items, occupying in all 159 pages. It would take almost the entire present issue of *The Canadian Bookman* to detail all the riches contained in this catalogue, but a few of the more important items of special Canadian interest may be mentioned: *Proceedings between Sir Guy Carleton, K.B., late Governor of the Province of Quebec, and Peter Livius, Esq., Chief Justice of the said Province* (London), 1777, complete copy of this rare historical pamphlet, with half-title, formerly belonging to Sir Philip Francis, reputed author of the *Letters of Junius* (priced £20); Ms. of 3 pages (1687) setting forth the *Rights of the Adventurers of England Tradeing* (Sic.), *Into Hudson Bay* as against the claims of the French (priced £35); original Ms. document, dated May 13, 1687, and signed by E. Dering, Deputy Governor, and six others, making representations to the Earl of Middleton against the "many insults" committed by the French on His Majesty's subjects in Hudson's Bay, with fly-leaf containing the endorsement, address and Company's *pany and the French of Canada in the West Indies* (priced £65); Jesuit Relation: *La Gloire de S. Vrovle,* Paris, 1656, in original calf binding, from library of Sir Francis Hopkins (priced £42); ditto, for years 1642 and 1643, by Barthelemy Vimont, Paris, 1642, (priced £42); *Journals and Votes of the House of Assembly for the Province of Nova Scotia* (Halifax, 1775), special inter-leaved copy, containing large amount of additional and valuable manuscript matter (priced £75); Ms. of 20 closely written pages entitled *Observations on the Combs of Law in Nova Scotia,* dated Halifax, December, 1775 (priced £50); another copy (1775 or 1776), rewritten and altered in many respects and having some additional matter (priced £50); *The Quebec Gazette,* 12 numbers of various dates, starting with No. 1183, in original marble paperboards, Quebec, 1788-1791, from Lord Walsingham's library (priced £25).

Alvin F. Macdonald, editor of *The Halifax Chronicle* since 1905, has been appointed by the Dominion Government as archivist in the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Macdonald was educated at Pictou Academy and Dalhousie University, was called to the bar in 1895, and joined the staff of the *Halifax Chronicle* two years later. He takes up his new work with a training and experience which fit him for it admirably. His predecessor in the position of archivist was the late Dr. John D. Logan.

It has always been supposed that the earliest map to contain the word "America" was the famous map of the world prepared by Martin Waldseemuller, a professor in the little college of St. Die, in the Vosges, and discovered late in 1906 by the Jesuit scholar, Father Fischer, in the Austrian Tyrol, of which only one example is known. Now comes Henry N. Stevens, of Henry Stevens, Son and Stiles, the London bookdealer, in a big and elaborate volume, printed by the Cambridge University Press in an edition of 250 copies, with evidence to show that a smaller map of the world, probably also by Waldseemuller, which has been in the possession of the John Carter Library at Providence, R.I., for almost thirty years past, was not only the first map to bear the word "America," but also the first to show any part of the New World discoveries, Mr. Stevens tells in his book of having acquired the map at a London auction in 1893 on a speculative bid of £2-4s. It was inserted in an imperfect Ptolemey's *Geographia,* Strassburg, 1513, and everyone mistook it for the ordinary map of the modern world which forms the first of the twenty new maps in the supplement to that edition. It was not until six years later that a careful examination of the map revealed some unusual features which started Mr. Stevens on the investigation which led to his convincing himself that the map was the first in print to include the name "America." He later sold the map to Mrs. Carter Brown, who gave it to the John Carter Library in memory of her son, John Nicholas Brown. This was in 1901. In December of that year the geographical world was startled by the announcement that the long lost Waldseemuller map, as described in the *Cosmographiae Introductio* of 1507, had been found. This caused the postponement of Mr. Stevens' report, pending the result of a new investigation aimed to prove the more difficult contention that the map in the John Carter Brown Library antedated the larger Waldseemuller map. This task Mr. Stevens, as evidenced by the full, brilliantly reasoned and thoroughly supported

arguments set forth in his book, has now been accomplished.

* * *

The Sporting Library of Norman James, of Baltimore, was sold at the Anderson Galleries in New York City, Nov. 13 to Nov. 23, in two parts, 1,981 items realizing $96,153. Following were some of the items which brought outstanding prices: Ackerman's *History of the College of Winchester,* containing 49 aquatint plates, London, 1816, $1,675; Alken's *National Sports of Great Britain,* London, 1824, $1,900; Alken's *The Life of a Sportsman,* London, 1842, $1,400; *The Annals of Sporting and Fancy Gazette,* 13 Vols., London, 1822-8, $1,825; Applerley's *Memoirs of the Life of the Late John Mytton,* first edition, London, $1,550; R. H. Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast,* first edition, first issue, N.Y., 1840, with A.L.S. of 3 pages by the author, $1,250 (record); Herman Melville's *Moby Dick,* fine clean copy of rare first edition, in original cloth, $925 ($100 was regarded as a good price for this book five or six years ago); Orme's *Collection of Field Sports,* London, 1807, $10,500; set of sporting novels of Surtees, 9 Vols. in original bindings, not all first editions, $2,050.

* * *

It is very seldom that a complete set of the publications of the Champlain Society is offered for sale, but a recent catalogue from Dauber & Pine, Inc., New York City, offers such a set, comprising 17 volumes, together with a membership entitling the holder to all future publications at $10 per year, for the sum of $475. Every collector who, or public institution which, has tried to secure a set of these publications knows well what a difficult thing this is, many of the volumes being long since out of print, and bringing high premiums whenever they turn up. Some of them, in fact, have sold as high as $100 each, while others sell at $20 to $50. The Dauber & Pine catalogue also offers, among other important items, a set of the *Collection des manuscripts du Marechal de Levis,* 12 volumes, Quebec, 1889-1895, the price being $90, and Charles Grenfel Nicolay's *A Proposal to Establish a Missionary College on the North-west Coast of British America, in a Letter to Wm. Ewart Gladstone,* London, 1853, a presentation copy from the author to J. Wyld, the map-maker, which is quoted at $65. This tract of 28 pages, by the author of *History of Oregon,* has appeared in none of the great sales of Western Americana, evidencing that it is of extreme rarity.

* * *

A copy of the first edition of Thomas Hardy's first book, *Desperate Remedies,* published anonymously in London in 1871, in three volumes, brought $7,800, a record price, at the galleries of the American Art Association, in New York City, February 10, at the auction of the library of Mrs. Albert E. Solomon. A copy of the rare first issue of Hardy's *The Dynasty,* with the 1903 title page, brought $1,400. A first edition of Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree,* sold for $700, and a first edition of the same author's *Two On a Tower* brought $430.

The trustees of the National Library of Scotland have recently received a magnificent gift in the form of more than 700 autograph letters of Thomas Carlyle. The generous donor of this unique collection, which covers the period 1821 to 1869, is Margaret Carlyle Aitken, daughter of Carlyle's sister, Jean. Miss Aitken, who is now 84 years of age, has always taken a keen interest in the fame of her uncle, and when making the gift she expressed satisfaction that the letters would now be permanently preserved as a national possession. The fact that many of the letters are addressed to her mother adds to the significance of the gift, as it was to Mrs. Aitken's daughters that Carlyle turned for help after his wife's death.

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Vol. XI. No. 5 TORONTO, MAY, 1929 25c. a Copy $2.00 a Year

Who's Who in Canadian Literature

THOMAS O'HAGAN

By Lionel Stevenson

MODERN scholarship is getting farther and farther into the realm of specializing, so that even literary research and criticism are being subjected to the methods of science. The noble ideal of "humanism," with its dependence on a rich and various cultivation of mind rather than intensive mechanical equipment, is—let us hope, temporarily—in eclipse. There is rare pleasure, accordingly, in making the acquaintance of a man whose career and writings are a model of the vanishing humanistic pattern.

Thomas O'Hagan is a Canadian without being provincial, and a scholar without being pedantic. When he writes upon Canadian themes he retains a background and a set of standards derived from first-hand acquaintance with the great literature of the world, and with both the history and the contemporary life of the leading nations. When he writes about those latter topics, he brings to bear upon them the freshness and sanity of his Canadianism. If he is engaged upon literary criticism, he speaks with the authority of experience, for he has himself done much creative work in the form of poetry. All his writing, accordingly, gives the pleasure of contact with an individual and well-stocked mind, as well as a delightful personality.

In part, the distinctive elements in his work must be attributed to the fact that he is a Roman Catholic. In present-day life that church stands almost alone in upholding the dignity and value of tradition in face of the universal craze for novelty and speed. Dr. O'Hagan's special interests and dominating opinions are naturally determined by the faith in which he was brought up, but the result cannot be termed in any respect narrowness or dogmatism, being noteworthy for eclectic appreciation. Another essential fact is his Irish ancestry, which contributes the warmth of feeling and the touch of imagination and humor to all that he writes.

His career reveals a devotion to the twin stars of knowledge and literature. His parents were natives of County Kerry, and their

youngest son was born on March 6th, 1855, near Toronto. He was still an infant when the family moved into the wilderness of Bruce County, and he shared the pioneer settlement life, learning from his neighbors the two Gaelic tongues, Irish and Highland Scottish. At the country school, under Scottish and Irish teachers of the old style, he received a thorough educational grounding, and was granted a second-class teacher's certificate at the age of fifteen. Four years were devoted to an English and classical course at St. Michael's College, Toronto, where he won prizes in English, Greek, Latin, and History; thereafter he attended Ottawa University, becoming a B.A. in 1882 with honors in English, Latin, French and German (magna cum laude). At the same time he was known as an athlete, winning several cups.

For a number of years he followed the profession of teaching, and served as principal of several high schools in his native province. His scholarly interests, however, brought him again and again to University studies. He received in 1889 the degree of Ph.D. in English from Syracuse University, and he took post-graduate courses also at Cornell, Chicago, and Wisconsin, later extending his travels to Europe and attending Louvain, Grenoble, and Bonn Universities, giving special attention to Medieval History, Modern Languages, and the Fine Arts. In recent years his scholarly and literary attainments have been recognized with several honorary degrees: Laval led the way by conferring the Litt.D. in 1914, and the example was followed by Notre Dame with the LL.D. in 1917, and by Ottawa with another Litt.D. in 1924.

Following his years of teaching, he had experience in journalism on both daily and weekly papers, but for a number of years he has devoted himself exclusively to travel, writing, and lecturing. He has dipped into ten languages and speaks four modern European languages fluently. He is a member of several learned bodies, including the Authors' Club of London and the Dante Society of Florence. He has published something like fifteen books, and several others are in active preparation.

His first volumes consisted of poetry, and his work in this form continued to appear from time to time, until there was material for a collected edition in 1922. His poems all have the strongly melodious lilt which is particularly distinctive of the Irish genius, and a simplicity and genuineness of feeling which render them widely popular. Canadian Patriotism is the theme of one impressive group, and along with them should be listed the Songs of Heroic Days which were written during the World War and which reflect the spirit of those sad and splendid years. Love of his ancestral country inspires a series of Irish poems, and religious themes are also represented. The range of his ability and interests is revealed when one compares the dignified elegies and commemorative odes, appropriate to their solemn occasions, with the Songs of the Settlement, such as "The

Old Brindle Cow," "The Dance at McDougall's," and "An Idyll of the Farm," which present happy boyhood memories.

His writings in prose are chiefly essays, which after appearing in magazines, were collected from time to time in convenient volumes. He deserves special credit for being one of the first to consider Canadian literature worthy of the same sort of serious critical study that is directed toward the literatures of other nations; his first book on the topic goes back to the opening year of the present century.

Among the most interesting of his many essays are those which deal with the fundamental problems of poetry and criticism. In them he sets forth his critical theories, which are to be seen in practise in his specific discussions of books and authors. His treatment of various great figures in literature, and of interesting historical episodes, is rendered particularly valuable by the first-hand glimpses of the scenes involved, derived from his many travels.

His literary style is informal, moving gracefully and tranquilly, brightened with the fancy of the poet. He draws upon his immense fund of facts without ostentation, and displays his opinions honestly but without contentiousness. Having "taken all knowledge to be his province," he is never in any danger of running short of material; each volume ranges widely in time and place, and one receives the impression from the whole series that he selects just those topics which most particularly appeal to him. His most recent travels have been in South America, and in consequence he is preparing a book entitled Spain and Her Daughters. Another work in preparation is of a humorous character. Canadian life and literature are the wealthier for the contribution of this mellow and cultivated scholar-poet.

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The Tide of Love, Toronto, 1929.

Prose

Studies in Poetry, Boston, 1900.
Canadian Essays, Toronto, 1901.
Essays—Literary, Critical, and Historical, Toronto, 1909.
Chats by the Fireside, Somerset, Ohio, 1911.
Essays on Catholic Life, Baltimore, 1916.
With Staff and Scrip, Toronto, 1924.
The Genesis of Christian Art, New York, 1926.
Intimacies in Canadian Life and Letters, Ottawa, 1927.
Father Morice, Toronto, 1928.

In Preparation

Dean Harris (in *Makers of Canadian Literature* series).
Spain and Her Daughters.

The Simple Life

By C. F. Lloyd

THERE are certain works of art, books, pictures, poems, musical compositions, that fill me with a sort of divine content as though I had at last reached one of the ultimate things and had come to rest, certain that in that direction at any rate I could go no farther. The mental state induced by these things is that in which Dante must have found himself when having reached the last of the circles of Paradise he was permitted through the intercession of Beatrice to gaze for a moment on the beauty and splendor of God. Dante's own poem is one of the works I have alluded to, the Illiad is another and so is Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra. The Madonna of Raphael in the Dresden gallery is another and I might name several more such as the portrait of Pope Innocent by Velaquez, the Hermes of Praxiteles, certain of Bach's works and the songs of Schubert, Villon's ballade of dead ladies, Poe's Helen and that glorious twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, which seems to gather up into a great golden sheaf of splendid imagery all that can be said or thought about old-age. I had nearly become convinced that no mere novel could ever be added to this list of things that satisfy at once the senses, the heart and the intellect, when I came across Ladislaus Reymont's story, The Peasants, and at once changed my mind, for here is prose, and that the prose of a translation which, like all translations, must be in some respects inferior to the original, was one of the great things of art.

When I speak of these satisfying things in art it is not of beauty alone that I am thinking, though beauty is one of the elements in all of them which helps to produce that feeling of contentment of which I spoke a moment ago. Nearly all the things worth enjoying in this life defy analysis and so does this feeling. Why should one work of art completely satisfy one's whole being and another, apparently as great, not? I have said that beauty is not the answer to that question; neither is truth, nor technical skill, nor nobility of conception, though all these things may enter into it and be in a measure necessary to it. I think it is not that the work itself is a complete expression of anything fundamental and primordial but that it sets you on a road by which you feel that you may attain to a view of one phase of ultimate being without running any risk of being lost through wandering down side-roads. In short such a work is of the nature of a vision, revealing suddenly one of the myriad aspects of truth, and like every true vision it clarifies the mind, lightens the heart and lifts you out of the ruck of doubt, and that despair into which doubt is apt to plunge you, into the pure, cold air and clear light of heaven.

If beauty were the only element in a work of art that satisfies one, then The Peasants would fail to produce any such feeling of satisfaction, for though there are beautiful passages in it, as well as

passages of almost unbelievable horror and nastiness, the work as a whole is undeniably ugly. I cannot speak for any other person but, speaking for myself alone, I must say that the total effect on my mind of this fine story is to bring me as it were into direct contact with all that is oldest, most permanent, most inescapable in the life of man on this earth. The feeling finally left with me is one of compassion and humiliation mingled with disgust and perhaps a very little hope. I have compassion for the sufferings of these poor people. I am humiliated when I look into my own heart and know myself a being capable of all the degradation and unashamed beastliness of an Antek or a Yagna. I am filled with digust when I remember that countless millions of men and women have lived and are at this moment living lives as filthy, sordid and hopelessly hard as those depicted in this book. And then my mind is lightened for a moment by a gleam of hope, like a tiny pool of blue sky among driving clouds, that in some inconceivably remote future the simplicity and tireless industry of the peasants may learn to go hand in hand with something of grace, dignity, beauty and intellectual enlightenment. If anyone chooses to tell me that such peasants as Reymont's are confined to eastern Europe I can only reply that I have farmed in western Canada and that I know better, very much better.

I confess that it was with a feeling akin to terror that I approached Reymont's book, for what I expected, what I was fully prepared for, was the sodden nastiness, the awful, hopeless despair, hopeless as the grin of an idiot, of the Russian stories of peasant life, stories which on more than one occasion have come near to driving me to commit suicide to escape from the appalling depression which they produced in my mind. Before I had read ten pages of The Peasants I was agreeably surprised to discover that it was quite a different book from any of the Russian novels. The difference is extremely subtle and almost impossible to define because it does not depend upon the material used or even, so far as I can discover, on the author's use of his material; it is rather an atmosphere created by the author's outlook upon and attitude towards life in general. His peasants are fully as ignorant, brutal, superstitious and vicious as any of the Russian peasants of fiction, and their dreadful, overburdened lives of continuous, hopeless toil are as closely, minutely and faithfully described as any Russian novelist ever described his poor people, yet the difference between the two is immense and startling. It is not a difference of degree but of kind. These peasants of Reymont's are not creatures that once were men, they are men and however low in the scale of humanity they may be, one feels there is hope for them, hope of a better life even on this earth, of a fuller self-knowledge, of a higher state of existence, a more gracious life on the soil. Even at their worst they have a saving touch of the pensive dignity and beauty which should ever invest the tragic weakness and brevity of human existence with something, some fitful gleam of the steady, unchangeable light of heaven. Many

a time before I reached the end of the book I realized, as though by a series of flashes, the true meaning of those old words, "In the image of God created he him." If the true purpose of tragedy is to cleanse the heart through the joint agency of pity and terror, then The Peasants is one of the greatest of tragedies.

I have not space to deal with the myriad characters of this amazing story, with the masterful Matthias Boryna, the lustful Yagna, your true born prostitute, or with the terrible, black-tempered Antek, the sullen spirit of the earth incarnate, the jealous, faithful, tireless Hanka, the priest, a peasant himself, infinitely sensible, tolerant and charitable, or with that strange creature, Yagustynka, a sort of female Mephistopheles, the very essence of scepticism and cynical mockery. If this paper has a purpose at all it is to drive those who may read it to read Reymont's book.

Reymont is far too great an artist to preach, to cloud the crystal-clear surface of his work with the mist of his own doubts, prejudices and opinions. He never says directly this is bad, that is good, this ugly, that beautiful, but he makes you feel the presence of these things with an irresistible power.

Never has the splendor, the dignity, the intense humanity, the strange power of adapting itself to the needs of all races in all times of the Catholic ritual been more fully revealed than in this book. Some of the religious scenes, the funeral of Boryna, the midnight Mass, the Easter service are as unforgettable as those other scenes. the frightful fight in the forest in which the elder Boryna gets his death wound, the punishment of Yagna and that black journey of the old peasant women through the snow storm to gather faggots, a scene terrible as one of Dore's illustrations of the Inferno and bitter enough to chill one's blood at the height of summer. Among the human actors in the story the village priest is the one bright spot. Sordid as are the lives of these poor people, one feels irresistibly how much more sordid, how unspeakably vile they would become if removed from the humanizing influence of the Church whose services are the only gleam of beauty they know.

Neither Conrad nor Hardy nor even Loti has utilized more fully or to better advantage than Reymont the strange power of landscape to relieve the monotony of action, to influence the development of character and to tranquilize the mind of the reader, harrowed by the nightmare vision of human stupidity and depravity. But unlike the other great artists I have named, Reymont never uses landscape as stage scenery, a mere backdrop for his human actors or the stony face of a terrible, unsympathetic Deity. His landscape is a part of life, it mingles with his characters, molds them, is one of the things making them what they are. It is the earth out of which his people come and to which they return, the fresh beauty of spring, the burning glare of midsummer, the melancholy langour of autumn, the mad rage of winter, the tenderness of dawn lightening the heart of Hanka.

the pitiless sky of midnight that sees the broken Yagna brought home. One quotation must suffice:

"A warm, dark night. In the sombre depths of the sky a few stars twinkled. Upon the marshes lay a thin white film of haze; and there the frogs set up their croaking and the stray piping of affrighted lapwings sounded now and then. The slumbering trees stood out against the sky, the orchards loomed gray, as though lime-sprinkled, and wafted fragrance as from censers: cherry-blossoms, half-open lilac buds, water, dew-drenched soil—all breathed perfumes; each particular flower gave out its own sweet scent, all mingling in a deliciously intoxicating aroma.

"There were still a few sounds of talk within the village, on the door-steps, about the dwellings now plunged in shade; and people swarmed in the roadways, overshadowed by the trees, and only traversed in places by streaks of light from the windows."

To me this fine book is one of the most satisfying of all novels, if indeed it can be called a novel and not rather a prose epic, the whole life of a peculiar people, the ancient people of the soil who are almost as old as the earth itself and who may outlast all cities, all books, all arts and all philosophies.

* * *

The National Consciousness Idea

A CRITICISM

By Marcus Adeney

OPPOSED to the realization of a national consciousness in any civilized land to-day stand two vital and generally applicable social factors. One is an agreement, the other is a difference. In the first place creative minds the world over are notoriously not susceptible to state discipline and tend always to form a sort of super-national community of their own. In the second place this super-national community, being in a sense ideal, can never respect the Special Privilege upon which all social orders have so far been based. These two things, creative thought and Special Privilege, are, and always of necessity must be, opposed.

The kinship of artists and creative minds everywhere makes for the widest possible knowledge and sympathy. Foreign countries and the customs of their people become, through intimacy, things beloved rather than feared; national ideals, in so far as they really exist at all and are not myths called into being by private interests, are found to have almost everything in common; and the rich stream of humanity, flowing everywhere and taking its character from so many soils, obviously gains rather than loses in diversity. So the artist tends to become as it were an initiate into the souls of many people; and, since to know a thing very well is assuredly to love it, he necessarily opposes the injustices of sectionalism the world over. It does not matter very much whether the inculcation of the idea of military prestige takes place in Prussia or in the University of Toronto. To glory in our father's part in war, to prepare ourselves for any future (of course righteous) wars, is to have arrived at the sublime spiritual state of German Junkerdom in 1914. Locality makes no difference; and the line between aggression and defence, in these days of complicated diplomacy, as any scholar knows, cannot be exactly drawn.

So we arrive at the necessary opposition between an oracularly idealist government operating in terms of immediate national expediency, and a group

of informed realists who have discovered that truth is creative, that men and nations are essentially at one, that immediate expediency is always the way to war and ruin. Goodwill or the absence of goodwill has nothing to do with this opposition. Nor has love of country or loyalty. Truth to any sentiment is not impared by truth to a higher sentiment. Our love of Canada is not necessarily opposed to Christianity, though that enjoins a universal love. But Christianity, which includes a sense of the divine nature of humanity everywhere, cannot be squared with the Great Nation idea on any terms.

Two principles, one of movement, the other of fixation, are represented in the struggle between creative mind and the *status quo*, and in a sense both sides benefit from this circumstance. The artist gains from government a stable environment in which to labor; government, with the maximum of resistance, is compelled by the artist, working through public opinion, to amend its ways in conformity with a maturing society. All power tends to be static. Even the artist, if he were made a prime minister, would tend to acquire fixations.

According to E. M. (see *Canadian Bookman* for April), the traders, the military men, the governors, the educators and creative artists may all equally and harmoniously contribute to the welfare and admirableness of Canada. This is to disregard entirely the main forces and counterforces at work in modern society, the international character of most existing social influences, the increasingly mechanistic nature of every phase of human life, the vast changes is human psychology (due to an understanding of psychology), and the prospect of world changes so far-reaching that the very idea of nationalism may, within our lifetime, become absurd. But chiefly it is to overlook the world-wide opposition between creative and conservative minds, between growing human beings and those who, because they are themselves static, believe in static principles. It is to forget that this opposition extends to every school and to every home, to every little nook and cranny of every civilized country, that it must some day become the crucial issue in the life of every individual.

When war broke out in 1914, skilful propaganda had already created a militaristic attitude in France (as in Germany), but it is not enough to say that the French soul rose greatly to the occasion. A lot of half-desperate citizens resigned themselves fearfully and grimly to a hellish business and worked up a healthy hatred of Germany to counteract fear. A wise government manufactured stories (and faked photographs) of enemy atrocities as fast as it manufactured shells, and no man could protest and yet live. Meanwhile the greatest Frenchman found it necessary to move to Switzerland. Romain Rolland, his soul anguished by what had come upon the minds, no less than the bodies, of his countrymen, could not repress a cry of horror. He was branded as pro-German. In Switzerland he lived in close contact with a band of loyal Europeans, those who loved Europe too well to share in her devastation on behalf of sectional interests. Here was Stefan Zweig, the noble Austrian, who has since illumined two continents with the blaze of his spirituality and dynamic wisdom. Rolland wrote innumerable letters; he wrote to everyone who appealed, on any grounds, for his sympathy or aid, and thousands addressed him in this hour when so few hearts remained unperverted. Hoping to link up sane men everywhere he appealed to Hauptmann in Germany; but Hauptmann, who was a victim of the propaganda manufacturerers of his own land, replied bitterly saying that a whole world had leaped upon his innocent country and that she must defend herself to the last gasp—not only from the foe but from all those who would make a dishonorable peace; for that was the way good Germans had been taught to feel, and they were, as we shall be in Canada all too soon, thoroughly indoctrinated citizens.

Who, during that agonized time, did truly honor France? Poincaré, patriot and war-maker, or Rolland, artist, seer and devoted European? These two men were opposed in every way, their conceptions of France and of her high destiny were mutually contradictory. One brought millions to death, more millions to

misery; the other, had he the power, would have formed a creative union between all the peoples of Europe. And who, tell me, represented lovely Austria and civilized Vienna? Zweig, the prophet or the generalissimo of the Austrian army? And England? Bertrand Russell, once ostracized, imprisoned, deprived of all honors, now the brighest jewel in English thought, the most acute realist of his time, or Winston Churchill? And America! Eugene Debs or those who threw him into prison for his love of humanity?

In the conduct of public affairs, as we have seen, there can be no compromise between privilege (which is always reactionary) and creative artistry (which is always humanly progressive). But what about education? "Canada has made rapid strides in public education, through splendid schools, colleges and universities. Here again she has a consciousness of united purpose and attainment." That is, according to E. M., everyone is contented with our state school system and it is good that we should be contented. I wonder if E. M. ever exchanged confidences with an alert school-mistress. At a time when the best private schools throughout the civilized world are doing away with exams, allowing the maximum liberty to teacher and student, actively employing methods evolved from the new knowledge of child-psychology; at a time when the human spirit seems at last able to free itself sufficiently to cope with a world so complicated and precarious that uncertainty lies everywhere, our Canadian schools are busily preoccupied with the inculcation of dubious facts and still more dubious sentiments, *to the entire exclusion of all creative activity.* This means that when they matriculate our young people are babes in arms, *devoid of even the most rudimentary knowledge of all that truly concerns the modern world.* Having been given the answer with the question, they are incapable of thought. Having glimpsed nothing of the social changes ahead, they are incapable of imagining or of taking any interest in social problems. Having questioned nothing, they have neither enquiring minds or personal convictions. Taught to regard our governmental and business methods as absolute, they have not the slightest notion of political economy. Inculcated with the idea that Christianity is sacred but not to be much talked about, they have no interest in, nor desire for, a personal religion. Filled with doubtful historic data, they can draw no conclusions therefrom because the conclusions have already been drawn. Even mathematics, that most perfect approach to infinite mystery, becomes in the examination papers, a dryasdust combination of absolute forms. Then we wonder why our matriculated youngsters prefer petting parties to more study. We wonder why they welcome any sort of release, any entry into the realm of real experience. Of course they are helpless, undisciplined, more or less dumb. How could they be otherwise, as products of a wholly reactionary school system?

Now about the churches: E. M. says that after long struggle Canada has seen the union of three great denominations into one church with undivided aims. Why does he make no mention of the various "splits" thus occasioned, splits that wounded even the smallest towns (because Christianity had nothing whatever to do with the attempted union, which was, like every other institutional matter, an affair of more or less obvious expediency)? Why does he not mention the fact that the new United Church is as indifferent as ever to cultural influences but keenly sensitive to everything that affects business? It is true that the dramatic society of one Toronto church has produced good plays. But it is also true that our church entertainments and social gatherings generally are devoted to amiable drivel. Some people think that this is a harmless way of passing the time. The mind may be filled with nonsense if the body is kept wholesome. On the contrary this deliberate breeding of mental incapacity is much more demoralizing than a Vienna cafe. There young people at least learn self-control (because alcohol taken to excess spoils enjoyment) and their gaiety is the natural result of a perfectly natural stimulus.

But all this by the way. My present purpose is merely to show that in

the churches, as elsewhere, the creative mind is necessarily opposed to a self-perpetuating orthodoxy. The classic instance, of course, is that of Jesus Christ and the Jewish Church. But many people object to any comparative reference to Christ, forgetting that if anything were truly isolated and unique it could have no existence for us. We see and know only that for which we are tuned to see and know. Our awareness of Jesus is therefore our awareness of a human Jesus and His opposition to the Jewish Church exactly parallels the stand of any modern preacher, who, because he sees beyond the doctrine and the formalities, insists upon imparting a greater and more humanly relevant truth, no matter how shocking it may seem to the orthodox. The power of a man is the power of his individual insight, and the power of his insight is the fruit of a certain kind of living. Not by accepting, believing and loyally upholding is the Kingdom of Heaven attained, but by so living that the meaning of this earthly existence may grow ever more and more beautifully apparent in terms of everlasting values. God speaks through many mouths and in many tongues; His spirit moves all those who love Him and seek Him through the glory of His works; but God has no love for a dogmatic and exclusive minister of the Gospel whose heart is full of hate for those whose interpretations of the Bible differ from his own.

Who, then, glorifies Canada, the upholder of a church and a creed or the prophet who transcends church and creed and is (more often than not) put out of the church for so doing? One stands for the preservation of a tradition, the other for the creative fires of God in every human being; one stands for a coded, legalized morality and the enforcement of repressive laws; the other for individual enlightenment, the love of God and an erring neighbor, the service of truth and the freedom of an enquiring mind. These two points of view are mutually incompatable. Between them there can be no compromise.

It is no doubt true, as E. M. says, that "to the poet and the artist a young people must look for an expression of its ideals;" but it is also true that neither poetry nor art can be purely the expression of an ideal. Rather do they attempt to give an ideal expression to something very real. *Until we realize the direct applicability of literature and art to the life of every day, until we accept imaginative writing as interpretive social criticism, until, in short, the dream of an ideal realm of art (which need not bother any sensible business man) is shown to be itself a pure fiction, we cannot hope to produce real artists and vital art forms.* For a thing to function truly there must be a need for that functioning. Before great art can come out of Canada, Canadians must realize that only the artist can truly interpret the present in terms of an ideal future and that without an ideal the future can hold only a futile repetition of all our blunders. Criticism must be comparative; and without a clear view of bettered condition we cannot hope to improve ourselves.

At the last I want to thank E. M. (whose identity I do not even suspect) for having expressed in four short paragraphs the very essence of a typically Canadian attitude. His conciseness and his apt choice of words made my own task very much easier than it might otherwise have been. Furthermore, I want him to realize that I fully respect his integrity. If he thinks typically, as a Canadian, who should be surprised? But there, exactly, lies the point of my present criticism: until we transcend the present fashionable brand of nationalism, there can be no proper culture in this fair land. Until we have taken from all the world far more spiritual goods, we cannot hope to arrive at a spiritual maturity. Canada is still a child, and other people's memories (because she is still growing, forward-looking, maturing) are worth more to her than her own. There is always time enough for retrospect, always time for an assertive self-interest. When we have a social criticism and a communal culture that compares favorably with the best criticism and culture of the Old World, then it will be time to think (in, let us hope, broader terms) of developing a national consciousness.

The Rise and Fall of New France

Reviewed by T. G. Marquis

PROFESSOR GEORGE M. WRONG began his educational career in 1883, when but twenty-three years old, as Lecturer in History in Wycliffe College, Toronto. Since that time he has devoted his life mainly to the study of Canadian history and Canadian national problems. During the thirty-six years that have intervened he has kept his sunrise aim, and from his pen have come such able studies as *A Canadian Manor and Its Seigneurs, The Earl of Elgin, The Fall of Canada, etc.* He was largely responsible for the organization of the Champlain Society, established the "Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada," and is a member of the Canadian Historical Commission. In the light of his achievements he is entitled to be ranked as first among those whose aim it is to give the world a knowledge of Canada's history and resources.

His recent voluminous study, *The Rise and Fall of New France,* is the crowning act of his career. A number of able books have been written on special periods in the history of New France—books such as Doughty's *Siege of Quebec,* Biggar's *Voyages of Jacques Cartier,* Dix's *Champlain: The Founder of New France.* Then there is Kingsford's voluminous *History of Canada,* and Parkman's delightful studies, charming in style and scholarly in treatment; but Kingsford was a man of strong prejudices and his work bristles with inaccuracies, and since Kingsford's and Parkman's day a vast amount of original historical material has been unearthed and a fresh well-organized history of Canada was needed. The exhaustive bibliography given by Professor Wrong for each of his chapters shows that he has thoroughly sifted his authorities and has thus been enabled to give the last word on the most romantic period of Canadian history, the period of the French régime.

The method adopted is to group around the leading characters the facts of history—Cartier, Champlain, the Jesuit missionaries, Talon, LaSalle, Frontenac, Vaudrueil, Montcalm and Wolfe serve as living centres vitalizing the whole. The pages are illuminated with brilliant characterization of the men playing their parts in the historical drama. Of Champlain the author says: "Half monk and half crusader, a man who never looked for ease or profit, and never lost heart in the darkest hour. . . . Rectitude, thoroughness, patience, and devout faith mark Champlain as one of the finest characters of his nation." Of LaSalle: "LaSalle, austere in manner, reserved, proud and sometimes moody, a man of one idea." Of Talon: "Talon, feverishly alert, capable and masterful, and using to the utmost the powers of his office in Canada." Frontenac is portrayed as a man of tact and knowledge who knew "how to be all things to all men, a savage or a refined European as occasion required." Wolfe is described as "rapid, daring, creative, who with his emotional temperament was also keenly intellectual and impatient of dullness and incompetence," while Amherst is fittingly spoken of as "slow, deliberate, and lacking in imagination."

The preparation of an exhaustive history of the French régime was no easy task. With regard to certain great episodes there are diametrically opposed schools of thought. For example, there are writers who have nothing but wholesale condemnation for the British for their treatment of the Acadians, while others maintain that that unfortunate people received nothing but their desserts. But Professor Wrong holds the balance true and treats every subject with scholarly fairness and sympathy.

Nothing is more striking in this study than the presentation of the character and achievements of Talon, the great Intendant, undoubtedly the most brilliant and far-seeing official of the French régime. While others thought only of beaver skins and fish, he dreamt of a great commercial empire in the new world, and worked might and main to realize his dream. He encouraged the production of the valuable potash of commerce, advocated afforestation to insure a supply of timber, began the industry of ship-building on the banks of the St. Charles, near Quebec, encouraged the production of pitch and tar and hemp, built a brewery, and struggled to build up profitable trade with the West Indies. He even visioned Canada as a great mineral producing country, encouraged the building of forges for iron on the St. Maurice, and sent out parties to prospect for copper, silver and gold. Had France been but awake to the potential wealth of Canada and given Talon proper support, a commercial overseas

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THE RISE AND FALL OF NEW FRANCE. *By George M. Wrong.* 2 *Vols. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited, at St. Martin's House.* $10.50.

French-enduring empire might have been built up on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Nothing finer in Canadian historical writing has been done than this presentation of Talon and his ambitious endeavors.

In his effort to make the work exhaustive, the author has fallen into the error of giving with too great detail extraneous matter. The journeys of the Polos and the exploration and discoveries in Asia have only an indirect bearing on the history of New France. Of course it was such discoveries that inspired Spain and Portugal and France and England to voyage westward. Cartier, Champlain, LaSalle, Hudson, Knight, and other searchers after a northwest passage hoped by sailing westward to reach the land of Prester John and the Grand Khan. So much attention, entertaining and informative, is given to the work of the precursors of the pioneers of New France that a reader is in danger of growing weary before reaching the subject matter of the study.

It would almost seem, too, that towards the close the burden laid upon him had somewhat wearied the author. For example, he treats in a most illuminating manner, with the fullest detail, the siege of Louisbourg, under Pepperell and Warren, but dismisses, with a mere paragraph, the vastly more important siege of 1758, under Amherst and Boscawen. Some of the extraneous matter, with only an indirect bearing on the subject, might profitably be omitted for this more essential subject.

This study, a most important contribution to the first two hundred and more years of Canadian history, closes with the words:

"The last weak governor of New France (Vaudrueil) calls up the figure of Champlain, the first governor, capable, alert and hopeful, dying at Quebec in the belief that he had founded an empire. Relentless history had decided otherwise, but does not forbid our picturing what might have been had the French monarchy, in its days of power, thrown energy, wasted in Europe, into the task of making French half of North America."

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THE SINGING GOLD. *By Dorothy Cottrell. Toronto: Thomas Allen.* $2.50.

The Singing Gold is a delightful and charmingly told tale of life on an Australian sheep farm in our own day. The author has chosen her fitting title from the clouds of "little down larks" which fluttered singing into the golden sunshine as they were scattered by the oncoming of thousands of little hoofs as the herds of sheep were driven across the plains.

From the first chapter, where the child Joan finds her way into our hearts and initiates us into all the secrets of her boyish and bloodthirsty friends, among whom Captain Dashaway stands pre-eminent, throughout the long, dreamy, golden days of youth when Dickie and Joan explored the yellow blossomed boronia thickets with their millions of tiny golden cups, wandered in rain and sunshine by the irrigations and fought real and imaginary battles while plunging through the tangled growth, until the arrival of Jerry Henton just in time to remove the bee sting which caused Joan to fall suddenly from the pink almond tree, the author gives us an intimate and sympathetic interest in every member of the Jerington-Whatmore family.

Later the problem of education for Joan was solved by Grandmother Jerington-Whatmore; and it was an unhappy, miserable little Joan who at last greeted her aristocratic grandmother at Toowomba, and settled down to an orderly routine of culture and refinement and governesses. Later came the war. With Jerry off fighting in Palestine and only an occasional "sensible" letter to fill the emptiness in Joan's girlish heart, Clippings in his new military uniform began to assume a new dignity. The hasty wedding service with six wedding rings and never a kiss, the sudden and unexpected death of Grandmother Jerington-Whatmore while sitting in her beloved garden watching the sunset paint the splendid hills, the Armistice, and Joan's return home to Hallandane with her secret still locked in her heart until such time as the boyish Clippings could make a home for his bride, are all told with rare insight and feeling. The complexities that faced Joan in her first few years of married life are many and varied, but eventually her brave heart wins through and finds *The Singing Gold* and happiness.

The author excels in her descriptive passages. The luxuriant growth and vegetation; the colorful bloom of the dark blue lobelias, the crimson pericelia, the rustling white-paper everlastings, the pink ground-orchids, the hair-stemmed mauve daisies, the yarrons flecked with gold, and the blossoming almond tree; the mulga and the boronia thickets where blue-and-scarlet dragon-flies sunned, frightened grey rabbits scurried into the rushes, and red-legged dark blue baldcoots scattered noisily for shelter, while hawks wheeled overhead—all bespeak an intimate knowledge and love of her subject.

Dorothy Cottrell makes her characters live and her next book will be eagerly anticipated by all those who are fortunate enough to read and enjoy *The Singing Gold.*

A. S. M.

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THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS. *By Ellery H. Clark. New York: T. Y. Crowell Co.* $2.

Stalking through the pages of Ellery Clark's book along with the redoubtable Andrew Jackson are such notables as Boone, Claiburne, Clay and Webster. The book marks the centenary of the election of Andrew Jackson to the presidency of the United States, bringing out again in bold relief this striking figure of the old South. This novel does much to explain the stern, passionate, often misguided but always magnetic leader of men around which it is written. It accomplishes this in a subtle manner not feasible in the less flexible biographies that have sought to do so. The pages of this book unfold a virile and lifelike story in such a manner as to leave the impression of having been acquainted with the men of action of a century ago with whose fortunes they are concerned.

Sir Andrew Wields a Claymore

A Review by T. G. Marquis

THIS powerful volume contains reviews of three books—*Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, Bart., G.C.B., D.S.O., His Life and Diaries; The Intimate Papers of Colonel House, Arranged as a Narrative; Revolt in the Desert,* by T. E. Lawrence. In these reviews the author is an iconoclast, a fearless idol smasher. There is no other book of recent years just like it. The *Spectator* said of it: "We are reminded of those early days—of Lockhart and Croker—except that this analysis is delicate rapier-work rather than Croker's bludgeon-play." Exception can be taken to the expression "rapier-work." The rapier was never more than a favorite duelling weapon and is now used only for fencing or as an item of court dress. It would have been better to have said stern claymore-work. Throughout the author hacks and hews with mighty blows.

The first person studied is Sir Henry Wilson. It was said of old "beware the Greeks when they come bringing gifts." The first few pages give a strong appreciation of Wilson, but as the author plunges into his diaries, his point of view changes and by bitter invective, irony and sarcasm he holds Wilson up as a sorry figure. There is a certain lack of justice in the work. Wilson is judged by his diaries—which should never have been published. He had all the exuberance of the Celt and a tendency to boast; was indeed a supreme egotist. Had he been spared to edit his own diaries, he would, no doubt, have eliminated much and, indeed, in calmer moments laughed at his own unconsidered utterances. As it is he stands before posterity as a species of exalted Captain Bobadill.

The study covers the Great War period and the author displays a masterly grasp of the war and of the political movements associated with it. Many idols are dethroned. In the allied forces there were no dependable generals, no men of the calibre of Marlborough, Napoleon or Wellington. Not the skill of generals but man power won the war. "Victory was won," he says, "not by magic but by sheer fighting. In the first forty days the British lost 288,066 men, and in the whole campaign 830,000." Every general, every politician receives attention from the claymore of the doughty Scot. Reputations tumbled and throughout political leaders and the allied generals merely muddled through. The study is dangerous; so powerful is it that a reader is apt to be hurried into agreement. Impressions require to be corrected and further study may show that Wilson was not as bad as here pictured.

The study of Colonel House makes pleasant reading. He is described as "a spectator of life, an interested amateur." As "a giver of advice" he played an important part in the stirring times and his influence was far reaching. His "Papers" are truly described as "a revelation of an engaging, unusual, and ingenuous personality."

Several romantic figures appeared on the stage during the progress of the Great War. Chief among these was Colonel T. E. Lawrence, author of *Revolt in the Desert.* There was a mythical Lawrence and the myths that grew up about this unique character are torn to shreds and patches by Sir Andrew. In his chapter "The Truth," he gives the true Lawrence, a powerful character, a man of action, every inch a soldier, at once kindly and cruel. In his writing Lawrence has revealed himself. He has a masterly prose style, masterly in its simplicity. He has truly "achieved his desire, a place with the artists."

Three Persons has, despite, its irony, sarcasm, abuse, and invective the supreme quality of carrying conviction.

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WILD GARDEN. *By Bliss Carman. McClelland and Stewart, Limited, Toronto.*

A volume of verse from Bliss Carman is always welcome. The reader is sure of getting a literary feast. He has the seer's eye for the beauties of nature and has infallible artistic skill in presenting his thoughts. But this little volume, although charmingly done, adds nothing to his reputation. It has to do mainly with external nature, poems on flowers and birds and the varying seasons. However, there is always in the background the pleasing personality of the poet, who has given his heart "to the joyance of living," his soul "to the rapture of gladness," his years "to the service of beauty," and his days "to the seeking of knowledge."

In a recent English magazine Carman was spoken of as the unofficial poet laureate of Canada. This same review had the astounding information that Carman "was born in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia." *Wild Garden* has in it no Canadian touch. He is here the poet of New England. In the charming lyric "A Stranger in Heaven," he writes:

"As you harped, even so I hearing, touched in fancy, dreamed a dream,—
Caught the meaning of your music, saw the substance of your theme,—

"Knew from many a haunting measure, turn and interlude the same,
That the world you would interpret was the earth from which I came.

"As you plucked the perfect phrases, suddenly one silver call
Sliding from dissolving discords rang—and I remembered all."

But what he remembered was not his Canadian home. He beheld the orchards "in blossom over all New England"; he recalled when he was in love with beauty and "New England was his home," and he concludes with the lines:

"No mere Heaven can detain me when I hear a wood-thrush sing . . .
It is May, and God is walking through Connecticut with Spring."

THREE PERSONS. *By Sir Andrew Macphail, O.B.E., LL.D. Montreal: Louis Carrier & Company.*

Although Bliss Carman was born in Canada and received his first poetical impulses here, he has lived in the United States since early manhood. By ancestry he is a New Englander, his mind was trained largely in American institutions, and much of his finished art is due to association with men like Richard Hovey. He is a Canadian by birth and a New Englander by adoption. He is in reality the poet of "No Man's Land."

T. G. M.

* * *

JEANNE. *By Theda Kenyon. New York: Ives Washburn, Inc.* $2.50.

Jeanne—a fascinating story of Joan of Arc—is an outstanding book among recent publications. The author portrays in a vivid and realistic manner the life and customs of the French peasant people during the troublous reign of Charles VII, and gives the reader an intimate insight into and creates an absorbing interest in the problems of the peasant maid Jeanne Darc.

Her girlhood spent among the hills at Domrémy; the part she played as a tool or instrument of the priest Tartout in participating in the revels of magic under the Fairy Tree; the boy Henri's love for her and the influence he had over her thoughts and actions; the harsh and unjust treatment accorded her by her father; her life at a later period among the nobility of France—are presented with a striking note and an accuracy of detail which leave an indelible impression. Throughout the book the nobility of mind, gentleness of disposition and heroic strength of the girl are predominating characteristics and they arouse the sympathetic interest of the reader.

The cunning and intrigue of Tartout and his associates, as well as the scheming and conniving done by Church and State, show clearly the state of upheaval the country was in at that period, which afforded a suitable setting for the magic and witchcraft generally attributed to the heroine. Her strange power over the people, her mysterious ability to sway whole armies and her fearless struggle against intrigue and treachery are all vividly depicted.

Miss Kenyon has told her story in a most fascinating style. Her stacatto-like sentences, her terse and effective phrasing, her weird descriptions of the sorcery and witchcraft practised on the innocent maid, all lend force and conviction to an intensely interesting tale.

An added touch to this unusual story of Joan of Arc is given to the ending. Instead of the generally accepted burning at the stake, the author skilfully manages to bring the life of her heroine, Jeanne Darc, to a happier conclusion than that usually accorded to the inspired Maid of France. The extensive bibliography included in the book goes to show that Miss Kenyon has delved deeply and to good purpose for material facts upon which to found her theories. She may be right! Who can tell? At any rate she has given us a thrilling and moving story of one of the greatest and best loved characters in history.

A. S. MARQUIS.

It is Reported THAT—

—Mrs. E. J. Lea, Orton Park, West Hill, Ont., won first prize in the short story contest conducted by the Canadian Women's Press Club, with her story "Desperate Measures." Mrs. Lea was educated at Pickering College, a Quaker boarding school. Her family have been Quakers for generations. Honorable mention was accorded Mrs. J. G. Althouse for her comedy "A Confusion of Tongues"; Miss Leonore McNeilly for an Irish story entitled "The British Flag," and Mrs. N. F. Caswell for a story of newly-weds called "Tests."

* * *

—Wallace Havelock Robb, of Abbey Dawn, gave a radio address from CNRM, Montreal, on April 11th, with general hook-up. Mr. Robb read several of his birdland poems interpreting human emotions, and the letters and messages of response from listeners-in were immediate and very gratifying. Another poetical address has been arranged for a future date.

* * *

—the prize of $200 offered through the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire by Mrs. R. W. Wood of Vancouver, for the best story submitted in the short story competition, held yearly by the order, has been awarded to Peter Swanson of Fisher, Abitibi County, Que., for his story entitled "Snow," the scene of which is laid in the Abitibi district.

The judges for this competition were J. M. Elson, Raymond Knister and Mrs. John Bennett of the Canadian Authors Association, and Mrs. Selwin Holmestead, representing the I.O.D.E.

* * *

—Constance Davies Woodrow's new book of poems, *The Celtic Heart*, will be published in the next few weeks, under the Ryerson imprint.

* * *

—Mrs. Gertrude Pringle gave two addresses to the Workers' Educational Class in Journalism at the University of Toronto, under its Extension Department. The subjects were "Conducting an Information Column," and "Breaking Into Journalism." Mrs. Pringle conducts the Madame Canada Question Box in the Toronto *Mail and Empire*.

* * *

—following the wedding in Toronto, on April 16th, when Loretto Frances, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dee, became the bride of the young Canadian author, Morley Callaghan, the young couple left for Europe to spend the next eight months in Paris.

Canadian Authors Association

OFFICIAL REPORTS

Calgary Branch

W. H. Andrew was chosen as president of the branch at the annual meeting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Williams, on April 9th. Other officers chosen were: First vice-president, Mrs. F. G. Garbutt; second vice-president, R. B. Forsythe; secretary and treasurer, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McDonald; convener of social committee, Mrs. A. J. Gordon, and joint conveners of programme committee, Mrs. Catley and Mrs. H. B. Hill. The executive committee will consist of Mrs. R. W. McClung, Mrs. J. F. Price, Miss Vera McKim, Miss Winifred Tims, Miss Geneva Lent, Mrs. George Kerby, Mr. Reed, S.C. Reat, and Alexander Calhoun.

* * *

Saskatchewan Branch

At the annual meeting of this branch, held on March 21st, at Hotel Kitchener, Regina, the following new officers were elected: President, Col. A. C. Garner; first vice-president, Mrs. Austin Bothwell; second vice-president, Dr. A. A. Graham, Moose Jaw; treasurer, Mrs. G. C. Schierholtz, Herbert, Sask.; secretary, Mrs. M. B. Weekes; archivist, R. C. Stewart. Executive: Mrs. D. L. Saunders, Marshall; Mrs. W. G. Ross, Moose Jaw; Judge A. Gravel, Gravelbrough; Mrs. R. T. Maney, LaFleche; Dr. J. W. Stewart, St. Andrew's College, Saskatoon; Rev. H. D. Ranns, Biggar; Mrs. G. C. Thomson, Swift Current.

Appreciation of *The Canadian Bookman* and of the *Bulletin* from the National Executive was voiced by all the members.

* * *

Edmonton Branch

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of this branch on April 9th: Honorary president, Hon. A. C. Rutherford; president, W. V. Newson; vice-president, H. R. Leaver; secretary-treasurer, Miss Helen Cautley. The Programme Committee: President, Vice-President, and Mr. Cyril Wates.

* * *

Victoria and Islands Branch

At the eighth annual meeting of this branch, held at Victoria College, March 21st, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Alfred Carmichael; vice-president, Mr. Donald A. Fraser; secretary, Marion Isabel Angus; assistant secretary, Hermia H. Fraser; treasurer, M. Eugenie Perry. Executive: C. C. Pemberton, C. d' A. Henderson, and Mary H. Rathom.

* * *

Winnipeg Branch

A meeting of the Winnipeg Branch of the Canadian Authors Association was held on Friday evening, April 19th, in the Faculty Room of the University of Manitoba, the feature of the evening being a most interesting address on "The Modern Detective Story," by the newly appointed librarian of the Winnipeg Public Library, Mr. A. S. Jamieson, M.A. Among other important items of a thoroughly interesting programme was the presentation by members, of books, pamphlets, etc., included in the literary work they had produced to date. This will be of material help in correcting and bringing up to date the records of the Association.

* * *

Toronto Branch

The features of the April meeting of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors Association were provided by two of the younger novelists, Mr. C. J. Eustace, whose *The Scarlet Gentleman* has just appeared, and Mr. John Armitage, author of *Wing Po*. Mr. Eustace regaled the meeting with some interesting craft experiences with editors, chiefly in the nature of correspondence pertaining to acceptances and "editorial regrets." The reactions of English and American editors to stories and articles of different types, were most entertainingly revealed and that the novelty of Mr. Eustace's talk made an appeal to his fellow craftsmen was indicated by the lively discussion which ensued.

Mr. Armitage's talk was of his experiences in China and what led up to the writing of his novel. He is an Australian journalist who followed up his work on Australian newspapers with wide experience as a newspaper correspondent, chiefly in China. He has recently entered the fraternity of Toronto writers, being engaged in newspaper work in this city.

The election of officers will take place at the May meeting of this branch.

Art Notes

By Jeanne Adeney

DURING April the Toronto Art Gallery featured a number of small exhibitions, among them the paintings of Joseph Stella. Although born in Italy this artist has lived in America since he was seventeen years old. His painting is interesting because it is really original. Mr. Stella has worked his own way through the various forms of modern art, arriving at his present mode of expression after much experimenting. Some of his effects are truly significant, e.g., "The Veiled Lady" and "Swans," and one feels that his painting is sounder than his philosophy. Quoting from the catalogue, "Art, he believes, should be so spiritual that it lifts the soul out of the realities of life." Isn't the function of art, rather, to put the soul into the realities of life? (Some people believe that the soul is life's prime reality.) And then a certain attention given to the female figure, and the enormous prices he asks for his pictures, hint that Mr. Stella is not altogether oblivious to his own kind of "realities."

Hayley Lever, born in Australia, educated in the art schools of Paris and London, also chooses to live in America. He is a marine painter, attracted by Cornwall, Brittany and the New England Harbors, where he has done most of his work. His pictures are usually of sail boats on troubled waters painted in an impressionistic style, though at times he turns his attention to the harbors themselves. As a whole his pictures tend to be spiritually monotonous.

The two most inspiring Canadian exhibitions appearing yearly at the Art Gallery, are the Little Pictures by members of the O.S.A. and the Canadian Society of Painters in Water Color. These pictures are more spontaneous than is possible in larger canvasses, and as they do not strain after an effect, they are more than usually effective. 'Tis difficult not to mention a great many artists exhibiting in the April Water Color Show. Frank Carmichael's splendid group emphasized the solemnity of Canada's wilderness. A. J. Casson's pictures of houses and villages were full of originality. Charles Comfort showed two brilliant portrait heads, a figure study and two interesting sketches. Walter Phillips, Fred Brigden and Harold Ayres picture our country's gentler aspects in harmonious colors. "My Friend Soboloff," by Andre Lapine, and "Muskoka Lake," by L. A. C. Panton, were worth attention. A splendid thing about this exhibition and the "Little Pictures," is that practically all prices are such that pictures can be bought by people of moderate means. Very often the really desirable pictures are the most reasonably priced.

Closely allied to the Canadian Society of Painters in Water Color is the Society of Canadian Painter-Etchers. Stanley Turner exhibited an interesting Quebec Group, and Owen Staples had made some fine etchings of Ontario churches and colleges. The two interiors, "St. Paul's Church, Toronto," and "St. George's Church, Guelph," were exceptionally good. This artist is often more effective in black and white than in color. W. J. Phillips may be thanked for the increasing vogue in color wood blocks. His own beautiful effects of flowers are the result of combining a highly artistic sense with strict simplicity in execution. W. R. Stark exhibited some very good prints from color line cuts. V. H. Fenshaw's "Water Lilies," and A. J. Musgrove's "Moonlight," were both examples of successful block printing. Other pictures of interest were John Jones' "Shacks at Norman" and E. L. Laur's "Memorial Tower."

To those interested in child education, the exhibition in the Print Room was of first importance. All over the world old ideas of education have been giving way before the actual achievements of the children themselves. When Professor Cizek's exhibition of child art was brought to the Toronto Art Gallery a year or two ago it was a revelation. As surprising as the drawings was a description of this man's method of teaching—to provide good materials and simply let the children draw, keeping in the background as much as possible. Results of this exhibition were far reaching, and can be seen in the splendid work being produced by young Canadians. Examples at the Art Gallery came from the Art Department of Technical School and Ontario Technical Teachers' Training College, Hamilton, the Ontario College of Art (junior course taken by Public and High School students) and the Baron Byng High School, Montreal, under the direction of Miss Anne Savage. This work showed that Canadian children as well as Viennese, were capable of producing creative and imaginative drawing and painting. Professor Cizek's second exhibition of children's art contained some work of quite astonishing beauty.

The East Gallery was filled by the Royal Photographic Society.

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McClelland & Stewart, Limited, Publishers, Toronto

BY CONSENT. *By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. London: W. Collins & Sons.* 7s. 6d.

An unsuccessful journalist is the central figure of this tale. With his wife, he is faced with starvation when he loses his position. Failure leads to despair and when a windfall does come in the shape of an unexpected legacy of £2,000 from an unknown admirer, the husband and wife, embittered by the past, make a strange pact: they decide to spend all the money in a single year and then commit suicide. Do they fulfill the bargain or does the new environment in which they are drawn make life too sweet to throw away?

* * *

CONTRACT BRIDGE STANDARDS. *By Wilbur C. Whitehead.* (*Stokes.*) $1.50.

Whitehead is a world authority on all matters pertaining to bridge—author, lecturer, recognized teacher of *sound Bridge*. His book will be the standard guide to thousands of Contract Bridge players. In a clear concise way, with many examples, he shows how to value a hand with a partner's; and covers all phases of bidding, simplifying what heretofore has been so confused. The numerous diagrams are an invaluable feature—entirely new and original. They give a complete analysis of numerous hands, showing not only how they should be valued, how they should be bid, and the correct play, but giving in detail the difference between Auction bidding and Contract bidding.

* * *

MINSTRELS IN SATIN. *By Elizabeth Cobb Chapman. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy.* $2.00.

The sub-title of this entertaining novel is "Young Bohemians in Italy." The book contrasts the languor and ardor of a blue and gold Italy with the cool restraint of New England. The author is the only daughter of Irwin Cobb.

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: : : THE COLLECTOR : : :

THE interesting news comes from British Columbia of the finding of a copy of what is believed to be the first newspaper printed in that province, namely, *The News Letter for Vancouver Island and New Caledonia. With the latest news from the Gold Districts on Fraser River, and its Tributaries. Printed in Victoria on Sept.* 25, 1858. Even John Hosie, Provincial Librarian, did not know of the existence of this newspaper until he was shown the only known copy, belonging to Mr. H. F. Prevost. Mr. Hosie, in a letter to Mr. Prevost confirming that there were no copies of *The News Letter* in the Provincial archives, said: "I had always believed that *Le Courier* No. 1, which was published in Victoria on Sept. 11, 1858, was the first Vancouver Island newspaper, apart from the *Government Gazette*. After having seen your copy of *The News Letter*, No. 3, Sept. 25, 1858, it may be that *The News Letter* slightly preceded *Le Courier*, perhaps by a week or so."

* * *

The world of books has lost a prominent figure in the death of Cedric Chivers, which took place on Jan. 30 at his home in Bath, England. Mr. Chivers' reprints of rare books, and his unsurpassed book bindings, were known to booklovers and libraries the world over. His bindings time after time have taken the gold medal at the Paris Exposition, at Vienna in the United States. The Toronto Public Library, the Westmount Library, the McGill Medical Library and other Canadian libraries shipped their books to Bath for re-binding. Mr. Chivers was long prominent in the municipal life of his home city of Bath, and had been six times mayor.

* * *

Documents, medals and etchings from the Dominion Archives at Ottawa and the Provincial Archives at Quebec will form a prominent feature of the exposition of historical documents which the French Government is holding in Paris in April. There will be in all some 2,000 exhibits from Canada on display, dealing with the 150 years of French rule. Gabriel Hanotaux, a member of the French academy and a former member of the French Government, is the chairman of the Exposition, which will be held in the headquarters of the Geographical Society of France.

* * *

The Toronto Public Reference Library has recently acquired an interesting series of manuscript journals of the late Sir William E. Logan, former Director of the Geological Survey of Canada. Of special interest is one in which he gives an account of his trip on Lake Superior in June, 1846. These treasures were found in a library in Wales which when about to be dispersed attracted the attention of a librarian in that country, who made it possible for Chief Librarian Locke to secure them.

* * *

The original autograph manuscript of *The School for Scandal*, written by Richard Brinsley Sheridan more than 150 years ago and treasured by his family ever since, left England, unannounced, a few months ago and has been sold in New York City. The manuscript, according to trustworthy information, was brought to New York by a confidential representative of A. T. Brinsley Sheridan, a direct descendant of the playwright, now living in Frampton Court, was offered for sale privately, and was bought by Gabriel Wells, bibliophile and dealer in rare books. The manuscript is written in a series of copybooks of different sizes, and with it is Sheridan's first draft, also written in a schoolboy's copybook.

* * *

Announcement has been made of the recent discovery at Ferderictonburgh, Va., of a trunk which belonged to George Washington's only sister, Betty, and which contained more than 2,000 original papers of the first president's family and contemporaries. The documents ranged in dates from 1753 to a century later, and include records kept during the revolution. Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard University, is quoted as saying that the collection is a valuable addition to documents dealing with the first president of the United States.

* * *

The newly completed addition to the Vatican Library in Rome will house soon one of the largest and most valuable collections of books and manuscripts in the world. Sixty thousand manuscripts, a number equalled by few other collections in the world, along with more than 250,000 books, will be moved into the new library. The task of indexing and cataloguing all these books and manuscripts, now practically finished, has been accomplished with the aid of United States library experts. When the complete catalogue is finished, students will be able to consult old and rare volumes which never before have been available for research.

* * *

Some substantial prices were paid at a sale at Sotheby's in London on Feb. 13 and 14, of valuable printed books, autograph letters and manuscripts, the highest being £1,900 for Edward Orme's *Collection of Field Sports*, published in 1807. A first edition of Byron's *The Waltz*, by Horace Hornem, brought £1,500; a letter written by Benjamin Frank-

lin to his sister in Philadelphia in 1786 sold for £1,150; the same amount was paid for a late fifteenth century Flemish illuminated manuscript; what is thought to be the only letter from Dr. Samuel Johnson still in existence, dated Jan. 31, 1739, realized $1,120; Johnson's famous letter to Miss Thrale following the announcement of her marriage was purchased for £850; the same amount was paid for Mr. Thrale's letter to Johnson announcing her marriage; an autograph musical score *To Eric*, by Arnold Bax, dated 1910, and a manuscript by Gustav Holst, also brought £850 each; £640 was paid for an autograph letter of Robert Burns concerning a new song; what was apparently the last letter written by Charles Dickens was sold for £480, as was *The Silver Horn-book*, dated 1682, of which only five examples exist; Lewis Carroll's unpublished opera for the Marionette Theatre realized £460, while an autograph song by Burns, *To Nancy*, sold for £210.

* * *

The love letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, who later became his wife, are announced to have been acquired by Gabriel Wells, New York dealer in rare books and autographs. The letters, which were sold at Sotheby's in May, 1923, for $6,500, constitute one of the most precious of England's literary treasures. The collection consists of 284 letters from Browning and 287 from Elizabeth Barrett, contained in the original cases in which they have always been kept. What Mr. Wells paid for it has not been revealed, but it is believed to be one of the highest prices in the history of literary manuscripts.

* * *

McGill University has recently received a new consignment of Chinese works, consisting of 1,500 volumes on the four classes of literature—classics, history, philosophy and literature. Among them are fifty-five Ming editions, which means they were printed between 1368 and 1644 A.D. Aside from these valuable accessions, there is one history, entitled *T'ung Chih*, which treats of the history of China from the legendary period down to the beginning of the tenth century. This history was printed in 1322 A.D., and only fifty copies were issued at that time. Each volume of this work is bound in black silk and decorated with gold specks.

* * *

Bettina Von Arnim's correspondence with Goethe and other autographs were sold at auction in Berlin lately. The Goethe letters fetched $12,000, the bidding beginning at $9,000. Bettina's compositions of Goethe's love songs brought $775.

THE COLLECTOR

* * *

PRIZE COMPETITION

The second $10,000 Prize Novel Competition is announced by *The Atlantic Monthly*, Little Brown & Co., Boston, and George C. Harrap & Co., London. The prize is in addition to book royalties and the picture and dramatic rights are retained by the author. The competition closes January 15, 1930.

THOSE SERVICE STATIONS

Editor, *Canadian Bookman*:

With reference to the letter from Rena Chandler in the April number of *Canadian Bookman*, I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am the last person to approve of all the experiments in new gasoline stations, yet I hold that experimenting is good and that something is more liable to come of it than of a standardized system of buildings. I have seen glimpses of what seems new and desirable in certain neat and efficient gasoline stations on this continent, and I have seen drawings for large modern garages, several stories high, which were really beautiful. Consider how the ugly office building grew into New York's glorified skyscraper. I agree with Miss Chandler about the copying of styles. A mere copy is always useless, whether of an English church, a Greek temple or a windmill. Applied to a garage it is often ridiculous. An adaptation is a different thing. From modifications of the Greek temple, we derived the lovely Colonial house, and from the French Chateau our modern Canadian hotels.

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A Monthly Journal devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts ✠ *2.00 a year 25c a copy*

Vol. XI TORONTO, JUNE, 1929 No. 6

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Vol. XI. No. 6 TORONTO, JUNE, 1929 25c. a Copy $2.00 a Year

Who's Who in Canadian Literature

WILL E. INGERSOLL

BY LYN TALLMAN

WILL E. INGERSOLL, who is best known as a "master" of the short story, when he was a youth, lived and worked on a farm; and as a very young man Ingersoll taught a country school. Possibly it is because he was the country lad that there is a muscled vigor and healthy-minded freshness in his prose style. This background also accounts for his choice of country characters, often, to dominate his stories. Perhaps this background influenced his artistic outlook and more than likely the country bookshelves which contain the classics ingrained in him his high standard for his own writing, so that, while he produces little, every short story of his that appears, is memorable.

One of the interesting results of "MacLean's" recent short story contest is that it brought before the Canadian reading public another of this Winnipeg author's carefully told short stories.

On the desk beside the writer are two novels by Will Ingersoll, and two short story collections, Edward J. O'Brien's The Best Short Stories of 1919, containing Mr. Ingersoll's short story, The Centenarian, and a new collection of Canadian short stories edited by Raymond Knister, published by The Macmillans in Canada, which has in it The Man Who Slept Till Noon, by Mr. Ingersoll.

The novels are, The Road That Led Home, published by Harper & Brothers in 1918, and Daisy Herself, published by The Musson Book Company, Toronto, in 1920.

The short story, The Centenarian, which appeared in O'Brien's annual, stands, a very fine thing in itself like the old man it depicts, without an added touch of sentiment to spoil the simplicity of the portrait.

There is brief space in which to examine plot and style, but as his work explains the writer, the short story by Mr. Ingersoll in Canadian Short Stories will be touched upon.

The plot of The Man Who Slept Till Noon is as follows:

A man and woman married because it was convenient for a middle aged man who was set in his ways to have a sturdy housekeeper, for the younger woman to possess a modicum of material welfare. They lived together for about a year, dutifully, not unkindly. A man, young, gay, careless, came to work for the farmer husband. Because of youth's contagion and careless glances of admiration, the youthful wife, already subtly aged and having increasingly arid habits of mind through association with her unimaginative husband, became more appealing, personable, lovable. The formerly dull-spirited husband falls adoringly in love with his wife. The wife was womanly glad.

This story of Mr. Ingersoll's is told in a mosaic of finely studied phrases which strike the mind with freshness as of joy of discovery. The writer finds the "exact phrase." Brief paragraphs live with meaning.

A figure of speech hastens by paragraphs, and also lightens, the opening of the story:

"His monotony, like a slowly lowered extinguisher, was putting out the tapers, the sparkle and piquancies, that had made sweet and grateful to the eye the vestal altar of her maidenhood."

A paragraph that describes the farmer's mental distraction illustrates Mr. Ingersoll's use of brief subtle description:

"Lottie, whom even the tangent excitation of this evening of her youth's awakening could not draw away long from the regular orbit of her healthy mechanical day, heard from her pillow, as she yawned herself in pleasant weariness toward slumber, the strong-swung axe dawdle intermittently in its chopping. There would come a dull, moody bump of steel on wood, a morose patter of falling chips, a rending of wood fibres—then a long pause."

In Will E. Ingersoll's firm, vigorous prose there are musical subtleties of expression. His particular descriptions of characters, always clarifying, are almost embarrassingly microscopic. His outlook on life is tinged with amusement but not levity and is most engaging in its sympathies.

Check-List of First Editions

The Air Voyager, (Poem), Richard G. Badger, Boston, 1903.

The Road That Led Home, (Novel), Harper and Brothers, New York, 1918.

The Centenarian, a short story in *The Best Short Stories of* 1919. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien, Small Maynard and Co., Boston, 1919.

Daisy Herself, (Novel), The Musson Book Company, Toronto, 1920.

The Man Who Slept Till Noon, a short story in *Canadian Short Stories,* The Macmillans of Canada, Toronto, 1928.

Clouds

By C. F. Lloyd

TO THE utilitarian school of philosophers clouds must forever be a source of unlimited exasperation. Every material purpose that the cloud subserves could be accomplished more quickly, not to say economically, than at present by a sort of celestial sprinkler in the form of a veil of vapor of uniform thickness, unrolled across the sky, at night or on Sunday, to weep copiously upon the thirsty earth for a certain number of hours, or minutes, after which it could be withdrawn until it was needed again. This system of watering our fields, which John Ruskin thought of long before I was born, would have the double advantage of furnishing every part of the earth with just the amount of rainfall it requires and also of providing lazy people with a much-needed excuse for staying at home from church. No doubt that wonderful slave of the lamp and the Babbits, science, will manage this some day, but in the meantime we have clouds, and to those who love beauty for her own gracious sake what a joy clouds often are!

Alone among the myriad objects of nature that excite pleasure or wonder or both the cloud is free, unconstrained, unspoiled, never subjected to the indignity of statistical manipulation, never vulgarized. Trees may be cut down, lakes may be drained, the mighty ocean covered with fleets of colliers and herring boats, while all but the highest mountains will no doubt in time be profaned by the grinding discords of the cog-wheel railway and the flippant remarks of Cook's tourists, intent upon improving that collective vacancy, their minds. But the clouds remain what they were on the morning when the angel with the flaming sword expelled our first parents from Eden, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The earth may someday become as hideous beneath the trampling of millions of human beings as the plain of Dura, or Limehouse Causeway, but not so the sky. For some time yet the unshepherded flocks of heaven will continue to wander at liberty across those blue fields, where the wind and the sunbeams by day and the moon and stars by night, pursue their way untroubled by man or any of his silly problems.

Not less wonderful than the beauty of clouds is their infinite variety which, like Cleopatra's, age cannot wither nor custom stale. On no two days in the year and at no two periods of the day are these restless sheep of the gods the same in form or number or location. Look from your high office window, if you are lucky enough to command one, across the red and brown roofs of the city to the hazy line of the distant horizon and watch that tiny, dark cloud, no larger than a man's hand, rising slowly from beyond the rim of the visible world. At first it is a mere smudge on the stainless blue of the summer sky, a thing grotesque, almost offensive rather than beautiful, a blot on the eye of day, darkening the divine radiance of sunlit air

with its ominous warning of approaching storm. Look again in an hour. The dark, unshapely smear has grown to an enormous range of sky-aspiring mountains, not hard in outline and unchangeable in form as earthly mountains are, but rising rapidly, revealing every moment some new and astonishing development of graceful or grotesque line and gorgeous or sombre color. At one point the range is black with the intense blackness of a moonless night, at another it is pallid, like the face of a corpse, at still another it glows with more than royal purple or flames with a radiance as unearthly as the light of Tabor. In another hour the vast cloud will command the whole vault of heaven, oppress the trembling earth with the darkness of midnight at noonday and discharge its beneficent message or destructive fury upon every field and garden for ten miles round. Then towards evening it will withdraw with majestic deliberation towards the west to capture and retain for a few moments the flying cohorts of the sun, delighting the refreshed fields with an ineffable splendor. Surely there is no more beautiful or majestic object in nature than a gigantic cloud stationed beside the gates through which the god of day withdraws in subdued state, reflecting with enhanced rather than diminished power the glory of his terrible beauty, the ethereal colors of his diadem and robes.

"The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

No doubt as we grow older the magnificence of these grand servitors of departing day will excite in our minds a pensive feeling of regret for vanished youth, lost friends and wasted opportunities, but for me nothing can ever hide their supernal beauty. They delighted me as a child among my own Malvern hills and, as I often saw them, from the high pastures of the Bernese Oberland, dwarfing the shattered pinnacles of Monte Rosa, or from the haunted Appian way, towering above the darkening line of the sea beyond Ostia. Confined by the brazen walls of a city, I seldom see them now. Only occasionally, on fine Sundays, in summer, I escape from prison and wander out beyond the dull streets to enjoy a prairie sunset. No doubt the plains of the West have a certain nobility of their own but I pine for the hills and the sea, as a sick child for its mother's face.

Not all clouds are beautiful but all are of interest to an eye that finds relief in any sort of variety from the deadly monotony of business routine. Even the flat, lead-colored clouds of fall and winter are not devoid of a grave, homely charm, though when we are in certain moods they oppress the more sensitive among us like a nightmare, with their suggestion of blighting cold and inexorable fatality. I think it is these clouds of winter, that look like the featureless face of Death, which must have inspired some of those dreadful passages in Russian novels that seem like the grin of hopeless idiocy or the writhen leer of the eternally damned.

Often on fine days in midwinter the cold, pure blue of the bitter sky is relieved by a few ethereal clouds, floating at an immense height. They are of an intense whiteness and in form resemble the leaves of ferns, the wind-blown tail of a horse, the curving crest of a wave, at the moment of breaking, or the reticulations left on the sand by the retreating tide. I know of nothing more delicately lovely than these high, fair-weather clouds. Seen by the hard light of a December full moon they become tenuous to the point of vanishing, mere spirituelle nuances of graceful line, as exquisite as those low notes in music that seem to touch a finer sense than our ordinary hearing.

There is nothing on earth or in the sea that is not at some time or other reflected in the clouds. Even without the aid of fancy one may see at almost any hour of the day or night every plant and animal form, from the "oozy woods" of ocean up through the scale of being to the human face divine, drawn by that busy caricaturist whose pencils are obedient fragments of vapor, delicately tinted with sunlight or more subtle moonlight. None of these evanescent sketches are accurate reproductions of the objects they resemble, but all exhibit a certain clownish fondness for distortion and exaggeration, as though a god were mocking the absurdity of his own handiwork, and even while you watch they vanish. Protean indeed is the endless fruitfulness of this celestial artist who never rests and scarcely ever repeats a line or a shade.

The clouds of late spring and early summer are cheerful monsters, antediluvians, full of vivacity and robustness, as though they too felt the influence of the season and were growing fast. On windy days, in this flat western country, they come bowling up over the horizon before the heady rush of the south-east wind. They traverse the sky with the frolicsome vigor of young colts released from the confinement of the stable into the boundless freedom of the big pasture. I love to watch these great clouds. Of all the flocks and herds of Jove they are my favorites. They drive away melancholy, filling me with some of their own buoyancy, inviting me abroad from the darkness of office or study into the breezy spaces of the world, to go adventuring with Marco Polo in search of brave battles or a lost love. They herald the gods of fruitfulness and warmth.

Lovely beyond words are the thin bands of garnet and mother-of-pearl that welcome the rising sun on a mid-summer morning, their every fibre glowing with intense fire. But I have said enough to make even an earthworm lift its head to look at the clouds for itself and so become a little less earthy. Take your noses out of the newspapers and away from the latest vulgar murder for a minute, my dears, and look at the sky. You will grow happier and perhaps even a very little wiser.

The Gold at Our Feet

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

"I saw rain falling and the rainbow drawn
On Lammermuir. Hearkening I heard again
In my precipitous city beaten bells
Winnow the keen sea wind. And here afar,
Intent on my own race and place, I wrote."

Robert Louis Stevenson, beloved of all those whose writing is gruelling labor as well as ardent joy, wrote those clear and running lines in far Vailima. He had wandered half across the world and in the South Sea Islands, antithetical in every way to his own rugged land, had made for himself a new home and planted there his household gods. Yes, he had seen new climes, new faces, and his artist soul had been soaked deep in the exotic and bizarre, yet with his last splendid strength was it not significant that he should go to work on a romance of the Scottish moorlands, of his ain countree—on Weir of Hermiston, which, though broken pathetically, as though the harpist's hands had suddenly failed, is the finest thing he ever gave us.

"Here afar—intent on my own race and place, I wrote"—Often I think that Scott's sententious "Breathes there a man—?" has only a negative answer. There is one place that every man calls home. It may be a castle set like a pearl in green rolling parklands; it may be the ample tub of a Diogenes—but it is home. And the writer, of all artists, works best with the gold he finds or remembers to have found in his native place, in the very earth of his dooryard.

In the early days of my own writing I used very often settings which I had never known—India, Africa, Siam and Toronto. And, sad to relate, the stories sold, delaying thus the time when my eyes were opened to the folly and untruth of any such practice. One can write, and write passably well—evidenced by Sir Walter Scott's stories of the East he never saw—of far distant and to him unknown places. He can do this, with the aid of travel-books and the like, simply because the world has the same old dramas, whether enacted in the igloo of an Esquimau, the chateau of a French nobleman or the mansion of a mandarin. There is a sad sameness to our loves and hates, our triumphs and defeats. On sea, on land, in the air, the same plays are enacted. But the highest form of literary achievement is that in which the writer can show with art the part played by the setting in influencing the characters to act as they do. In this, Hardy, though unhappily romantic, is the master in the English tongue; in the Russian, Tolsoi and Dostoevsky are supreme; Zola, in the French, will serve for illustration. And always, these artists picked up the gold that lay all about them and from it made the bold beaten masterpieces that can never tarnish.

When the time came in which I should write novels, unhesitatingly I picked the scenes I knew, and the people. This I did, not thinking of the great masters, who were great because they exploited

their own fields, but because it seemed the only thing to do. No need for gazetteers now, or books of travel, or dreary study of flora and fauna. I had walked the hilly, winding streets of the town, I had wandered on the shore, along the docks in the shadow of big ships; I had followed the pathways along the tops of the great green dykes of Westmoreland where the vast Tantramar, serpentined by sluggish rivers, stretches out to the sea.

The fisherman hauling in the gleaming catch with his net in the pool below the falls, the old seaman with weird designs tattooed in gaudy blue and red on hairy chest and arms, the brown-skinned peasant in the tall marsh grass, the old Acadian woman at her spinning-wheel, the little children all in white in the month of May, the wandering Micmac with his willow baskets, his toy bows and arrows —all these I had seen and known.

And daily in the town I passed the spot where Benedict Arnold, strange, unfathomable creature, had lived. I thought of the townsfolk's awe for a man who gowned dark mahogany four-posters, lustres and girandoles, easy chairs and even a sedan chair! I could see him riding through the town over to the shipyard where his vessel was being built and I thought it quite in keeping with his other exploits that he should have cheated the poor master-builder.

Then, too, this is William Cobbett's town. There at the foot of old Fort Howe stood the barracks where Cobbett lived, where each morning the drum beat rolled up the heights and the bugles waked the dawn with clarion call. There along the rocky steep is the road he used to walk in the dark winter mornings and along that road the house where lived the girl he so romantically loved and wed. Jenny's Spring—its location lost—is there, bubbling still, no doubt, beneath the ground. Cobbett, fiery, turbulent, fascinating fellow, walked along that road and mulled over the things he would write, which would one day thrust him to the fore and give him troubled fame.

French forts, trading-posts and Indian encampments, were once along the harbor-shore. There was enacted the stranger-than-fiction drama of Charles de la Tour, his unhappy noble lady, and D'Aulnay Charnisay. The caravel of Champlain sailed up the harbor, first of all ships to enter there, and the French explorers gazed up at the green hills where now the city stands—the city, founded in the main by refugees from the new republic and made to grow by the later influx of Irish and Scottish immigrants whose descendants thickly people it now.

Then they began to build ships—glorious coursers of the deep. The shores for miles were taken up by shipyards and the splendid creations of the master-builders of Saint John went forth to rule the seas. There is an Odyssey in the career of the "Marco Polo," a ship that, under Bully Forbes' command astonished the world on her first voyage to Australia and failed on her second voyage to fulfill Bully's cherished scheme "to astonish God Almighty." But, in her day, she had no peer. Her figure-head rests in security in the Museum at

Saint John; her history will never, alas, be worthily written. The shipyard where she was built is now a garbage-littered dump, the creek where she was launched is an ignoble and uninviting stream now, but I can stand on the aboideau that carries the Great Marsh Road across the creek and vision the wondrous things that were—the huge skeletons of the windjammers, the shipwrights swarming upon them; I can hear the mallet's hollow ring on the iron, the clean clip of the shining axe.

When I was five years old there was a baker here who had the soul of a poet and one of his pieces, scissored from the paper, my sister treasured and quoted often, so that I learned parts of it and always remembered them. The baker-poet is dead, but I wonder if his simple verse won't live long. Some of it I can quote now. It was called "The Deserted Shipyard" and was inspired by a talk the floury bard had with a former ship-carpenter who after long absence had returned to try in vain to recapture the illusion of departed glory.

"While strolling round at leisure one summer afternoon,
As near as I remember 'twas the twenty-first of June,
My attention was attracted by some boys at idle play
In an old deserted shipyard on the shores of Courtenay Bay.

"I stopped and gazed a moment, then decided to go round
By the path I trod in childhood to that old familiar ground.
There was little to remind me of that bright and prosperous day
When the caulker's mallet echoed on the shores of Courtenay Bay.

"It seemed to me as yesterday when I was but a boy,
And the day was set for launching and my heart was filled with joy;
How I helped to swell the cheering as she left the greasy way
And tossed the rippling waters into foam and drenching spray.

"Now the boys have grown to manhood and the men have passed away
And heads that were of raven hue are thickly strewn with gray;
We meet, but meet as strangers, who were comrades in that day
When the yards were hives of industry on the shores of Courtenay Bay.

"My heart was sad and heavy as I left that silent shore
With fondest recollections of the days I'll see no more;
For the master and his workmen are long since laid away
In that silent little churchyard on the banks of Courtenay Bay."

There is rare romance, my masters. There in the heydey of the wooden ships of the Sea Provinces are epics unwritten; and in the hardships and vicissitudes of the poor immigrants when the death ships swung at anchor; in their gallant struggle with a stern land; in the fisherfolk of Fundy, in the days when the sound of French cannon echoed on our hills. Gold—aye, there is gold for a thousand literary delvers. No other land than ours has richer store of such metal and were I to wander off to some other far Vailima, still would I hear,

"In my precipitous city beaten bells
Winnow the keen sea wind."

Worship

By Constance Davies Woodrow

I sometimes think that Nature, too, may share
Man's sense of wonder and his need for prayer;
That Nature, too, may have her deities
As awesome and inscrutable as his.

When gentle twilight broods upon the land,
The trees in quiet contemplation stand,
Their branches raised in worship to the sky,
As if they felt a Presence passing by.

Who knows what sense of awe may stir the grass
When overhead the winds of springtime pass?
Or what vague rapture thrills the opening flower
When first it feels the sun's mysterious power?

Who knows what thoughts of bitterness or dread
May touch the stumbling ant that drags its dead
Beyond the reach of human feet whose joy
Seems ever to oppress or to destroy?

For even we, to lowlier lives that creep,
Or prowl, or fly in air, or swim the deep,
May be as gods whose dire, mysterious ways
Awake vague fear or inarticulate praise.

* * *

Summer Love

(Translated from the Serbian of Tyura Jaksic by Watson Kirkconnell)

THE night is mute, and through leaves aloft
The languorous lights of the stars lean soft,
While hearts beat deep by the ancient willow
Where hushed we lie on a leafy pillow.

There the brook slips on to his mate, the sea;
There flower by flower sleeps tenderly;
And I breathe the joy of a glad embrace
As we lie in love in that leafy place.

I dream towards death as my spirit burns
And melts in love till the dawn returns,
To bare the blush of a snowy breast
And our morning kiss in that leafy nest.

It is Reported THAT—

—Professor Lionel E. Stevenson is in the British Isles for a three months' summer tour.

* * *

—Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, poet, critic and scholar, sailed on the *Regina* for Europe on June 2nd. While abroad Dr. O'Hagan will visit Ireland, England, France, Poland, Italy and Spain. In the latter country he will make arrangements for the publication in Spanish of his latest work, *Spain and Her Daughters*.

* * *

—566 poems were submitted in the 1929 contests conducted by the Poetry Group of the Canadian Authors Association (Montreal Branch). The Sir James Aikins prize of $25 for best original patriotic poem by a Canadian residing in Canada, went to Mr. Harry Elliott, Toronto, for "A Poem to the Broad Land;" first honorable mention for "The Fathers of Confederation," by Mary Grubert, Outremont; second honorable mention for "The Flag," by Mrs. C. H. Bowen, Sherbrooke. Prize of $25 offered by Mrs. R. E. MacDougall for a short, original, unpublished poem, on any subject. This contest was open to any poet residing in Canada. Judged by Sir Andrew Macphail; prize awarded for "Tears," by Mary Elizabeth Colman, Vancouver. Equal honorable mention for "Last Night," by Mrs. J. B. Waddell, Westmount; and "To the Moon," by Robert W. Cumberland, Kingston. In a contest restricted to members, the winner of the first prize was Miss Ethel Hurlbatt with her poem "Metamorphosis." Second prize went to Mr. Leo Cox, with "Lenten Song."

* * *

—the $3,000 Campus Novel Prize Contest being conducted by the magazine *College Humor*, in co-operation with the Doubleday, Doran Co., is open to undergraduates of Canadian colleges as well as those in the U.S. The contest will close on midnight, October 15, 1929. Typed manuscripts of 75,000 to 100,000 words (the ideal length is 80,000), should be sent with return postage to the Campus Prize Novel Contest, College Humor, 1050 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill., or to the Campus Prize Novel Contest, Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. The judges will be the editors of Doubleday, Doran and *College Humor*. The sum of $3,000 is for the right to serialize the story in *College Humor* and to publish it in book form, and will be in addition to all royalties accruing from the book publication. Motion picture and dramatic rights will remain with the author.

* * *

The Writers' Craft Club

It is interesting to note that in the recent Canadian Literature Club of Toronto short story and poetry competitions, all the short story prizes and three out of the six poetry prizes were won by members of the Writers' Craft Club. The members were Mrs. Constance Nicholson Lea, Miss Thelma Luck, Mrs. J. F. Tupper (Kathryn Munro), Miss Muriel Kennedy and Miss Hilda Ridley, all of Toronto. The Writers' Craft Club was organized in the spring of 1925 by Miss H. M. Ridley, who at that time was reading manuscripts for *The Canadian Magazine*. Much impressed by the talent displayed by many of the would-be and actual contributors to the magazine, she invited some of them to join a group, which became the nucleus of a club that since that time has developed to the point where it now has over 100 members situated in all parts of Canada. The members have their own manuscript magazine, *The Crucible*, copies of which circulate among groups composed of from 6 to 8 members. A feature of the club is that, since its inception, many of the members have achieved marked success in the literary field.

* * *

Inside Stuff . . .

EXTRACT from a letter from Miss Jean Elizabeth Whitman, whose poems have appeared on two or three occasions in these columns: "It seems good to be seeing *The Canadian Bookman* again. You are doing splendid work with much discernment. Most of the people whose aim it is to encourage Canadian literature, put practically all the stress on the first word and little, if any, on the *literature*." Miss Whitman is now librarian in the Public Library, Nanaimo, B.C.

* * *

The National Consciousness Idea

SOMETHING of a stir has been created by the article by Marcus Adeney in the May issue on "The National Consciousness Idea" and comments upon it both in the way of commendation and in repudiation will appear in the July issue.

* * *

WITHIN a very short time it is hoped to have plans completed for monthly cash prize competitions for poems and essays for publication in *The Canadian Bookman*.

* * *

The Dresden Boy and the Elephant

By Anne Sutherland

THERE is a Dresden boy above my hearth,
A silly smiling Dresden boy in blue,
His coat flies open to the merry wind,
And on his curls his tam is set askew,
A basket spilling dusty grapes is slung
Upon his limber back; his dainty feet,
In buckled shoes, are set a lilting way,
And oh! his smile is debonair and sweet.
And there's a bronzy elephant who views
My Dresden boy with ponderous disdain,
A stout and stolid fellow with a soul
A paragon of virtue, it is plain
He stares at me with disapproving eyes
When I come dusting slow and hopefully,
And oh! he almost trumpets outrage when
The Dresden boy leans down and laughs at me.

An Empire of Mankind

H. G. Wells' New Book Reviewed by Marcus Adeney

Do not imagine that you can secure the Peace of the World by good resolutions. So long as you have national flags, national competition, national rivalry, you will have war.

In every civilized land (even in Canada, which is, perhaps, the least civilized of all) there are a few men who have grasped the fateful implications of industrial nationalism in the world to-day. Upon these individuals, it may be, depends the whole future of civilization as we know it. Their knowledge, specialized and general, their influence, private and public, their efforts on behalf of the greatest cause the world has ever known, may avert that supreme disaster which every sort of complacency and self-interest is helping to bring about.

These world-workers in every nation do not share the same opinions, do not advocate the same lines of action, do not hope for the same Utopia. But they agree on one vital thing, the community of human interests. Nationalism, with its exclusions of all kinds, like the competitive profit system with which it is so closely allied, belongs to another era, an era of local self-sufficiency. Having unified the world, man must proceed to organize that unit intelligently. Having released stupendous powers, he must at all costs control them. And the first step necessary is a substitution of co-operative for competitive nationalism.

The later Mr. Wells has centred his interest about this dream—or vision—to the exclusion of almost all else. Not only literature but a great deal of life itself he has, perhaps, refused any longer to consider seriously. The years pass; Mr. Wells is no longer young; "There are phases in the history of human thought," he says, "and the present time is one of them, when mankind seems to be in a conspiracy not to see things that are written on the sky." If mankind is to be saved from its folly, now is the time. Filled with an almost divine urgency Mr. Wells publishes book after book. But not even the most popular books reach everyone. Only the moving picture can do that.

So this time it is a scenario. In book form it lies somewhere between a play and a novel. There is a long preface after the manner of Shaw, and a concluding essay on the difficulties of production. The thing as a whole is really a tract — the most entertaining, thoroughly dramatic, illuminating tract ever written. We may not agree with the apparent simplicity of Mr. Wells' solutions; we may not even accept his eminently sane view of human nature; but we cannot resist the way he tells a story. And while we read, consciously or unconsciously, the force of this man's ethic strikes home.

Of course it is as a practical man that he would speak and be listened to. Practical in the sense that he has a constructive policy and suggests a definite line of action. But the actual workability of his proposals matters less than their implications. The evils of competitive nationalism, of secret diplomacy, of huge armaments, of bellicose patriotism, are only tolerated because they have for so long been accepted as necessary. No one wants war; no one wants expensive war-preparedness; but these things are all established. An elaborate machinery exists for perpetuating them—and for perpetuating a public sentiment in favor of their necessity. Thousands upon thousands of individuals are economically dependent upon the prospect of war. Very few people are actively, directly, vitally interested in disarmament or a new world order. And that is the real reason for "preparedness" to-day. The rest is just talk—the talk of men who have a personal stake in each decision.

Mr. Wells is very kind to those who are now leading us towards a new international conflict. "On the side of war there is that lazy procrastination which masquerades as respect for tradition, a sane, conservative and amiable acceptance of things as they are, a distrust of 'wild' revolutionary ideas." He speaks ironically of those who cheer at the sight of their flag, "ululate at the opening bars of their national anthem and hope to be missing or missed when the gas and the flame begin." But he accuses no one of bad faith. Our suicide, it seems, will be committed upon an altar of good intentions.

For Mr. Wells, of course, the Great Way Out of our present difficulties might be summed up in the one word, Amalgamation.

"*In business Amalgamation is the end of destructive competition. In politics it may be the end of war. What if the sole choice of the world is between Amalgamation and War?*" And the first step? A world control of essential commodities, made possible *so soon as you can control patriotic politicians.*

THE KING WHO WAS A KING. *By H. G. Wells. Doubleday, Doran and Gundy.* $2.00.

As someone pointed out not long ago, Mr. Wells has an almost child-like confidence in the power for good in amalgamated business. Not many men share that confidence. Yet amalgamations take place everywhere; groupings are ever larger; control becomes ever more centralized. Perhaps we must accept the principle first, because as a principle it is inevitable, then proceed to correct abuses. I, for one, think it possible that the forces H. G. Wells has let loose in the mental world of today may preserve us all from a very unpleasant, abrupt and premature end. When next our sons are asked to die for Canada may we not pause and reflect upon the one possible alternative, which is to live for humanity.

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FRAGMENTS OF FANTASY. *A Ryerson Press Chap Book. By Nelda Mackinnon Sage.*

Seven poems are included in this collection and each is a distinctive bit of work. The writer is in carefree leisurely mood, prepared to enjoy the beauties of nature to the full. And she does. Her poetry is whimsical, reflective, gay, as varied in treatment as the subjects she chooses. The elfin loveliness of the silent woods, the witchery of mysterious pools at twilight, the healing balm of silence "pannelled 'gainst fir trees," are a few of the many impressions she has transferred to the pages of her book. She is at her best in her descriptions of nature, and all are charming vignettes of sights and sounds dear to the heart of the nature worshipper, sketched with lightness and deftness of touch.

Down the trail are
"Crevices dripping with ferns caressing
Those moss-grown logs . . .
. . . hidden by pillows of Erin's green."

Or again in the canyon,

"Falls tumbling near me
Bring in their music;
The swelling notes
Of the bass violin."

To this keen enjoyment of nature there is linked a reflective quality:

"Solitude brings with it
All that is mystical."

She has caught the pensive mood of the canyon. It has brought peace and, "in the silence of the night life grows serene."

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Life, to Mrs. Sage, is a fine, generous, lovely thing, a companion spirit to be enjoyed and remembered. It is a rose "full blown," an hour of yesterday unfolded in ecstasy.

So mood follows mood; fancy, fancy. The schooner which rides away of an evening on the crest of the waves is freighted with hopes and dreams.

"Sailing into the haze,
Misty in rainbow hues;
She'll ride
With her moon—till dawn."

Each selection is an echo of life as the writer has found it. And life is desirable, lovely. *Fragments of Fantasy* is the one faint perfume of flowers in the twilight—something to be enjoyed—something to be remembered, and recaptured with a second perusal.

(Mrs. Sage is the wife of Professor Sage, of the University of British Columbia.)

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ROSEMARY AND RUE. *By Cecil Francis Lloyd. Winnipeg: Stovel Company, Ltd.*

Readers of *The Canadian Bookman* are more familiar with the essays of C. F. Lloyd than with his poems, but it is interesting to chronicle this month the appearance of a second slender volume of his poems.

There are seventeen poems, the opening one being

LINES FOR ANY CENOTAPH TO THE MEN WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR

This to remind you, as to work or play,
Gay or in sombre mood, you pass this way,
That far from here, in pain and misery,
We passed from time into eternity.
This stone will crumble, iron rust, but men,
Their deeds remembered, seem to live again.
Vain are these honors, vain were all our pains,
If to destroy your children war remains.

For its atmosphere of the uncanny, "March Winds" is notable as this quotation indicates:

"Surely that was a foot upon the floor.
And hark! again, a dreadful moan of pain,
A ghostly hand is troubling my door,
That was a sigh that passed, I heard it plain."

One of the best things in the book is

FRANCOIS VILLON

Greatly I've suffered, greatly too have sinned.
Something men owe me; little call I mine.
My flesh has felt the knife of every wind.
Men I have slain, have warmed my heart with wine.

My soul has drained the sweetness from white arms,
Delicate breasts, lips' honeyed loveliness,
Virgil's immortal music, the cool charms
Of April eves, pure dawn's divine caress.

Out of the muck and splendor of my days
Jewels I've wrought and polished lovingly.
Then Christ me save, to Him be all the praise,
If aught I've fashioned shall remembered be.

To honor beauty, golden maid, whose face
Reveals to me God's glory and His grace.

THE NEW COUNTRIES. *A collection of stories and poems by South African, Australian, Canadian and New Zealand writers. Edited by Hector Bolitho. London: Jonathan Cape. Reviewed by John W. Garvin*

This is a new departure in a British Empire anthology. It contains selections in prose as well as in verse, and writers in the New Countries only are represented. . . In 1901, William Archer, well-known in dramatic and literary circles, published his large and critical work, *Poets of the Younger Generation;* and three Canadians were represented: Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman and Duncan Campbell Scott. They were the only poets in the Overseas Dominions so honored. . . In 1912, E. A. Helps, formerly one of H. M. Inspectors of Schools, compiled *Songs and Ballads of Greater Britain,* which was published in London and Toronto by J. M. Dent & Sons Limited. This comprehensive collection has verse from the published works of 113 authors, of whom 48 are Canadian (English-speaking), 27 Australasian, and 17 South African. . . . About three years ago, if I remember aright, St. John Adcock compiled and edited *The Bookman Treasury of Living Poets,* which was published by Hodder & Stoughton. In it 198 poets were given representation, and all but 23 lived in the British Isles. There were 13 Canadian poets included, 4 only of whom were chosen for Mr. Bolitho's compilation. In Mr. Bolitho's anthology, 29 of the 49 authors included are Canadian, 9 of them French-Canadian. In the "poetry section" they are (in the order given) Theodore Harding Rand, Isabella Valancy Crawford, William Henry Drummond, Ethelwyn Wetherald, Charles G. D. Roberts, Archibald Lampman, Bliss Carman, William Wilfred Campbell, Frederick George Scott, A. E. S. Smythe, E. Pauline Johnson, Duncan Campbell Scott, Marjorie Pickthall, E. J. Pratt, Wilson MacDonald, Octave Crémazie, Louis Frechette, William Chapman, Albert Ferland, Jean Charbonneau, Albert Lozeau, Emile Nelligan, Paul Morin and Blanche Lamontagne; and in the "prose section": Thomas Chandler Haliburton, John Richardson, William Kirby, E. W. Thomson and Peter McArthur.

In the South African, Australian and New Zealand sections, prominence is given to the younger groups of outstanding writers; but in the above list it is clear that Canada is not similarly treated. With the exception of Peter McArthur's story, *Bushel for Bushel,* the prose selections are taken from books of our earliest periods of literature: *Wacousta,* published by Major John Richardson, in London, a century ago, and republished since in several editions; Haliburton's *Sam Slick, the Clockmaker,* first issued in 1836, and since then republished in at least 70 editions; Kirby's *The Golden Dog,* a classic for fifty years, with numerous editions; and Thomson's *Old Man Savarin Tales,* for decades extensively read. Why reproduce such well-known stories or excerpts and give no recognition to those of at least a dozen distinguished present-day writers?

In the "poetry section" also, the reader will find recognition given to a half-dozen only out of our younger groups of poets. This is not a fair proportion, for their talents are of a higher order, and their poems are replete with human interest.

River Song, by Isabella Valancy Crawford, is not one of her best poems; and its effect is lessened by seven of the stanzas being excluded, and by two of those printed being most carelessly proof read. In the second stanza two of the lines are not in their proper order; and on page 124, in the second last stanza, the line, "I took the ship by the throat," is repeated in the place of the line, "The pulse of my blue expanse."

In the closing paragraph of his Introduction, Mr. Bolitho frankly admits that his knowledge of our literature is limited; and with equal frankness, gives credit for the "virtues" of the Canadian Section to Dr. Lorne Pierce of Toronto.

The anthologist is a young author, a native of New Zealand, who has already published three novels, three books of travel and several edited works. His address now is The Deanery, Windsor Castle, London, England. While some of my remarks are critical, I wish it understood that I appreciate this book as a real service to Great Britain and to the Overseas Dominions; and that I expect this first edition to give place to future enlarged editions, under Mr. Bolitho's competent editorship.

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SIEGFRIED SASSOON'S FINE NOVEL

MEMORIES OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN. *By Siegfried Sassoon. Toronto: Irwin & Gordon.* $2.00.

"I am doing my best to confine myself to actual happenings," says Mr. Sassoon, and a great many readers will thank him for the effort. It would be hard to imagine more pleasantly descriptive pages. This story of a typically English sporting life flows on and on, without being monotonous, because sport somehow cannot be that, never getting anywhere nor expecting to get anywhere, a story that accords with the English conservative ideal of leisure and its distractions.

Mr. Sassoon's hero was moulded to a type of entirely useless, ignorant, charming, honorable and (to the rest of the world) exasperating Englishman. The moulding process was almost a success. Only a Great War could have shaken this excellent mentality into some sort of awareness of its own powers. Not that he ever quite overcame the handicap (if handicap it was) of all those earlier years. These memoirs are exactly what his friends would have expected from him. They could hurt no one and they reveal nothing of any consequence. Even to the trenches he carried his English insularity, his astonishing regard for deportment, mental as well as physical, his far-reaching and often quite trivial loyalties. And in this there really is something tragic because Siegfried Sassoon possesses rare gifts and might, under different auspices, have written a book that really said something.

But if our hero is more English than interesting, we can at least find reality in certain descriptions of the South Country (where, after all, fox-hunting is comparatively rare).

And there are some exquisite personal recollections, such as this one of early morning travel:

"Memory enchants even the dilatory little train journey which carried my expectant simplicity into the freshness of a country seen for the first time. All the sanguine guesswork of youth is there, and the silliness; all the novelty of being alive and impressed by the urgency of tremendous trivialities."

Only at the very last is one made aware of the poignant sadness which was induced in this most tender heart. "Back in the main trench I stood on the firestep to watch the sky whitening. Sad and stricken the country emerged. I could see the ruined village below the hill and the leafless trees that waited like sentries up by Contalmaison. Down in the craters the dead water took a dull gleam from the sky. I stared at the tangles of wire and the leaning posts, and there seemed no sort of comfort left in life. . . Somewhere out of sight beyond the splintered tree-tops of Hidden Wood a bird began to sing. Without knowing why, I remembered that it was Easter Sunday. Standing in that dismal ditch I could find no consolation in the thought that Christ was risen."

MARCUS ADENEY.

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ON MEDITERRANEAN SHORES. *By Emil Ludwig. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.* $3.50.

Herr Ludwig reminds us that to travel profitably is a spiritual achievement. Not in so many words, of course, but in the manner, tone and substance of his whole book. For the facts of geography, like the facts of human life, have meaning only for those who can in some way interpret them, and Herr Ludwig is a remarkably conscientious interpreter. He goes to Capri, wanders for a while in Sicily, visits Tunis, travels in Egypt, touches Constantinople, goes via Asia Minor, Palestine and Greece, to Venice; and all the while you feel not the man in motion but a sensitive observer, being, meditating, striving to understand. There is a stillness about this book just as there is about Keyserling's *Travel Diary*. You feel that at each point a thoroughly trained receptive intelligence, working through the broadest sympathies, has saturated itself in the thing given, has saturated the thing given with itself. For Ludwig brings his whole life to bear upon each discovery, and his analyses are good precisely because they are so personal. He gives one view of one phase of people or place and the resulting effect is astonishingly vivid.

At times the intensity of his personal feeling overcomes discretion (a Germanic fault that accounts for much misunderstanding), and he writes too passionately in defence of the downtrodden. His conviction that Egypt has been mercilessly exploited by British interests leads him to make rash statements, some of which have been very properly refuted in England. But to ascribe such rashness to Ludwig's particular hatred of England, as several English papers have done, only obscures the issue. Not one country alone but all exploiting power comes under the lash of his criticism, and to claim that no such exploitation is carried on within the Empire would be absurd. Bitterly he may say that "Egypt is England's brown inamorata, royally entertained, decked out in fine clothes, loaded with jewels, and gently robbed of freedom and independence. She is in a gilded cage whose door is kept shut and barred," or "Why should three hundred millions of Indians and Egyptians, the offspring of most venerable civilizations, continue to abase themselves before a sprinkling of Europeans, who have drawn so large a share of their own culture from the East, and have brought the East nothing but the artifices and the quickened tempo of western technique?" But he does not wish to substitute German for British control. As artist and humanist he observes: "Flags were a perilous discovery and flag-waving is out of date; yet, sceptic though I am in these matters, I must confess that to me no flag seems more lovely than the green flag of Mecca." Indeed, he says further: "Studying the Arabs on my sixth oriental journey, I am inspired with a growing fondness for this people, which is so devout, and of so ancient a civilization, that no one has any right to force upon it a new culture or a new creed."

In his chapter on Venice (an over-romantic chapter that is somehow not quite convincing) Herr Ludwig gives us this invaluable travel-note: "Towns and rivers, pictures and columns, free-spirited women and intrepid men — all that makes life richer and causes the soul to expand—should be encountered a second time. Just as at the play the unexpected is liable to alienate our sympathies, so are chance encounters apt to alarm us. At such times the soul, instead of expanding, is prone to draw back into itself. Only the dull-witted, stuffed with expectations by the reading of a handbook or by listening to the patter of a guide, will voice his raptures at the first glimpse."

One feels, all through this book, that the author is writing not of novelties but of things old and familiar—familiar in thought if not actually by contact; that Ludwig carries with him, on his travels, a sort of romantic-possessive sense which makes all things his particular care. He is like a host showing us very beautiful gardens and anxious that we should share to the full his aesthetic pleasure in their richness and diversity. But at the same time he is a humanist, intolerant of economic tyranny wherever it may be found. On the whole an excellent travelling companion.

MARCUS ADENEY.

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A Line from London

In the series of literary lectures at Foyle's, M. Emile Cammaerts, the Belgian writer, translator and poet, gave an interesting and amusing talk on "English Literature as Seen by a Foreigner." So explicit, so brilliant, and withall so charmingly simple was M. Cammaerts' handling of his subject that we were compelled to laugh at ourselves. In his own inimitable way, he took a delighted audience by the hand and led it to those Olympian heights whence the rest of Europe looks with a stern reproving eye upon our English idiosyncrasies.

We saw with him from the foreigner's point

of view the strange mixture of fantasy and realism which abounds in the books of our present day writers and which finds such strong response in their readers. It is characteristic in most of them that, like Lob in Barrie's *Dear Brutus*, they stand on the threshold of reality looking into the magic beyond and quivering with anticipatory excitement.

Foreign writers deal definitely either with the real or with the make-belive: they never combine the two worlds, and, though they appreciate the work of our writers, they fail to understand it. M. Cammaerts, on the contrary, whilst conveying with remarkable clarity his country's viewpoint, showed extraordinary personal sympathy with our own.

Speaking of such authors as Walter de la Mare, David Garnett, Algernon Blackwood, E. M. Foster, Rupert Brooke, A. A. Milne, J. C. Squire and Harold Munro, he pointed out the intensity and enthusiasm shown over non-serious matters, of the apparent equal significance in their works of the things that matter and the things which do not. We laugh, he said, at that in which the foreigner can see nothing but nonsense, take a poem on a homely intimate subject as a serious piece of work and make an epic on a Rugger match!

Not only do we write and read this glorious nonsense, but we offer no apology for it, and leave the intellectuals across the Channel spreading their hands and lifting their shoulders in wide-eyed bewilderment.

M. Cammaerts concluded a most entertaining evening by saying that it is easier for a foreigner to understand the most difficult of Browning's poems than the easiest of Lewis Carroll's.

CHARING CROSS.

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A Notable Tribute

A notable tribute was paid to Wilson Macdonald at the Lafayette High School in Buffalo, N.Y., where he gave a recital on May 9th. At the conclusion of the recital, at the suggestion of the principal, the immense throng of students all arose and saluted the Canadian flag which had been provided for the occasion, this method being taken as a fitting method of honoring the Canadian poet and his work.

On that evening Mr. Macdonald gave another recital in the Chinese Room at the Hotel Stattler before the Buffalo Poetry Society, under whose auspices he visited Buffalo. The following account contributed to the Buffalo *Evening Times* by "M.W," is deemed worthy of reproduction in *The Canadian Bookman*:

"Something altogether different in the way of poets and poetical programs was presented in Buffalo last night when Wilson Macdonald, famous poet of Canada, told his thrilling life story and interpreted his poems to a capacity audience that could not get enough of him or them. . . .

"Aside from the rare beauty of his written work, that command of words that makes of the simplest tale, a story, vivid and poignant, Wilson Macdonald possesses a voice of clearest beauty, compelling, vibrant and wonderfully effective. There is no effort in his reading, the words flow from his lips as from one inspired; and he breaks into song as naturally as a bird. At the close of his last poem, 'I Love Old Things,' he uses the Gregorian Chant with haunting loveliness. Such art in poetry as this, critics say, has not been known for centuries. It is little wonder that they say of him: 'There is none greater on the American continent. He is beyond the ken of this material world.' Little wonder that Bernard Shaw was moved to say: 'He is the best thing that has crossed the Atlantic.'

"Something of the rebel in the heart of every poet was felt in the great epic 'Niagara' in which the poet epitomizes life. One does not wonder that this work brought about his lasting friendship with John Masefield. It is a big subject as those of this part of the country know best, and it is magnificently treated.

"Born of the storm-tossed Erie, the wonder river at first, in early childhood, behaves itself quite correctly; but soon the restless mother-spirit asserts itself and the even tenor changes into strife. Then just as every life meets fate and leaps to its great decision, the river takes its mighty plunge into the purity that waits beyond.

"Just an instance of the word-pictures evoked by this magic pen is found in the 'Tired Spray,' that drifts away from the wrecked cataract. For a time there is peace in the river's life, just as the weary soul thinks that calm will follow a conquered height; but strife comes again in the passing through the two rapids and the whirling waters of the pool at ease at last into the calm of wrinkled age and passion-cooled peace.

"The poem, the reading, the interlude, were like the music of a marvellous symphony that left the listeners, breathless and wondering. Wondering that this man, seemingly so quiet, reserved and calm should so suddenly become a dispenser of magic, forcing his people with him into a realm of stark realism or leading them through loftiest heights of fancy.

"The first part of the programme was made up of the reading of such gems as: 'The Rose Garden,' 'The Song of Loneliness,' and the children's favorite 'Whist a Wee,' inspired by his playmates on the sands of English Bay at Vancouver. In between were given bits of the writer's intimate history. He told of the kind reception and help given him in the Southern States even before his own country responded with kindness and recognition. Out of the sweet and bitter of human experience he wrote his poems. The negro melodies became spirituals sung in his lilting, crooning, moving way, and the indomitable humanness of the man made them whimsical too. The story of 'Maggie Schwartz,' who was nice inside, preceded the remarkable 'Exit,' judged by international critics as the best of one hundred thousand poems in 1926.

"The heart-breaking story of the boy of seventeen who crossed the Atlantic on a horse boat and then walked from Southampton to London and from end to end of that city is recounted in 'The Song of the Undertow,' with gruelling intensity and vigor."

Canadian Authors Association Ninth Annual Convention at Halifax, N.S., June 25-26-27, 1929 and Annapolis Royal, June 28, 1929

PROGRAMME

MONDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 24

For Early Arrivals. Informal Reception at the home of an interested friend of the Association.

TUESDAY, JUNE 25

Morning Session

in Georgian Room, Lord Nelson Hotel

9.30-10.30—Registrations and Introductions.

10.30-10.45—Appointment of Committees: Resolutions, Nominations and others.

10.45-11.15—Annual Report of the Secretary, E. A. Hardy, B.A., D.Paed., Toronto.

11.15-11.45—Annual Report of the Treasurer, John M. Elson, Toronto.

11.45-12.00—General Business.

Noon

12.30—Luncheon given by the City of Halifax.

Afternoon Session

2.00—Welcome by His Worship the Mayor and by the Honorable the Prime Minister.

2.15- 3.00—"The Contribution of Canadian Pacific Coast to the Development of Canadian Literature," —A. M. Pound, Vancouver Branch. Discussion.

3.00- 4.00—"The Contribution of the Maritime Provinces to the Development of Canadian Literature," —Prof. Archibald MacMechan, Halifax Branch. Discussion.

4.00—Visit to H.M.S. Dispatch.

Evening Session

7.30—Sail on the Halifax Harbor, landing at the Waegwoltic Club. Band Concert.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26

Morning Session

9.30-10.00—General Business.

10.00-11.00—"The Contribution of French-Canada to the Development of Canadian Literature,"—M. Louis Dantin, to be presented by M. Robert Choquette, B.A., French-Canadian Section. Discussion.

11.00-11.30—Annual Address of the President, Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.C., Toronto.

11.30-12.00—Reports of Committees and General Business.

Noon

12.30—Luncheon given by the Provincial Government of Nova Scotia.

Afternoon Session

2.00- 3.00—"Canadian History as a Field for the Canadian Writer" (Dominion, Provincial and Local).
Prof. F. O. Call, Quebec.
Rev. H. A. Cody, Maritime Provinces.
Robert Watson, Western Canada.

4.00—Drive through the City, with Afternoon Tea at the Royal N.S. Yacht Club.

Evening Session

9.00—Reception and Dance at Government House.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27

Morning Session

9.30-10.00—Reports of Committees, Elections, General Business.

10.00-11.00—"Canadian Magazines and Their Problem,"—J. M. Elson, Toronto Branch, representing the views of several magazine editors. Discussion.

11.00-12.00—"The Canadian Writer from the Publisher's Point of View."—Louis Carrier, Montreal. Discussion.

Noon

12.30—Luncheon.

Afternoon Session

2.00- 5.00—Drive to Bedford and around Dartmouth Lakes. Tea at Brightwood Golf and Country Club.

Evening Session

Annual Dinner—to be arranged by the President. Farewell Reception at Hotel.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28

A Visit to Annapolis

7.15 a.m.—Leave Halifax in special car attached to Train No. 95.

10.16 a.m.—Arrive Grand Pré.

11.37 a.m.—Leave Grand Pré, attached to "Bluenose" Train.

1.52 p.m.—Arrive Annapolis Royal.
Luncheon and visit to Fort, as guests of The Historical Association of Annapolis Royal and The Fort Anne Chapter, I.O.D.E.

3.35 p.m.—Leave Annapolis Royal for Digby, St. John and points west.

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Toronto Branch

The annual meeting of the Canadian Authors Association (Toronto Branch), was held on Saturday, May 25th, when officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Honorary president, John M. Elson; president, Dr. E. A. Hardy; 1st vice-president, Mrs. John Bennett; 2nd vice-president, John W. Garvin; secretary-treasurer, Miss M. E. James; assistant secretary, Miss Bessie Gowan Ferguson. Executive: Rev. Dr. Salem G. Bland; Mr. J. W. L. Forster; Mr. Percy Ghent; Mrs. Bertha E. Green; Mrs. J. F. W. Harrison ("Seranus"); Dr. F. H. Kirkpatrick; Dr. Walter Libby; Mrs. H. E. Parsons; Miss Marshall Saunders; Miss Emily P. Weaver.

In his valedictory address reviewing the progress made during the past year, the retiring president took occasion to reply to some criticism directed at his article in the January issue of *The Canadian Bookman*, under the caption of "The Canadian Literary Scene," in which he had spoken encouragingly of the work of Canadian writers. Mr. Elson produced evidence showing that the London *Times*

and the New York *Times* had warmly commended works that had been the main objects of attack in the criticism meted out by Mr. Roberton in the *Manitoba Free Press*.

With four generations of background in Canada himself, Mr. Elson, in pointing to the annual production of fifty and seventy Canadian books, each year, maintained that it was the height of folly to say that there was no Canadian literature.

Professor Pelham Edgar, representing the University of Toronto, introduced Dr. W. Sherwood Fox, president of Western University, London, and president of the Western Ontario Branch of the Canadian Authors Association.

Dr. Fox said the aims of the Western Ontario Branch were to encourage young writers, give due recognition to the older writers and preserve information about deceased writers. In this connection he referred to the valuable records at the Western University, through which President Hoover of the United States learned much respecting his Quaker ancestry in Canada. The speaker expressed admiration of the valuable collection of Canadian books in the library of R. H. Hathaway, of Toronto, and of the records left by the late Dr. Buck, of London. He instanced cases of the value of preserving books and information regarding the past, however seemingly trivial, and told of the plans now under way to erect a cairn at Morpeth, the birthplace of Archibald Lampman, to honor the memory of that poet.

Dr. Fox upheld the view that it was a common error to subject Canadian literature to too narrow an interpretation. In his opinion a Canadian writer might produce a work which had no reference to Canadian life and yet the work would be Canadian literature. He urged the members to carefully preserve all references to Candian authors of the past and their works.

Should a Poet Stick to Poetry?

Vancouver, May 1st, 1929.

Editor, *Canadian Bookman*:

Now that Mr. C. F. Lloyd has come out boldly as an advocate of birth control and Mr. John L. Garvin has enlisted on the side of spiritualism, there is really nothing unexpected that can surprise us. (See April *Canadian Bookman*.) However, Vancouver recently had a decided thrill, most unexpectedly.

The National Educational Convention was supposed to be a matter of high brow interest, in no sense a show, so that when notice was given that a certain number of tickets would be available for the general public there was no rush. Then the report went forth that certain well known speakers of various countries would arrive. Many of these men not being too well known in the metropolis of the west, did not greatly increase the sale of tickets, but at a late moment, the fact got noised abroad that Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian poet, would be one of the speakers. It then developed that all available tickets for the convention had been booked. Interest rose. A leading artist and a photographer of note reproduced the features of the poet. Western poets wrote welcomes which appeared in the press. Then began a search for the unattainable. There was a rumor that after the ticket holders had taken their seats the general public would have a chance to hear Tagore by filling in the vacant seats should any occur. Two hours before the time for opening the doors, people began to line up and the line finally reached quite around the block. Until a half hour after the meeting began, crowds waited to hear the Indian mystic, and did not succeed.

Those who heard held various opinions of the truths revealed to them. (Why will people expect to get more out of an address than is put into it by the fertility of the soil which they bring to it?) The reactions were various. There were the usual "pearls before swine" reactions; there were people who did not understand the trend of the remarks and frankly said so. One in this class is said to have been a distinguished college professor, if not a poet, at least an interpreter of poetry; but the storm broke when a well known newspaper writer sought to accurately report the reaction of the general public to the address. The ensuing discussion, of course, depends upon whether a newspaper forms public opinion or whether it is a reflection of it. The writer who reported the Tagore reactions in popular fashion evidently was of the latter opinion, and wrote of it as in their secret hearts a great many people thought, and some spoke, but the letters pro and con which have deluged the writer form an interesting study in human psychology.

The second occasion on which the distinguished poet spoke in Vancouver, he was not nearly so mystical. In fact anyone whose reactions were at all acute must have felt that he was almost sarcastic in his advice to Canadians of the West. But since he landed on United States soil, there have been no veiled allusions in his criticisms of the immigration department of that country and little poetry. In fact when he sailed for the land of his fathers he might have been described as departing in high dudgeon at the reception he had received.

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PRECIOUS documents relating to early Canadian history have been placed on public view for the first time at the retrospective exhibition of French colonies in Paris, in the former palace of Prince Roland Bonaparte, now the home of the French Geographical Society. The Dominion and Quebec Governments have extended their patronage to the exposition, which is to be opened officially by President Doumergue, assisted by members of the Cabinet, this month. The documents on display include original MSS. of the Jesuit Relations, deeds of land, letters of French nobility, wills, etc., and striking among them all is Voltaire's famous letter to Richelieu, in which he describes Canada as a "few arpents of snow," which is as well preserved and as legible as if it had been written this year. There is, in addition, a wonderful assemblage of books printed in France from 1609 on relating to Canada, together with many early maps, drawings, etc.

* * *

The vogue of Robert Service is hardly as great in Canada to-day as it was some years ago, so far as superficial evidence goes, at least, but the author of *Songs of a Sourdough* seems to loom huge in the eyes of his home town of Preston, England. The Export Book Co., of Preston, offer for £5, in their May-June Catalogue, a copy of Service's *The Master of the Microbe*, first edition (Toronto, 1926), with several pages loose and frayed, covers soiled and stamped, but bearing an inscription by the author reading: "To my best pal, Godfrey! Conceived in No Man's Land, R. W. Service." "Dear G——: Remember how you said my tale would open with a bang? It does! R.W.S.," and also several MS. notes on margins by the author. The entry of this item, which is declared to be "unique and therefore guaranteed, and some day will probably bring four figures," is preceded by a note which says: "Proud Preston is famous as the birthplace of Francis Thompson, the greatest of the Victorian poets, and Robert Service, the famous Canadian poet and novelist, whose 'sales' are only exceeded by Rudyard Kipling."

* * *

Catalogue No. 60 from Dawson's Bookshop, Los Angeles, Calif., offers what is described as the "rarest collection of autograph material relating to the Life and Times of Charles Dickens known to be extant." The first edition of *Forster's Life of Dickens* forms the basis for this collection, the two volumes being extended to nine by being extra-illustrated with 478 portraits, 288 views, 155 illustrations by Cruikshank, Buss, Leech, "Phiz," Dalziel, etc., from first editions of Dickens' novels; 35 original covers and title-pages from first editions, and 365 letters and autographs (including nine of Dickens), together with other scarce material relating directly to the text or to Dickens' contemporaries. Every page is inlaid to size, loose leaf, enclosed in nine quarto cloth cases, and the price asked for the whole collection is $6,000.

* * *

One of the most interesting and important of existing collections of Canadiana is to be found in the Harvard College Library in Cambridge, Mass. Clarence M. Warner, a Canadian by birth, having been born at Napanee, Ont., is the Curator of the Department of Canadian History and Literature in connection with Harvard University, and much of the credit for the Canadiana collection is due to his personal efforts. The foundation of the library was donated by Francis Parkman, the historian, who left not only his own books and manuscripts for the purpose, but also a sufficient endowment to maintain it.

* * *

Yale University is announced to have acquired the famous natural history and sporting library of the late Charles Sheldon, Yale '90, Washington big game hunter and historian, through the generosity of Francis P. Garvan, Yale '97, of New York City. Mr. Sheldon, who died in September, 1928, was the author of *The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon* and *The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands*, among other books. About two-fifths of his books deal with the United States, Canada and Mexico, and about three-fifths with other countries.

* * *

The fact may not be generally known, but the Bodleian Library at Oxford was founded largely as the result of an act of violence. The first Oxford Library began in the year 1320, grew steadily until 1550, when King Edward VI sent a commission to get rid of all Oxford books supposed to be superstitious. The leading member of this commission, Richard Cox, was a Cambridge man, and so the work of destruction was thoroughly done. The commission destroyed all the library's mathematical books on the ground that geometrical figures were signs of magic, and all the Greek books on the ground that the characters were symbols of black art. Parchment and other strips of cloth were sold to drapers and tailors for tape measures. What was left was burned and the shelving and tables were sold as old lumber, and so for fifty years Oxford had no library. Then came Thomas Bodley, an Oxford graduate, who had retired from the diplomatic service with a fortune, a rich wife and

a desire to live at Oxford and build up another library. A second act of violence greatly helped this project. The Earl of Essex, a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, on his way home after looting Cadiz, went ashore from the fleet to clean out the town of Faro, on the Portuguese coast. Here he found the noted old monastic library of Bishop Osorius, liked the looks of the books and packed them all aboard his ship to bring them home. This was about the time that Bodley, a great friend of the Earl, had moved to Oxford. The Earl was under obligations to Bodley, having failed to keep a promise to make him Chief Secretary of State to Elizabeth, and to make amends he gave Bodley all the books stolen at Faro, which thus became the nucleus of the Bodleian library.

* * *

One of the directions in the will of Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the Bodleian Library, was that no books which had come into the library should ever be disposed of. The direction was disregarded, however, in the case of duplicates, one result being that the 1623 a first folio edition of Shakespeare was unchained from the shelves and thrown out because the library had just received a 1664 edition of the same work. No special value, in those days, was attached to first editions, it may be remarked here; later ones were considered better. 242 years afterwards the discarded Shakespeare first edition was traced and bought back by Bodelian for $15,000.

* * *

An autograph of Thomas Lynch, Jr., signer of the American Declaration of Independence, brought $9,500 at an auction at the Anderson Galleries, in New York City, on April 24. This is understood to be a record price for a Lynch signature. Autographs of Lynch rival in rarity those of Button Gwinnett, another signer of the Declaration. Both signatures are in great demand among collectors to complete collections of autographs of the "Signers." The paper bearing the autograph was a receipt for 50 pounds, and is said to be the only document signed by Lynch ever sold at public auction.

* * *

A copy of Georgius Agricola's *De Re Metallica*, translated by Herbert Hoover, now President of the United States, and Mrs. Hoover, from the first Latin edition of 1556, with bibliographical introductions, annotations and appendices upon the development of mining methods, metallurgical processes, geology, minerology and mining law from the earliest times to the 16th century, brought $170 at an auction sale at the American Art Galleries in New York City recently. Twelve months ago this book sold for around $25, but ever since Mr. Hoover's nomination as Republican candidate for the Presidency it has been steadily increasing in price.

* * *

All who attempt to follow the trend of things in connection with the collecting of modern first editions are aware that the books of John Galsworthy are at the present time the subject of what may well be described as a mad rush, prices almost without parallel being paid for them. For example, anywhere up to £200 is being paid at auction for his *Man of Property*, published in 1902, while no less than £48 has been brought by his *Forsyte Saga*, issued so recently as 1922. These amounts are startling enough, in all conscience, but what is to be said for the price of £3,300 which was paid by Gabriel Wells, the New York book dealer, for the manuscript of Galsworthy's play *Loyalties*, at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund held in London on the evening of May 9? The fact that it was announced that the proceeds of the sale would be used for the benefit of needy writers may account in some measure for this huge price, but it does not explain it fully. Galsworthy himself, it may be mentioned, was the chairman of the dinner and made the principal speech.

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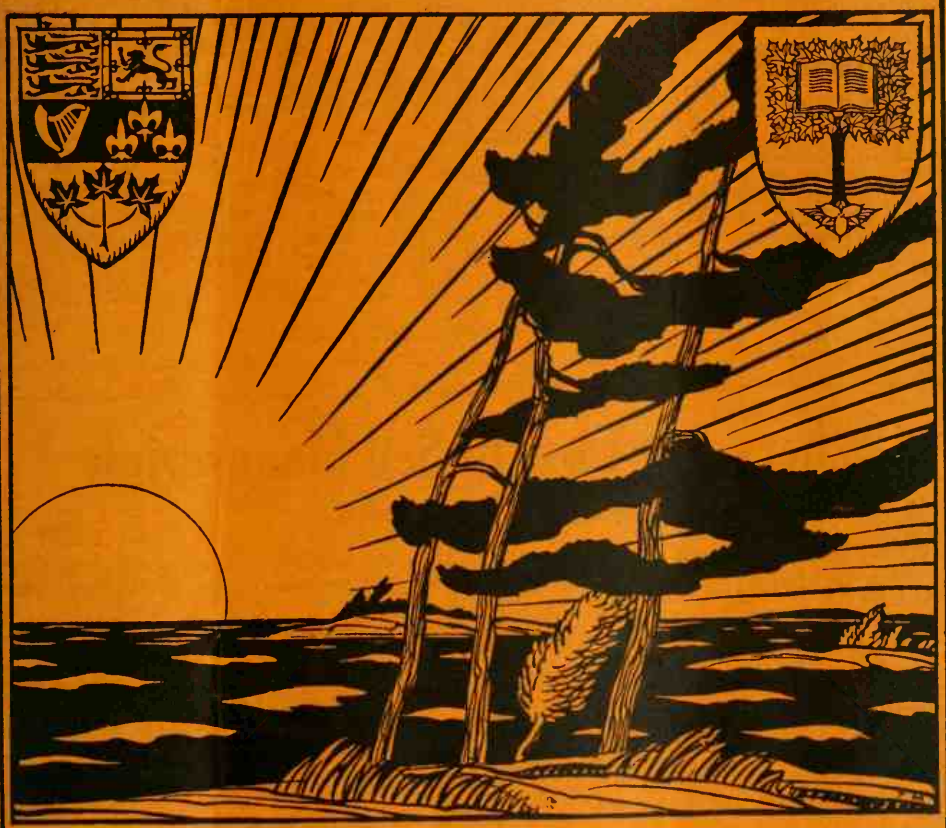

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Vale! Bliss Carman

By R. H. Hathaway

BLISS CARMAN is dead. It seems incredible. He, as everyone knows, was never what could be called robust, notwithstanding his large and well-set-up frame; but Time had dealt so gently with him during the years it was my great privilege and honor to possess his personal friendship, that I never once thought of death in connection with him except as something in the distant future. The announcement, therefore, on June 8th, that the summons had suddenly come to him to fare forth on

The far solitary unknown way

caused me a shock such as I have rarely known. But, like all others to whom it was given to know the man Carman, I do not mourn for him, for he had lived his life as he desired to live it and to the full, and had done his work if man ever did. It is the sense of my own personal loss which overwhelms me as I realize that that gentle, noble, valiant soul has passed out into the Great Silence.

I went down to New Canaan to attend the funeral service for my lost friend, feeling, notwithstanding that I could ill spare the time just then, that it would be a matter of lasting regret to me if I did not do so. I had visited New Canaan several times before, but never in the summer season, and as, in company with Craven L. Betts, who came over from his Staten Island home to meet me when I arrived in New York, I walked up from the tiny railway station that lovely June day—a day such as Carman would have joyed in, and such a day, too, as he himself would have chosen to be his last above the green earth he loved so dearly—I realized, as I had not done before, why he had made it his home for so long.

New Canaan is one of the oldest towns in the oldest settled part of the old State of Connecticut, dating back to the post roads era, and perhaps further. It is a scattered, rambling sort of place, its streets, lined with magnificent old elm and maple trees, winding in and out and uphill and down in most picturesque fashion. It has its business section, of course, but the principal impression one gets

of the town is one of remoteness from the stir and bustle of city life. The houses, which are large and built mostly of wood, and well separated from each other, are almost hidden for the most part by the foliage of great trees, and nearly all possess most attractive flower gardens.

Among the first to greet us upon our arrival were Padraic Colum, the Irish writer and poet, and Mrs. Colum, and Michael Monahan, all residents of the town, whom I already knew, and the last named of whom was a literary flame of mine long years ago. From them we learned some further details of the sudden passing of the man to whom we had come to pay our last tribute, than were contained in the brief newspaper accounts we had seen.

Carman, it appears, had worked rather late on the previous evening at the residence of his old friends, Dr. and Mrs. Morris King, where he long had had a study provided for his use, but seemed to be in his usual health and spirits when he started for his rooms at the house of Dr. Thomas Tunney. It was noticed next morning by those in the house that he was somewhat later than usual in rising, but no importance was attached to the fact. But some time later a sound as of a heavy fall was heard from his bath room, and when the room was entered it was found that he had gone on

> The journey that hath no delay
> And no return;

that he had found

> The end of failure and of quest.

Heart trouble, from which, it seems, he had long suffered, but of which he never spoke to his friends, was the cause of his death.

The body was later removed to the Kings' residence, and there an opportunity was given to all friends and others who so desired to take a last look at his face. And there, also, a service for immediate friends and relatives was held before the body was carried to St. Mark's Episcopal Church for the holding of the final service. Messages of regret were read at the service at the house from J. M. Elson, national treasurer of the Canadian Authors Association, and Wilson MacDonald, president of the Poetry Society of Canada, while Earl Hooker Eaton, an old friend of Carman's, gave a short address on the life and work of the poet.

My thoughts, as we waited in our seats in the church—a quaint old wooden structure, standing on rising ground and almost hidden from view by towering trees—were all, of course, of my lost friend, and with them came recollection of certain lines of his on the subject of the mystery of man's existence, about which he had speculated much, and which he had now solved for himself.

Among these lines was that unforgettable one, in which he summed up, surely as no one else had ever done so tersely and yet so beautifully, the life story of man:

Pillared dust and fleeing shadow.

And this other almost equally wonderful line:

Dust and shadow between whence and whither.

And this:

Fleeting migrant of a day.

And these others:

A handful of dust is the only heirloom
The morrow bequeaths to its morrow again.

And still again these, speaking of life, his mistress:

Like a pomegranate in halves,
"Drink me," said that mouth of hers.
And I drank who now am here
Where my dust with dust confers.

The proceedings consisted solely of the reading of the beautiful Anglican burial service by Rev. Charles Lawrence Adams, rector of the church, nothing being said by way of eulogy of either the man or the poet. It was perhaps best that there should have been nothing of the sort, and certainly this would have been Carman's own desire, if it was not, indeed, his expressed wish. But what, anyway, would or could have been more appropriate or more adequate for such an occasion than the impressive and time-hallowed words of the Anglican service for the dead?

When the reading of the service had ended, four men, clad in long, black robes and wearing close-fitting black skull caps, came forward, and lifting the casket, which had been almost hidden from view by masses of the flowers the poet most loved, bore it, preceded by the designated pallbearers, down the aisle and out into the glory of that green-and-gold June day and placed it in the hearse in waiting, which, accompanied by several cars containing some of Carman's most intimate friends, started at once for Middleville, L.I., where the body was to be cremated in accordance with the poet's own wish.

The official pallbearers, it may be said here, were: Padraic Colum, D. W. Fisher, of Harvard University; Karl Schmidt, E. J. Shaughnessy, Dr. Thomas Tunney and Keith Warren.

A few of us lingered in front of the church for a time to renew old acquaintanceships and to make new ones, and then separated to return to our several scenes of labor, with the feeling deep in our hearts that something had gone out of our lives which Time could never restore or replace.

The gathering from outside for the final parting with all that was mortal of the poet was not as large as one might have expected; but New Canaan is an out-of-the-way place for those who do not know it, and then there undoubtedly was uncertainty in the minds of many whether the body would be interred there, or whether it would be

sent to Fredericton, in response to the offer made by the authorities of that city, backed by the Provincial Government of New Brunswick, to bury it there with a state funeral. I cannot say that I regarded the idea of a state funeral for Carman as a fitting one, and he himself would have flatly opposed it; but all the same, I cannot refrain from declaring that I share to the full the generally expressed regret that his ashes are to remain in New Canaan. It is true that he expressed the desire in one of his poems that he should be buried

> . . . . here in the decent quiet,
> Under the whispering pines,
> Where the dogwood breaks in blossom;

but the proper place for his last rest is in the family plot on the hillside in the cemetery in his old home city of Fredericton, and it is to be hoped that his ashes will be removed thither sooner or later.

The assemblage at the house and church service included, besides those already named, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, who, as is well-known, is a first cousin of Carman's, and was also his oldest and closest friend, the two having been comrades and companions from their earliest boyhood days, and who officially represented the Canadian Authors Association; his brother, William Carman Roberts, of New York; Prof. W. F. Ganong, of Smith College, Northampton, Mass., a brother-in-law, and Benjamin Wolhaupter, of New York, a nephew of Carman's; Dr. Lorne Pierce, literary editor of the United Church Publishing Co., of Toronto, who represented the Royal Society of Canada; Prof. Curtis Hidden Page, of Dartmouth College, president of the Poetry Society of America; Daniel Henderson, vice-president of the Poetry Society of America; Richard Alright, editor of "House and Garden"; William Griffith, of New York; Frederick F. Sherman, of New York; Morley Acklom, of Vinal and Co., publishers, New York, and Mrs. Roselle Knott, of Canada.

This is not the place to attempt to sum up the great body of work which Bliss Carman has left to us, but I cannot help expressing here my own personal belief and confidence that the time is coming when it generally will be recognized and freely acknowledged that, by some strange, if not miraculous, circumstance, this Canada of ours has produced in him a poet whose name is not unworthy to be linked with the greatest names in our common English literature. This may seem to many to be a daring, if not a foolhardy, thing to say; nevertheless, as an admirer and student of his work for more years than I care to state here, I stand by it.

Carman's poetry is all of the quiet, still order; there is nothing in it anywhere to startle the reader, or to carry him off his feet as with the sweep of great wings. This is not to say that the poet was not capable of doing work which would have that effect had he so chosen; but he chose, instead, to restrain his singing voice, so that it should be heard only by those for whom he intended it. And these, listening intently, hear it, and ever will hear it, clear above all other voices, even the most strident, and feel their hearts move and stir

within them as they hearken. Poetry to-day seems to show a tendency to forget that its purpose is, or should be, to awaken and to keep alive in men the realization that life is not merely a material thing, that the pleasures of sense are not the only things to be desired, and that beauty is the soul's great need, if it is not to starve within us. And this is precisely where the great importance and value of Carman's work to his day and time comes in, for he never forgot the poet's high calling, but was steadfast in service to beauty from the beginning to the very end.

But it is on Carman the man that my thoughts dwell as I write. He may have had an inner consciousness that there was something in his work which made for immortality; in fact, the homage of many who felt as I felt about it must itself have had some effect of that sort on him; but never have I known a man more unassuming and less inclined to talk about himself or his accomplishment. He was ordinarily quiet, if not taciturn, in conversation, seldom speaking unless in answer to a direct question. But when he had lively company—and especially young company—about him he would come, as it were, to life, and bandy quip for quip and jest for jest with the spirit of a youth. Those who knew the man, however, recognized that here was one who had learned "eternity's unhaste." He may once have known life's turbulence, and he no doubt did, but serenity and calmness of spirit marked his later days, though he could flash out with indignation and protest if and when occasion required.

Carman, among his other gifts, had a gift of whimsical humor, to which he often gave expression, both by word of mouth and by his pen. Almost every one of the many letters and notes I received from him during a period of some twenty years had a touch of this humor, which gave them an interest and a value beyond ordinary communications.

The valiant, heroic soul of the singer whom we knew as Bliss Carman has gone out into the unbreakable silence, but those who were honored with his friendship will ever cherish their memories of him among their choicest. Vale! Bliss Carman.

At Winnipeg

A memorial service for Bliss Carman was held in St. Luke's Anglican Church, Winnipeg, on June 10. Canon Bertal Heeney preached the sermon, and Prof. W. T. Allison, of Manitoba University, read the lessons. Canon Heeney, before beginning his sermon, stated that as Mr. Carman worshipped in St. Luke's on the occasion of visits to Winnipeg, and that as a cousin, the late Joseph Carman, and another cousin, Miss Bliss, had been members of the church in the past, he felt that a memorial service for this distinguished Canadian writer was a privilege and a duty. The Canon, in his discourse, paid an eloquent tribute to the poet, whom he claimed to be not merely a nature poet, but also a mystic who taught great religious truths in his poetry.

The National Consciousness Idea

Three Interesting Letters

FOLLOWING are three letters which have been received in reply to the article by Marcus Adeney in the May issue on "The National Consciousness Idea":

From F. P. Grove

Rapid City, Man.,
June 20, 1929.

My dear Mr. Weaver:

I wish to congratulate you upon the courage you showed in printing Mr. Adeney's article on The National Consciousness Idea.

I don't know that I agree with everything Mr. Adeney says; on several points which he touches I have no opinion of my own. But apparently he is a young man on whom it will pay to keep an eye in the future. He has ideas—a dangerous commodity in a democracy where the majority rules; for nobody has ever accused any majority of having or liking ideas.

Anticipating as I do that the article will provoke a storm of indignation—whether justly or unjustly, is not the point—I wish to make a single observation on the value of such work.

Canada is a young country and a close neighbor to the U.S.A. besides. There, in one of the best-known pieces of fiction, it was asserted a hundred and fifty years ago, that all men were born free and equal. Since, with regard to equality, nature decreed otherwise, freedom has since gone by the board; but in order not to let the fathers down too ignominiously, a semblance of equality has been artificially imposed by an enforced conformity. All American nationalism (including the Canadian variety) has, therefore, something self-conscious. Mention the word flag; and somebody, with a guilty start, is surely going to wave it. The man who refuses to do so and insists on going a lonely path is necessarily a martyr. We have adopted much from those, our neighbors.

Older nations have long learned to smile at that. They have learned that only out of the furious clash of many mistaken ideas can the divine spark of a true idea spring. Above all, they have learned that ideas are the only true reality. Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold were not cried down when they gave voice to social and political criticism of the most acrid kind. In France, a "saeva indignatio" has long been the ear-mark of the true patriot.

If Mr. Adeney has ideas, what does it matter whether we agree with them or not, so long as he sets us to our task of thinking? For that is the imperative demand to-day that we must allow ourselves to be guided only by our thought. Only if we learn to tolerate thought and criticism without raising at once the cry of sedition, can we hope to get anywhere. For it takes many strains of thought to make a nation. When every page of every single one among a hundred different periodicals exhibits as much honest independence as do the three and a half pages of Mr. Adeney's article—then let us enter the lists with any one of Europe's minor nations; at least we shall not then be laughed out of court.

I am, dear sir,

Sincerely yours,
F. P. GROVE.

* * *

The commendation of Mr. Grove is not concurred in by Mrs. Garland Foster, of Vancouver, whose contributions have frequently appeared in *The Canadian Bookman*. In a letter from her dealing with Mr. Adeney's article she says in part:

"In the first paragraph your critic speaks of 'creative thought' and 'special privilege' being opposed, because creative minds are not susceptible to state discipline. Without the State in some form, it seems to me, there is little chance for the creative mind; and does any class of worker require more special privilege than creative artists?

Presumably, E. M., who wrote the article "A Builder of Canada," with which Mr. Adeney's article dealt, belongs to the pre-war products with ourselves, while Mr. Adeney is a post war product!

The great fallacy in Mr. Adeney's criticisms as in those of many others who would deny this country her birthright is that he argues from false premises when he presumes to employ argument at all. The nation is really an expansion of the family group, therefore, nationality must ever partake of family characteristics. This being the case, anything that menaces one unit of the family must be of consideration to the other. Now since 'the artist gains from government a stable environment in which to labor, according to Mr. Adeney, does he fondly think that he owes society no debt? Reminds one of the favorite son who thinks he can afford to poke fun or neglect the 'old man' who is educating him. To take from art its utility value is to make for that conventionality which was the downfall of Egyptian art. Art, for art's sake alone, is fatal to art in the end.

From mathematics to 'petting parties' sounds like bathos and there is a threat involved. But why worry? There is every reason to believe that this human gesture in one form or another preceded math. Most animals indulge in it at some time or another, and any entomologist will discourse at length on the effect it had on the antennae of the insect. Whether one prefers this form of activity or the more static one of mathematics depends largely on whether one prefers to be controlled by the glands or the brain. No doubt there is a happy medium which is in keeping with Nature's laws.

No matter how free this generation may become, its individuals are always running afoul of the inhibitions placed upon them by their own or an earlier generation, just as we

were. The weft of human endeavor is always being woven in with the warp of human experience, and being of such development as we are, it is impossible to rid ourselves of all inherited tendencies. What chiefly ails the young people of to-day is that they lack experience. That has been a defect in the young of all generations. It never lasts beyond a certain period, i.e., it never tends to become static.

In dealing with the churches and especially the United church, your critic again departs from the straight line of the syllogism. He presumes that only in the United Church are business interests stressed, and would have us infer that the church is no bigger than the least of its erring brethern.

But all this has nothing to do with Dr. Logan, whose obituary notice was the cause of the criticism. All Canadians must honor Dr. Logan as a scholar who was wise enough and daring enough to say that Canada might have a literature of her own apart from the mother countries of the people within her borders. So many critics seem to think that Canada must travel back to the beginning of time and begin where the others began. As the heir of all the ages she does not have to do that. It is quite within the possibilities that she may be the one to evolve something entirely different built upon the culture of the past."

And Still Another

In the course of a letter on the Adeney article from Garry Maybee, Port Credit, Ont., he says in part:

I am very much opposed to the cultivation of a national consciousness of any kind, whether political, religious or artistic. I consider patriotism to be not only a national peril but the greatest existing obstacle to the establishment of a perpetual world peace. As to a national consciousness in religion and art, the idea is preposterous. All great art movements were international—the renaissance,—classic, romantic and realistic. They may have originated in one country or another but they were never confined to any one country. True, there may be certain national tendencies, or a nation may have a large enough artistic life to have distinctive groups or sub-classes within it, but there are not in the literature of the world any broad distinctions.

Those who prattle of a Canadian literature do not mean a distinctive style or type of literature. In the final analysis you find they mean a literature about or concerning Canada. Some, of course, may hope that Canadian writers will inaugurate a new kind of literature, but if such new literature were meritorious it could never remain national except, perhaps, in name. And back in the minds of those who cry out for a Canadian national literature there always lurks the idea that it would be splendid publicity. Think of the tourist traffic and the trade that would flow to Canada from those who read or hear about her great authors and their books! Think of the immigrants who would flock to the country they have read so much about! Absolute rot! Let our authors write about Canada and our artists depict Canadian scenes, if it suits their inspiration. By all means let them write about that with which they are most familiar. Let them avoid using a New York background for a story having a Toronto setting. But to do these things it is not necessary to develop a national consciousness. Rather what is desired is a national unconsciousness—a feeling that art is international and should not be hampered by allegiance to any power—temporal or spiritual—or by the necessity of pandering to the preferences and prejudices of the reading public.

Returning to the article, I agree that the late war was brought about by a militaristic governing class, encouraged and supported, however, by the strong nationalistic spirit of the masses. As education and enlightenment increases this spirit is disappearing, and I think that in time, as you suggest, the very idea of nationalism will become absurd. But there are still influences abroad in every land encouraging that very idea. Our national holidays, Empire Day, Confederation Day, etc. afford opportunities for broadcasting such propaganda. Societies like the I.O.D.E. and the Navy League encourage the "my country—right or wrong" attitude, but I am convinced that far-seeing high-minded people everywhere are beginning to look beyond national boundaries. Greater travel facilities, radio and moving pictures are helping in this.

Educationists are quite alive to the importance of stimulating creative activity, but there are practical difficulties. For all creative thought there must be a background of knowledge, and therefore it is absolutely necessary that the child be taught certain facts that are the result of some centuries of study and research. Care should of course be taken in the selection of the facts and the child should be encouraged to draw his own conclusions therefrom, but in the case of the very young and immature it is necessary that there be a certain amount of guidance in drawing those conclusions, and in giving such guidance even greater care should be exercised. But I am firmly of the opinion that the child must be taught to think. One cannot cram a child's mind full of facts and turn him loose in the world without more mental equipment. The chief trouble is that he is not taught to distinguish between fact and surmise, between knowledge and theory, between premises and conclusions. Why is the study of political economy, sociology, logic, psychology and historical religion limited to the university? These most vital of all subjects are entirely ignored in our primary schools. Why is a knowledge of sex and the hygiene of sex imparted nowhere, save in medical schools or nursing schools and there only from the biological standpoint? That is left to the parents, the vast majority of whom are either unfitted or disinclined to do it.

These are the chief defects of our school sytsem. Theories and conclusions are not differentiated from facts and the vital thought provoking sciences are ignored.

Canada is, probably, the first country to think internationally before she began to think nationally. Therefore, it seems hardly

serious, if she should now develop a pronounced national slant. This international stuff is all right, if everyone lives up to it in the same degree. The unfortunate thing is that with nations as with individuals, the other fellow frequently strings you along until you are willing to make a big sacrifice and just at the last moment when you think he is going to be equally generous, he draws out. For that reason, things being as they are, while one would not advocate national 'static' one would be inclined to advise at least national conservatism.

Canadian Authors Association Annual Meeting of Winnipeg Branch

The Canadian Authors Association, Winnipeg Branch, held its annual meeting on Friday, June 14th, 1929, in the Faculty Room, University of Manitoba, with President Robert Watson in the chair.

With reference to the proposed change in the constitution of the Canadian Authors Association, whereby the headquarters of the National Organization would become fixed, the following motion was carried:

"That the Winnipeg Branch disapproves of the proposed change in the constitution and recommends its delegates to speak and vote against it at the Annual Meeting at Halifax."

The election of officers resulted as follows:
Honorary President: Rev. Dr. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor).
President: Professor Arthur Phelps.
Vice-president: Mrs. L. B. Thomas.
Secretary-treasurer: E. K. Marshall.
Immediate Past President: Robert Watson.
Archivist: Robert Cove Lloyd.

After discussion it was decided that the Secretary should take up with the Minister of Education and other officials concerned, the following matters and report to the next meeting of the Branch:

(1) Shelf of books by Manitoba authors in the four Normal Schools, and general encouragement of reading of books by Canadian authors.
(2) Shelf of Manitoba books in the Legislative Library.

Teachers in the Secondary Schools are to be encouraged in their efforts to secure Canadian writers for their Students' Library Societies, and their Conventions.

Relative to the Public Library situation in the city of Winnipeg, the following resolution was passed:

"That we recommend the setting up of a Library Board in the city."

It was thought that the whole question of the Public Libraries in the city should be studied this fall. Information is to be obtained in the matter, material for a survey and study are to be sought and the interest of the Service Clubs enlisted. Among those mentioned were the Canadian Clubs, the I.O.D.E., the Teachers' Federation, Women's Club and the University Council.

Dr. Gordon referred in very appropriate terms to the death of Bliss Carman, and the Secretary was asked to enter the reference in the minutes of the Branch and to send same to the *Canadian Bookman* and the press.

Mr. Benson then spoke of the general regret felt throughout the literary world at the passing of Bliss Carman and read to the members the poem by Wilson Macdonald, which appeared the following day in the *Manitoba Free Press*. The members felt that the lines very well expressed the general feeling towards the death of this sweet Canadian singer.

* * *

Fourth Folio in Waste Basket

A Fourth Folio Shakespeare, in good condition, and worth 500 guineas, was discovered by accident on May 9th amongst a lot of rubbish in the basement of Messrs. W. and G. Foyle's, the booksellers, in Charing Cross Road, London.

"I was sorting out 'waste' rubbish," said Mr. William Foyle to a *Daily Herald* representative, "when to my astonishment I found I was holding in my hands a fine copy of the Fourth Folio. We have been unable to understand how it got there, and we have no record of purchasing such a thing.

"My theory is that the Folio came to the basement a few weeks ago in a parcel of 'waste' transferred from our warehouse."

* * *

TULLIA

By Constance Davies Woodrow

THERE is a world of beauty in her face,
An inward radiance flooding every part;
Her soft, brown eyes are as a slumberous pool
That holds a star's reflection in its heart.

Her voice like music falls upon the ear,
Now rippling into mirth, now soft and low,
Half-tremulous, as if with inward tears,
Or tender with the love her children know.

I fain would sing the mellowed loveliness
That lies upon that City by the Sea,
But sweetest of my garnered memories
Is Tullia, the flower of Acadie.

With the Authors at Halifax

By Donald G. French

THE spare, war-scarred figure of Lord Nelson looked down from the canvas over the heads of the presiding officers of the Convention. And it seemed as if the spirit of Lord Nelson pervaded the assembly and permeated the consciousness of speakers and listeners—for, if there was one note above all dominant throughout the entire session it was: Canada expects every author to have some share in the up-building of the Canadian nation. Dr. H. F. Munro, speaking as representative of the Nova Scotia Government at the opening luncheon, stressed the part that authors might play, realizing that Canada was still in the throes of the building of a nation and the development of a nationality.

In the very able papers on the contribution to Canadian Literature made by various sections—the Pacific Coast (Mr. A. M. Pound); the Maritimes (Prof. Archibald MacMechan); French Canada (M. Louis Dantin)—and also in the papers on "Canadian History as a Field for Fiction," by Prof. F. O. Call, Rev. Archdeacon H. A. Cody, and Robert Watson, there was, despite diversity of detail, the outstanding common thought that our writers, while they should not shirk any effort to measure up in quality and style to the best that can be produced in literature anywhere, have a work to do for Canada that possibly none but Canadians can do—that we need to be interpreted to ourselves, to know our common history, and to build up national traditions.

When Mayor Gastonguay, of Halifax, gave us the hearty civic welcome and confirmed our conjecture as to his racial origin, and later when Dr. MacMechan greeted the French-Canadian members in a happy little speech in their own tongue, we were concretely conscious of another of the impressions which diffused itself in various ways through the activities of the days—the recognition of Canada as a bilingual country—the fact that Canadian Literature must recognize the existence of a large body of French-speaking Canadians. Then at Grand Pré and Annapolis we were reminded of a common history, or times when one year saw the country English, the next year French.

Should anyone ask: What is of most value at any of these Conventions? the address of Mr. A. M. Belding, of St. John, would go a long way toward answering. His very practical and pointed talk on the misunderstandings between the Maritimes and the rest of Canada and the rapidity with which they were cleared up, was a simple revelation of the fact that East may be East and West may be West, so far as Canada is concerned, but they can meet and get to know and to understand each other. And if business men and politicians can profit by getting acquainted, how much more can the persons who are building up the permanent literature of our country.

Any comment on the hospitality of the people of Halifax, the members of the local Branch, the people of Chester and Annapolis, Mr. J. Murray Gibbon of the C.P.R., Mr. Walter S. Thompson of the C.N.R., and the officials of the Dominion Atlantic Railway, can but feebly and inefficiently express the gratitude of the members of the C.A.A. for whom these unbounded courtesies made their visit to Halifax and other points in Nova Scotia a veritable trip to Paradise.

The new chief officers are: W. D. Lighthall, Montreal, president; H. A. Kennedy, Montreal, secretary; W. W. Chipman, Montreal, treasurer, and the 1930 convention will be held in Montreal.

* * *

The Fighter

By C. F. Lloyd

HE values no pleasure
This earth can afford
Like the foot in the stirrup,
The hand on the sword,
The surge of the blood
As the steel glitters bright,
While the shrapnel comes over
To left and to right.
With a rush past the barking machine guns he goes.
There's no joy like the joy that the fighting man knows.

Now it's steel against steel
And a message is thrown
That tells you his arm
Is as stout as your own.
A twist of your wrist,
The hot spurting of blood,
You glimpse the white face
Of your foe in the mud,
Glaring up through the tangle of hoofs, half perplexed.
Something clutches your heart as you ride at the next.

But death leaps inside
The red guard of your steel;
You feel a sharp pang
From your head to your heel.
You know by sure instinct
Your fighting is done;
Never more will you ride
In the wind and the sun,
Yet you shout as the blood gushes, red as a rose.
There's no joy like the joy that the fighting man knows.

It is Reported THAT—

—Miss Byrne Hope Sanders has been appointed editor of *The Chatelaine*, succeeding Anne Elizabeth Wilson. Miss Sanders formerly edited *The Business Women's Magazine*.

* * *

—*Goblin Gold*, the play written by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, of Vancouver, shortly before her death in August, 1928, and which had been entered in the Willingdon Arts Competition, has been declared the winner of the major prize.

* * *

—an anthology, *Garland of Verse by Canadians*, compiled by Hugh Eayrs, is soon to be published by the Modern Library in the United States, and the Macmillans in England and Canada.

* * *

—the jury which will select the best works of authors in both the French and English languages published in the province of Quebec, has been announced as follows: Prof. Cyrus MacMillan, Rev. Father A. Lamarche, Mgr. Camille Roy, rector of Laval University; Rev. Archdeacon F. G. Scott, of St. Matthew's Church; Benjamin Michaud, of Quebec; Prof. Edouard Montpetit, general secretary of the University of Montreal; Aegidius Fauteux, librarian of the Sulpician Library, and Leon Lorrain. Under the act the province pays out a sum of $5,000 a year to encourage young authors in need of help in publishing their works.

* * *

—*Shutters Up*, a novel by C. J. Eustace, will appear this Fall. Mr. Eustace is a young Englishman, who, since coming to Canada, has rendered a good account of himself in the literary field. His first novel, *The Scarlet Gentleman*, was recently published by the Macmillan Company of Canada. He has published numerous short stories in England and in the States, as well as in Canada. At the present time he is engaged on a book of non-fiction, which will be on metaphysics and their place in modern life, and will exemplify the need of spirituality as opposed to sordid materialism in modern civilization.

* * *

—at the June meeting of the Toronto Branch of the Writers' Craft Club, prizes in a short story competition were awarded. The first prize went to Miss Laura A. Ridley for her story, *Freedom*. Miss Eva Jackson won the second prize, and honorable mentions were given to Miss Thelma Luck and Miss Florence Westacott. Mr. C. J. Eustace, the short story writer, acted as judge.

—the Girls' Guild Library, LaFleche, Sask., which was commenced last November with the proceeds of the girls' third annual book week entertainment, under the supervision of Mrs. R.T. Maney, directress of the Guild, has recently been enriched by the donation of thirty-one books from Dr. Phebe L. Dubois, New York City, who became interested in the girls' undertaking and wished to encourage them.

* * *

—about fifty members of the Canadian Authors Association, Vancouver Branch, spent a most enjoyable evening at the Vanderpant Galleries on the seventeenth of June. Before launching the excellent programme that had been prepared, Mrs. Alice M. Winlow, the president, read the beautiful poem, "Vestigia," in memory of the passing of its author, Bliss Carman. Following this, Mrs. Winifred M. Stevens gave a wonderfully comprehensive address on Victor Hugo, Miss Mary Elizabeth Colman read her prize poem, "Tearless," and Mrs. Alice M. Winlow gave a selection from the recently issued chapbook of Miss May Judge.

Inside Stuff . . .

From East of Suez

From Singapore, Strait Settlements, comes a subscription to *The Canadian Bookman*, sent by Mr. S. A. Norris, who says in part: "Was greatly pleased with the copy you sent, especially C. F. Lloyd's article. I am a Canadian temporarily abroad, and I love everything Canadian. When one gets 'East of Suez,' all the sweetness of Canada is a lovely memory."

* * *

"High" not "Higher"

Editor, Canadian Bookman:

In my review of "The New Countries," written for your June issue, there was this paragraph:

"In the 'poetry section' also, the reader will find recognition given to a half-dozen only out of our younger groups of poets. This is not a fair proportion, for their talents are of a high order, etc." Unfortunately your typesetter set up the word 'higher' in the place of 'high' and your proofreader did not notice the error.

To ease the shock to the feelings of Mrs. W. Garland Foster, given by my review of "Darkened Rooms" in your April number, let me assure her that I haven't attended a spiritualistic séance for ten years and that I should advise scholars only highly trained in the physical and mental sciences, to so experiment as investigators.

JOHN W. GARVIN

* * *

All readers of "The Canadian Bookman" are invited to send in items regarding literary organizations. It is desired to record activities of these societies in all parts of Canada in the hope that this may lead to the formation of a nation-wide association having the interest and co-operation of all these local societies.

WING PO: *A Romance of Modern China. By Hin Me Geong (John Armitage). Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited.* $2.00.

Reviewed by John W. Garvin

This is an outstanding book—a novel destined to have a far-reaching influence. It confirms the long-held opinion of discerning critics that novelists of penetrating observation and constructive vision are the best historians of their generations.

The key-note of the book is found in this elucidating passage from pages 175 and 176: "Adair realized that Wing, for all his early lack of education, had gone to the root of China's problem. It was an era in the world's history in which militarism had run wild; a period when men, without counting the cost, slew each other first and then made a mere gesture towards elucidation of the problem over which they fought. China, if she were to hold her own, must follow in the footsteps of the rest of the world. She must discard her national aversion to war; forget her reverence for the scholar and her contempt for the soldier, and take unto herself the engines of destruction." . . . "*forget her reverence for the scholar and her contempt for the soldier, and take unto herself the engines of destruction.*" What a scorching commentary on the Far Eastern exploitations of the so-called civilized nations!

Most of the incidents in the volume are associated with the developing career of Wing Po: coolie, pirate, soldier and ultimately, Generalissimo of the Nationalists' forces in the Republic of China. It is an enthralling story—one that will be read more than once by the average reader. How Wing, disguised as a beggar, succeeded in gaining entrance to the stronghold of the brutal pirate, Chan Tai, who in mountain fastnesses, had an army of several thousand men, well-armed with European munitions of war; and how he escaped and later directed a Cantonese republican army in a successful attack on the piratical monster, is a tale of such vivid, gripping interest that one feels the author must have been an eye-witness. And it may be that Armitage was himself in some measure the Australian Adair, a journalistic friend of Wing and of the then Generalissimo, Wun Yo Sen, though in his Foreword he disclaims this.

The author was born in Australia of British parents. When but 14 years of age he ran away from home, and fought in the Boer War. Since then he has travelled extensively and resides now at Long Branch, near Toronto. While living for years in Hong Kong, China, Japan and Korea, he acted as correspondent for an Australian newspaper, and for two years as night editor for a Hong Kong journal. First-hand knowledge of the Chinese situation on the part of the writer is evident on every page, and hence the book is a mine of reliable information.

It is abundantly clear that the author's sympathies are with the persistent efforts of the Kuo Min Tang party (the Nationalists) to establish a stable republic, and to enforce their slogan, "China for the Chinese"; and he boldly warns the exploiting nations of the Occident of the danger of arousing hundreds of millions of patriotic people to a feeling of intense hatred, and of providing pirates and turbulent war lords with modern equipment.

There are two interesting love dramas: Miss Waters, an English novelist, is rescued more than once by Adair, and finally yields to love and marriage; and A-ch'ien, a beautiful maiden of the royal Manchu blood, who was rescued from robbers by Wing, yields at last to this gallant soldier's bravery and devotion.

John Armitage is not a writer of classical English, but his good journalese is so adequate and effective that it carries conviction to the heart of the reader; and the imagination of the reviewer is not strained in predicting for the author a future of wide distinction.

* * *

MEMORIES OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN. *By Siegfried Sassoon. Toronto: Irwin & Gordon.* $2.00.

"I am doing my best to confine myself to actual happenings," says Mr. Sassoon, and a great many readers will thank him for the effort. It would be hard to imagine more pleasantly descriptive pages. The story of a typically English sporting life flows on and on, without being monotonous because sport somehow cannot be that, never getting nor expecting to get anywhere, a story that accords with the English conservative ideal of leisure and its distractions.

Mr. Sassoon was moulded to a type of entirely useless, ignorant, charming, honorable and (to the rest of the world) exasperating Englishman. The moulding process was almost a success. Only a Great War could have shaken his excellent mentality into some sort of awareness of itself and its own powers. Not that Siegfried Sassoon ever quite overcame the handicap (if handicap it was) of those earlier years. His discernment as an artist never overrides his good taste as an

English gentleman. These memoirs are almost exactly what his friends would have expected from him. They could hurt no one and they reveal nothing of any great consequence. Even to the trenches he carried his English insularity, his astonishing regard for deportment, mental as well as physical, his far-reaching and often quite trivial loyalties. And in this there really is something tragic because Siegfried Sassoon possessed rare gifts and might, under different auspices, have become a vitally disturbing force in the interests of all humanity.

But if this book tells us more about the writer as an Englishman than as a human being we can at least find reality in his description of the South Country (where, after all, fox-hunting is comparatively rare). And there are some exquisite personal recollections, such as this one of early morning travel: "Memory enchants even the dilatory little train journey which carried my expectant simplicity into the freshness of a country seen for the first time. All the sanguine guesswork of youth is there, and the silliness; all the novelty of being alive and impressed by the urgency of tremendous trivialities."

Only at the very last is one made aware of the poignant sadness which war induced in this most tender heart. "Back in the main trench, I stood on the firestep to watch the sky whitening. Sad and stricken the country emerged. I could see the ruined village below the hill and the leafless trees that waited like sentries up by Contalmaison. Down in the craters the dead water took a dull gleam from the sky. I stared at the tangles of wire and the leaning posts, and there seemed no sort of comfort left in life. . . . Somewhere out of sight beyond the splintered tree-tops of Hidden Wood a bird began to sing. Without knowing why I remembered that it was Easter Sunday. Standing in that dismal ditch, I could find no consolation in the thought that Christ had risen." Then one remembers:

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted,
And beauty came like the setting sun.
My heart was shaken with tears, and horror
Drifted away . . . O but everyone
Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the singing will never be done.

So perhaps the fox-hunting years didn't matter after all.

MARCUS ADENEY.

* * *

THE YOUNGER GENERATION. *By Elizabeth Benson.* (*Greenberg, New York.*)

This is a volume well-worth the reading. It is a peculiarly charged magnet, at times drawing one, and then again often repelling the reader as he sees the superficiality of the argument. As I read this book, I found myself at times delighted and thoroughly in accord with the trend of thought, then with a turn of the page, I found my mind greatly incensed at the utter shoddiness of the whole thing.

The authoress is a young girl of thirteen! To me she is a prodigy, but Frank Crowninshield, (Editor of *Vanity Fair,* who writes the introduction), says, "there is nothing distressingly intellectual about her at all."

From the point of view of style, the volume is one of the finest, written in simple, lucid English, with an interesting and racy speed. An occasional colloquialism breaks into the page. The style, like the book, is peculiar, it is half-essay and half-story, with neither overdone.

The gifted young author sets out to present a true picture of the much discussed, and much misunderstood, "Younger Generation."

The book is a record of the opinions, emotional reactions and philosophical credo of the open-minded, clear-thinking, younger generation, and as such is a contribution to this department of psychology. Especially provocative are the chapters captioned, "Our Character Reading," and "Rough Proof Portraits of a Few of Us." Miss Benson is merciless in her attack of the "older members of society" who with a desperate effort, "fake youth." She writes of them as, "those who attempt to step back into the ranks of youth." Again she writes: "To our chagrin we have found that the wartime younger generation has no intention of growing up, and what is worse, the generation just ahead of it has voluntarily demoted itself and has, with all the disgusting coyness of which forty is capable, stepped back into the ranks of youth. Between them, these two youth-mad generations have created a strange and unholy phenomenon—the fake younger generation. They worship only one god—Youth, and since Time has a way of pacing along regardless of our desires to stay it, their god is a false god, whose rightful name is Spurious Youth. . . . Our contention is that if age does have compensations, if accumulated years bring the blessings of experience and of wisdom, our elders should not be so ashamed of their age that they try, in every desperate fashion devised by charlatans and beauty experts, to conceal it. If we, the younger generation, are so much to be censured for our wilderness, why do our elders pay us the highest of flatteries—that of imitation?" (Page 59 and 72.)

Altogether this is a suggestive book for the minister, the social worker, and the director of Religious Education; it should find its way to their laboratory book shelf. For parents too, this volume will be a revelation and perhaps to all it will be a key to a deeper understanding of the younger generation about them.

C. RITCHIE BELL.

* * *

A New Canadian Poet

A Review by T. G. Marquis

Poems, by James C. Singer, is an unpretentious volume of verse. It is a pleasure, in an age when writers of poetry too often deem it necessary to clothe their thoughts in extravagant and strained language, to meet with poetry simple and direct in manner. The initial poem, with the modest title "Foreword," gives an excellent idea of the character of Mr. Singer's work:

Give me the words of a thinker,
When beauty has touched his pen,
That burn with the simple fervor,
That reaches the soul of men.

Words where the thought is unfettered,
Nor science has seared its theme,
That paints the world in its grandeur
And leaves the reader to dream.

There will I read and will ponder,
And store away of their worth,
Will look from the heights of their vision,
And leave to the sordid the earth.

In such poems as "Mother," "The Last Days of a Dreamer," My Boyhood Friends," and "It Doesn't Seem the Same" the poet reaches the souls of men. How nobly simple are the lines in "Mother":

The tender hands, the loving care
That filled my childhood years;
The gentle songs at evening sung,
That lulled away my fears;
The tolerance, her simple faith,
Through youth's impetuous reign;
Her silent watching helpfulness,
Come back to me again.

"Northern Lights in April," with their "shifting pools of light," is a powerful bit of pictorial writing; the thought in "Early Wildflowers" that the blossoms are "the soul of the woodland rising above decay" is charming in its simplicity. "Northern Lights" and "Clouds" are highly imaginative poems depicting nature in its most striking and grandest moods. In the songs to the North, East and South winds, and in "Lilac Trees," "mocking the thoughts of winter," the poet has shown himself an excellent interpreter of nature. In "The Sky" and in "Beyond" his imagination is gripped by the incomprehensible immensity of space, and he pauses for a moment to reflect on eternity and infinity and finds solace in the compelling thought that behind it all is—

"The everlasting power of Mind."

But the main appeal of this volume of verse is a heart appeal. In every poem the heart is touched by verse as simple and direct as that of Longfellow's and not without much of his art. A perusal of the poems of Mr. Singer, a dreamer in nature and life, will create dreams that are most salutary in this realistic age when young and old seem to have their thoughts centered on material things.

* * *

AN ANTHOLOGY OF RECENT PHILOSOPHY. *Selections for Beginners from the Writings of the Greatest 20th Century Philosophers, with Biographical Sketches, Analyses, and Questions for Discussion. By Daniel Sommer Robinson, Professor of Philosophy, Miami University. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.* $5.00.

Reviewed by John W. Garvin

This is not a brilliant story of philosophy with a popular appeal, such as Will Durant gave the world, two years ago; but it is admirably adapted to the purpose intended. The human mind is too apt to make demigods of the eminent men of past ages, and to overlook, or belittle, the equally great or greater of the present era; but Dr. Robinson has compiled and elucidated the best thoughts of *sixty-four* 20th century philosophers, of whom *thirty-three* were born on this continent (*four* in Canada), *twelve* in England, *six* in Germany, *four* in Scotland, *and one* each in the following countries: France, Italy, Russia, Australia, Siam and Spain.

Of those distinguished thinkers and authors, the most outstanding (in the opinion of the reviewer) are: Henri Bergson of France (1859-); Benedetto Croce of Italy (1866-); Herbert Wildon Carr (1857-), of King's College, University of London; Bertrand Russell of England (1872-); and of America: William James (1842-1910); John Dewey of Columbia University, New York (1859-); and Will Durant of New York (1885-).

The four Canadians are: James Edwin Creighton (1861-1825), born at Pictou, Nova Scotia, a graduate of Dalhousie University, Halifax; Frederick James Eugene Woodbridge (1867-), a native of Windsor, Ontario, now an editor of the *Journal of Philosophy* and *Archives of Philosophy;* Joseph Alexander Leighton (1870-), born at Orangeville, Ontario, a graduate of Trinity College, Toronto, and since 1910, Professor of Philosophy at Ohio State University; and Roy Wood Sellars (1880-), of Egmondsville, Ontario, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan.

This admirable text-book for universities and colleges is divided into five parts: *Orientation* (The Nature and Value of Philosophy; What Philosophy is and Says; The Role of Philosophy in the History of Civilization; and The Chief Divisions and Problems of Philosophy); *Idealism, Realism, Pragmatism,* and Other Types of Philosophy (Vitalism versus Mechanism; Agnosticism, Scepticism and Positivism; Nietzsche and Spengler; and The New Scholasticism and Its Contributions to Modern Thought). The volume has 689 pages and is most thorough and comprehensive.

Pragmatism is more particularly than any other the philosophy of America, and William James its chief exponent. This philosophy does not ask "whence an idea is derived or what are its premises, it examines its results." It does not look backward "to first things, principles, 'catagories,' supposed necessities," but forward to "last things, fruits, consequences, facts." Says Will Durant: "Scholasticism asked, What *is* the thing? and lost itself in 'quiddities'; Darwinism asked, What is its origin? and lost itself in nebulas; Pragmatism asks, What are its consequences? and turns the face of thought to action and the future." Says William James: "The truth is the name of whatever proves itself to be good in the way of belief. The ultimate test for us of what a truth means is indeed the conduct it dictates or inspires." James made "the particular consequences of an idea the test of its truth instead of its general consequences. But in so doing he broadened the application of the theory to include all ideas, especially religious beliefs."

The scholarly anthologist was born in 1888, in North Salem, Indiana. His Ph.D. degree was received at Harvard in 1917. He served as a chaplain in the United States navy, during the Great War, and for seven years has been on the staff of Miami University.

WHAT'S IN THE NEW BOOKS?

The Following are not Critical Reviews, but Brief Notices, Some of Which are by Publishers' Readers in Advance of Publication

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT. *By Erich M. Remarque.* (*McC. & S.*) $2.00.

With total sales of this novel already about 800,000 copies, even before the appearance of the first U.S. edition, it is probable that the 1,000,000 mark will be reached by autumn. The Canadian edition is now ready. In England seven new editions appeared in April!

The author is 31 years old. He belongs to a family of French extraction that emigrated into Germany at the time of the French Revolution and settled in the Rhineland. At the age of 18 he went straight from school into the army and was sent to the Western Front. During the course of the war his mother died and all his friends were killed. At the end of the war he found himself alone in the world. His subsequent history is typical of the deep unrest that men of his generation experienced as a result of the war.

Last year he wrote down, without taking previous thought, his own and his friends' experience in the war. His book arose out of the consideration that so many men of his generation, who were yet still young, nevertheless lived a friendless, embittered, resigned life, without knowing why. He thought about his circumstance and came to the conclusion that we all to-day still suffer from the consequences of the war. The countless expressions of approval which his book has received in Germany prove that this diagnosis was correct. His book sets out to describe three things, the war, the fate of a generation, and true comradeship. And these things were the same in all countries.

* * *

HE HATED WOMEN

CRESCENDO. *By Ethel Mannin.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

This is the romance of a man who hated women. The personality of Gilbert Stroud was a never-ending paradox. Gusts of tumultuous love swept him off his feet, only to plunge him into a bitterness of disillusionment deeper than ever. His life was a swift crescendo of passions leading irresistibly to a dramatic climax. Ethel Mannin is a welcome change from the anaemic novelists. She has terrific vigor and vitality. She is a transpontine Aldous Huxley with a dash of Michael Arlen.

* * *

UNHOLY VIRGINS. *By Edna Walker Malcoskey.* (*McL.*) $2.00.

Although the title of Miss Malcoskey's novel may be regarded as somewhat sensational, the story itself is quite the reverse of that. It is really an unusually sane study of the problem which ensues when a marriage becomes involved in the eternal triangle.

The scene of the novel is Monte Carlo and other cities of the Mediterranean littoral. Sir Darrow Rutherford holds an English governmental post in the principality. Susanne and her sister are two orphaned American girls of wealth and social position who have come over for the season under the chaperonage of their aunt.

At first the novel appears to move in the anticipated way of triangular tales. The triangle forms, as such Euclidean figures do in life, and in fiction which reflects life; and the reader is only mildly curious as to the solution. And then, as the story proceeds, it is gradually borne in on him that the author is seriously concerned with seeing whether in the novelist's bag of tricks there may not lurk other answers to the riddle than is conventionally believed. Both Susanne and Darrow, without taking any mawkishly sentimental attitude toward their romance, come to the acceptance of the fact that the romantic motif has its limitations as a life principle. And the creator of these two engaging persons brings them to their conclusion without violating psychology or rupturing logic.

* * *

VISITORS TO HUGO. *By Alice Grant Rosman.* (*A.*) $2.00.

Hugo, to his great disgust, is a pampered invalid recovering from a serious accident that may leave him permanently crippled. With his university career over, his father apparently estranged, his visitors primed to be cheerful but non-commital, he has reason for gloom. Until Bunny appears. For Bunny

ALICE GRANT ROSMAN
Whose new novel, *Visitors to Hugo*, has just appeared.

knows what it's all about. She doesn't treat him as if he were Dresden china. She tells him things. And she helps him to become involved in a plot that is no less exciting because he, the centre of the intrigue, is chained to his bed. The two of them, who defy the stuffy world inhabited by Parents, plant the seeds of their plot well and bring happiness in the end to several others besides, of course, themselves.

The same rare quality that made *The Window* a best seller of 1928 appears again in Miss Rosman's new novel—the same charm, the same freshness, the same touch of gay humor, a new group of equally attractive characters, and a new plot as tender, as absorbing, as moving as the one that won this young author many thousands of delighted readers. And *Visitors to Hugo* marks a great advance over *The Window* in its striking originality of conception.

* * *

JIM THE CONQUEROR. *By Peter B. Kyne.* (*C. C. Co.*) $2.00.

In private life Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes was a rancher, a grand and spacious personality. In even more private life he was "Jimmy Higgins." Whatever he happened to be by name, he was Jim the Conqueror by nature. Roberta Antrim had red hair and ambitions and temperament to match. When "Jimmy Higgins" shot her uncle, even though he was a peculiarly superfluous sort of uncle, Roberta seemed to hear the call: "Go west, young woman!" Roberta, who was as east as Easthampton and twice as high-hat, responded. And the border country of Los Algodones, Texas, was never the same again. Writing about a country where men can say strong things without raising their voices, Kyne achieves his stirring climaxes and flashing contrasts without straining for effect. It is because his people and his backgrounds are real that they are also romantic.

* * *

THE ROMANTIC PRINCE. *By Raphael Sabatini.* (*McC. & S.*) $2.00.

Prince Anthony d'Egmont, Duke of Guelders, preserves the ideals of chivalry in an age of cruelty and greed. Betrothed to the beautiful Catherine de Bourbon, sister-in-law of Charles the Bold, he finds her unfaithful, and refuses to marry her, preferring to suffer exile and the anger of his sovereign.

In Flanders, Anthony falls in love with Johanna, the beautiful daughter of a Flemish merchant. His love is returned, and thereafter the story describes the turbulent course of their romance.

The rough and ready Charles and sly, shrewd, cruel Louis XI play great parts in the tale. The lovers are brave, gallant, and faithful. Mr. Sabatini never created a more dauntless heroine than Johanna nor a more dashing and romantic hero than Anthony d'Egmont.

* * *

WINDS OF DESIRE. *By Louise Gerard.* (*A. N. Co.*) $2.00.

Swift moving adventures of Audrey Marshall, who found both love and a buried treasure in the Brazilian jungle.

YOUNG MRS. GREELEY. *By Booth Tarkington.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

Mr. Tarkington portrays the tempest in a kitchenette which results when a beautiful blonde has her head turned by her husband's promotion, and an envious brunette allows her own husband's failure to progress to warp her reason. It is really a tale of two kitchenettes which continues to exploit the rich vein of suburban satire which Mr. Tarkington uncovered in *Women*, to which is added a little excursion into the social mechanics of the typical big business whose president regards his employees as "one big family." The author evokes a situation of unusual poignancy and emotional appeal. *Young Mrs. Greeley* is a shrewd piece of writing. It demonstrates that the American suburban woman is not only fair game for satire, but that her heart can ache and her emotions wreck human happiness as easily in a kitchenette as beneath the topless towers of a Trojan town.

* * *

WOLF SOLENT. *By John Cowper Powys.* 2 *Vols.* $5.00.

With the instantaneous success of *Wolf Solent*, John Cowper Powys reaches his destined day of ripe fulfillment. This is a novel that orchestrates on a colossal scale themes that are never old—the beauty of the English countryside, the ecstasies and degradations of lover and beloved, the thralldom of a mystic life illusion. It is a work for the winged mind and comprehending heart. Suspense is here from the first page to the last—the profound and subtle suspense of brooding mystery, projected lavishly on a philosophical plane. Warring with himself and with all the sacred and profane eternities, Wolf brings the battle—and story—to a final affirmative issue in which the reader inevitably will be a participant, not a spectator.

* * *

SHOP GIRL ADVENTURES

SATIN STRAPS. *By Maysie Greig.* (*L. G.*) $2.00.

The adventures of Jacqueline Grey, shop girl and model, provide material for an amusing tale.

Jacqueline's lips were warm and tremulous with laughter that always threatened. You felt that at heart she was adorably reckless and gay; that she had the essential mad qualities which make life the fascinating conflict it is.

And Jacqueline somehow manages to remain like this throughout the book. The adventures started on the evening that Jacqueline stepped out of Madame Heloise's shop in a "borrowed" gown. From then on three men dominated her life: Ted, an artist, who always wore a red and green tie to prove that he wasn't a gentleman; the Marquis de Rembon, eighty, who loved pretty things, including Jacqueline; and Bruce, handsome, and of society, but a frightful prig. In the end Jacqueline gets all her wishes, fame, wealth, social position and love, and in such an exciting fashion that it is fun to watch her.

MARION ISLE. *By H. Rider Haggard.* (*D.D.G.*) $2.00.

There are many amusing scenes and characters in this novel. In the beginning, at least, Andrew West is a distinctly humorous person, and there is a conventional happy ending, yet *Marion Isle* is a book touched with pain. Every now and then come glimpses of a belief that "everything is pathetic, since when it is not merely comic, the world is the home of pathos rounded off by tragedy." This latest romance has far less of fantasy and thrilling adventure, and far more of ordinary human experience, than one usually finds in the tales of the late Sir Rider Haggard.

* * *

BAD BOY MODEL 1929

DOWNFALL. *By Harold W. Brecht.* (*Mus.*) $2.00.

Malcolm Campbell is a freshman at the Spring City High School, Spring City, Pa. At the beginning of the book he is sent to spend a summer on a farm because his worried parents have caught him in petty lying and stealing, and he is developing a sulky, defiant attitude. Then in the high school, he becomes a star pitcher on the baseball team, a member on the Alpha Delta fraternity, and the idol of various little girls. His petting parties with these interest the author enormously. Presently Malcolm is successively put off the team for insubordination, thrown out of the high school fraternity, caught cheating in an effort to pass algebra, and generally trimmed down. The best part of all is the characterization of the parents.

* * *

TO LOVE AND TO CHERISH. *By Constance Travers Sweatman.* (*Mac.*) $2.00.

An interesting study of domestic difficulties which arise after ten years of married life. Mary Beaton saw her husband gradually drifting away from her, and was faced with the problem of whether to let him go or to fight for her own. Being a brave as well as a loving woman, she chose the latter course, and her story is one which has a lesson for every woman. Everything about the book is extremely real. All the characters are people who might live next door to us, and we enter into their lives as if we had known them intimately for years.

* * *

THE BELOVED PRODIGAL. *By James French Dorrance.* (*A. N. Co.*) $2.00.

Written out of the author's own experience, this fast moving and dramtically told romance of the Wheat Belt is full of thrills.

* * *

A GALLANT GENTLEMAN

DON CRISTOBAL. *By Ernest Goodwin.* (*Dodd.*) $2.00.

Spain, shortly after the expulsion of the Moors, is the scene of this gay and gallant story of a gentleman ready "to jest in the dawn with death," and not only in the dawn but at any other hour of the twenty-four. Endowed with a good sword, an adventurous spirit, a wit never so ready as at the time of greatest need, Don Cristobal de Zaurigi was the victim of his own generosity, to say nothing of his own impetuosity and such "expensive indiscretions as friendships with poor men, enthusiasms for shaky causes, indignation at injustices and other quixotic and high-flown notions." The story is delightfully told, and its very likable hero is a most welcome addition to our list of fictional acquaintances.

* * *

PERIL. *By Lloyd Osbourne.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.

The step-son and collaborator of Robert Louis Stevenson has written here a perfect detective story with an American setting. The scene is Long Island where the disappearance of a copper millionaire leads to murder and suicide theories. These are followed to Southern California and into Mexico in a series of thrilling episodes; the trail eventually leads back home to a climax discovery and the unravelling of a beautifully worked out plot.

* * *

A TAP ON THE SHOULDER. *By Morrison Dupree.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

Here is a murder mystery for readers who like brilliant writing, expert plot handling, and a problem whose clues are all laid out on the table to answer the question, Who committed the crime? No false leads, nothing concealed, yet you find it difficult to guess. Its atmosphere, centering in an old house in a New England city, reminds one of Stevenson's tales of London. Its increasing suspense makes it an ideal literary thriller. The author is a well-known writer and critic who knows the art of the detective story from motive to justice.

* * *

MERMAID AND CENTAUR. *By Rupert Hughes.* (*Mus.*) $2.00.

Zarna, diving-Venus of a street carnival, longs for the relief of the peaceful countryside; and Jason, giant young farmer, is attracted by her beauty and grace. But Zarna's circus lover would not be denied. So Jason fought with all his giant strength for Zarna's love. In portraying the combat for happiness in love between this mermaid and this centaur, Rupert Hughes creates a more dramatic and powerful atmosphere than in any of his previous novels. The story presents a conflict between two different backgrounds, the natural, quiet and even monotonous life on the farm, and the lure of the carnival and its applauding audiences.

* * *

MR. BILLINGHAM, THE MARQUIS AND MADELON. *By E. Phillips Oppenheim.* (*McC. & S.*) $2.00.

The author employs his usual suave style in exposing a series of swindling adventures engaged in by an ill-assorted trio at Monte Carlo. But of the three central characters one knows no more at the conclusion of the final tale than at the commencement of the volume and must rely for entertainment on a chain of bizarre situations, linked together by overtones of melodramatic suspense. Samuel T. Billingham, wealthy and retired American linoleum king in search of adventure, joins a penniless marquis and the latter's niece to play

a game of wits against the motley adventurers who are drawn to the gaming tables. The stories range from violent episodes of murder and sudden death, such as "Blood Money" and "The Numbers of Death," to humorous accounts of blackmailing in "The Stink Wizard" and "Mrs. Block Contributes." Incidentally, the somewhat unprincipled trio expend an immense amount of money in a Monte Carlo season and indulge in luncheons and dinners which Mr. Oppenheim has detailed with fidelity for the epicure.

* * *

A Wild Bird. *By Maud Diver.* (*R. P.*) $2.

The "Wild Bird" of Mrs. Diver's new novel is Eve Challoner, daughter of Colonel Ian Challoner, whose story was told in *Lonely Furrow.* In that book Eve made her first appearance as a child of twelve. The present book covers some eventful months of her life at the age of nineteen. Ardent, gifted and impatient of control, she is singularly attractive to those who understand her, and irritating to those who do not. Foremost among the uncomprehending is her own mother, from whom she breaks away very early in the book. The novel is essentially a study of one character, a temperament of budding genius, in its relation to many others and many changes of environment: first, the brilliant setting of Switzerland in winter, then England and the New Forest, and her eventful voyage to India, the country that draws her like a magnet, partly on its account, partly on account of her dead father, whose spirit, in a sense, pervades the book. The last half of the story is set in Peshawar and Kashmir, where the daughter of Sir Theo Desmond, V.C., and one of his young soldier grandsons, are among the principal characters. The core idea of the book is expressed in Tagore's line on the title page: "I seek what I cannot get. I get what I do not seek."

* * *

Eileen of the Trees. *By H. de Vere Stacpoole.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

This is a light and charming story of very young love. Pat Spence on a visit to his uncle and guardian, Lord Trevessa, catches sight of an extremely beautiful young girl with the most dejected feather in the world on her hat, whereupon Pat, who is probably the world's most complete idiot, decides to kidnap the girl, and astounding as it may seem actually succeeds in doing that very thing with delightful ensuing complications.

* * *

LOVE IN BOHEMIA

Small Beer. *By Phyllis Austin.* (*Col.*) $2.00.

They write, they paint, they sculpt and they play Brahms, do the naturally artistic Carey family and occasionally they fall in love. Upon the death of pater Carey, the five children set up a curious menage in their Hampsted home. They found out that love in Bohemia is never far removed from tragedy and the tragedy of this curious family is intensified as the story draws to an end. Miss Austin has exploited her intensely gripping and dramatic theme to the full.

Salty Ashore. *By Charles Westron.* (*Col.*) $2.00.

Oliver Trimble is a boatman who, for a quarter of a century, has gone down to the sea in rowing boats and learned a thing or two. After a hundred and one amusing adventures, so humorously described in *Salty, More Salty,* and *Combe Hamlet,* he has now extended his activities in his new capacity as "caddy-master up to the gorf-club." *Salty Ashore* tells of the further tribulations of this honest man who was so much misunderstood, and is, if anything, funnier than ever.

Oliver Trimble was really his name, *Salty* being the name of his boat; and he tells his own stories. *He is a real creation, witty, wise, wicked, quaintly and everlastingly conscious of his own importance . . . delightful rascal. "Salty" ought to be kept going for a long time.*

* * *

Why Do You Talk Like That? *By Richard Burton.* (*Mc. & S.*) $2.00.

Does your use of the English language become you both socially and in business? Keep this book close at hand and be sure of yourself. The Etiquette Book of good speech and good style.

* * *

To the Sun. *By Arista Fisher.* (*C. C. Co.*) $2.50.

This novel reports the life of Shakespeare from the time of his departure from Stratford to his final leave-taking of London. We follow an eager youth, whom life has already used roughly. After much waiting and odd jobs, James Burbage employs him as a man-of-all-work in the theatre at Shoreditch. He comes to know the violent and volatile Marlowe and helps him to patch an old play. The relationship is strained by Shakespeare's obviously flaming passion for Marlowe's mistress, the strange, desirous, haughty dame, Margaret Samaran.

Eventually Marlowe is killed and Margaret plays the part of the Dark Lady of the Sonnets. Shakespeare's passion is frustrated, but his plays for Burbage make London forget King Kit. A success, he visits Staffords to attend to Anne; Margaret haunts him. He works prodigiously. His pleasure is in drinking with Jonson and humorously answering his corrections of his plays. Life teems turbulently about him; he is the observer of its action. At length success brings him to Elizabeth and the court.

The gentle Will of reflection and the startling Margaret strike sparks which soar above this robust era. Only Southampton is obviously caricatured in this novel, a novel in which romance has magnificently come into its own. There is a portrayal of a man, his age and his love, which has been drawn with insight. Acceptable as any conception so far that we have of the nature of William Shakespeare, the book is full of glamour, and yet keeps its feet on the ground.

* * *

"If he had a family skeleton, he'd only hang it up in the hall and use it as a new kind of dinner gong."—From *Visitors to Hugo.*

Book Exchange and Collectors' Mart

Out-of-Print Books

Kespert, Charles, 62 Catawba St., Boston, Mass.; out-of-print books, catalogues. 7—9

Books Wanted

WANTED—Newton's Amenities of Book Collecting, Morley's Parnassus on Wheels, 1st eds.; Lindbergh's We, ltd. ed. Other modern 1st and ltd. eds. Dunbar, 32 Rowens St., Boston, Mass. 1

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: : : THE COLLECTOR : : :

Most people have the idea that, in order to collect books, a man must be a man of wealth. It is true that money, and a lot of it, is often a great requirement, even where collecting is limited to some particular field, as, for instance, early printed books or early Americana (or the matter of that, early Canadiana), or the first editions of such writers as Rudyard Kipling. As a rule, however, the man who possesses the collector's requirements—taste, judgment and, last but not least, knowledge—can bring together the books he wants without unduly straining himself. These remarks are apropos of a recent Chicago newspaper despatch to the effect that Tom Conolly, employed at the Auditorium for the past forty-two years as plasterer, and incidentally a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of England, is the reputed owner of one of the finest collections of rare books, playbills and autograph letters in the Windy City. One of the letters in Conolly's collection is the letter which Oliver Goldsmith, after being imprisoned for debt, wrote to Dr. Samuel Johnson, asking for aid, and which resulted in Johnson selling the manuscript of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* to a printer for £65, and thus enabling the unfortunate author to get out of jail.

* * *

The library of McGill University, Montreal, has just come into possession, through purchase, of the Strassburg 1497 complete edition of the *Hortus Sanitatis*, the great mediaeval natural history. The volume, which is one of the most valuable of early treatises on the subject, contains sections on plants, animals, birds, fish and precious stones, and is illustrated with hundreds of woodcut drawings, all carefully colored. The sections on animals include some of the legendary creatures, such as the unicorn, serpents with human heads, fire-breathing animals and three-headed serpents, while among other birds are the phoenix and human-headed birds. McGill Library already possessed a portion of the 1511 edition, published in Venice. It also owns the earliest Arabic treatise on the subject of natural history, the *Muzhat Nama*, which is very similar in plan to the *Hortus Sanitatis*.

* * *

A presentation copy of Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*, dated 1859, and inscribed by the author: "To George Eliot, with high admiration and regard," was sold at Sotheby's auction rooms, in London, on June 5, for £1,180, Gabriel Wells, the New York dealer, being the purchaser. The volume was sold by order of Mrs. Edward Hanson, a granddaughter of George Henry Lewes.

Seventeen unpublished autograph letters by Lord Byron, written to Edward Dawkins, British Charge d'Affaires at Florence, Italy, were sold at Hodgkins' Galleries in London, on June 20, to Gabriel Wells, the New York bookseller, for £1,700. The original manuscript of Coleridge's *Three Graves*, parts one and two, with a letter from Swinburne referring to "this relic of one of the greatest among all poets" also went to Wells for £590.

* * *

The library of Duke Georgi von Leuchtenberg, great-grandson of Eugene Beauharnais, a step-son of Napoleon, who made him Duke of Leuchtenberg, was sold at auction in Berlin on April 15, when the famous Italian manuscript by Livius Andronieus, containing ten books on the second Punic War, with beautifully painted initials, was purchased by Bernard Quaritch, of London, for 30,000 marks (1,500 pounds). *A Book of Miniatures* from the collection of Anugar Schoppenmeyer, comprising no fewer than 310 tablets, with copies of the most interesting book paintings of mediaeval Europe, not belonging to the Leuchtenberg collection, was sold at the same sale for 24,000 marks (1,200 pounds).

* * *

Announcement is made of the publication of an important book of Western interest, *History of the Columbia River Valley* from *The Dalles to the Sea*, by Fred Lockley, of Portland, Ore. This history of the Oregon country, which consists of 1,105 pages, contains much matter which has never before appeared in print. The following chapter headings give some idea of its scope: "Discovery of Columbia River," "Indians of the Columbia River Valley," "Myths and Traditions of the Columbia River Indians," "Early Navigation Company," "Formation of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company," "Geology of the Columbia River," "When Gold Dust Was Legal Tender," "Stage Coach Days," "History of the Hudson Bay Company."

* * *

Enter, former King Manuel of Portugal, bibliographer! The former monarch, since the revolution in which he lost his throne, has occupied himself in assembling a collection of books in various languages printed in Portugal and books in Portuguese printed outside of Portugal, between 1489 and 1600. The collection is declared now to be the most complete in private hands, and to excel even many public collections, and the first volume of a profusely illustrated bibliography of it, Manuel's own work, is shortly to appear. The volume, which describes books printed between 1489

and 1339, will be followed by a second, which will carry the study to 1575, and a third will bring it up to 1600.

* * *

Seven thousand volumes, the result of a lifetime spent by the late Sir William Osler in collecting works on science and medicine, have been finally placed on the shelves of the Osler Memorial Library at McGill University medical building, Montreal, and are now available to the general public. The books, which are declared to form one of the most important collections of their kind ever housed in one library, some of the earliest dating back to 1469, were shipped from England last fall and are now housed in a large room on the third floor of the medical building adjacent to the regular library. Incidentally an endowment fund totalling $50,000 has been donated by Lady Osler to provide for the maintenance and extension of the library from time to time.

* * *

What is beyond all question the most thoroughly representative and comprehensive exhibition ever held relating to Charles Dickens, his life and works, was opened at the New York Public Library on May 1, and will remain on public view until Aug. 31. The express purpose of the exhibition is to give a view of Dickens' life activities from the time when, as an 18-year-old reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons, his first love affair ended disastrously, to the day when he laid down his pen for the last time on his desk in the Swiss chalet at Gad's Hill; and that purpose is achieved in the fullest degree. Practically a complete assemblage of Dickens' first issues is shown for the first time, together with a truly amazing collection of original manuscripts, autograph letters, etc., of the highest interest, not to mention a wonderful array of personal relics of the author. The manuscripts include a portion of the first known manuscript in Dickens' hand, a burlesque called *O'Thello,* written in 1833, before anything from his pen had appeared in print; a portion of the original manuscript of *The Pickwick Papers,* only a few pages of which are in existence, and the complete manuscripts of *A Christmas Carol, The Cricket on the Hearth,* and *The Battle of Life,* while the autograph letters include the earliest known, some written to Henry Kolle, a young friend, the first dated 1830. Not the least interesting feature of the exhibition is an extraordinary assemblage of early American editions of Dickens' works, many of them much rarer than the English editions of the same works, and among them a number heretofore unrecorded.

Documents claimed to be worth £300,000 because they are from the hand of, or shed an important light on the life of the composer, Richard Wagner, are announced to have been found in a safety deposit box, in London, where they had lain for more than thirty years, by the U.S. playwright, Philip Hurn. The papers include no less than 600 letters, including 150 to his first wife, Minna; an unpublished Wagmerian opera and many music scores.

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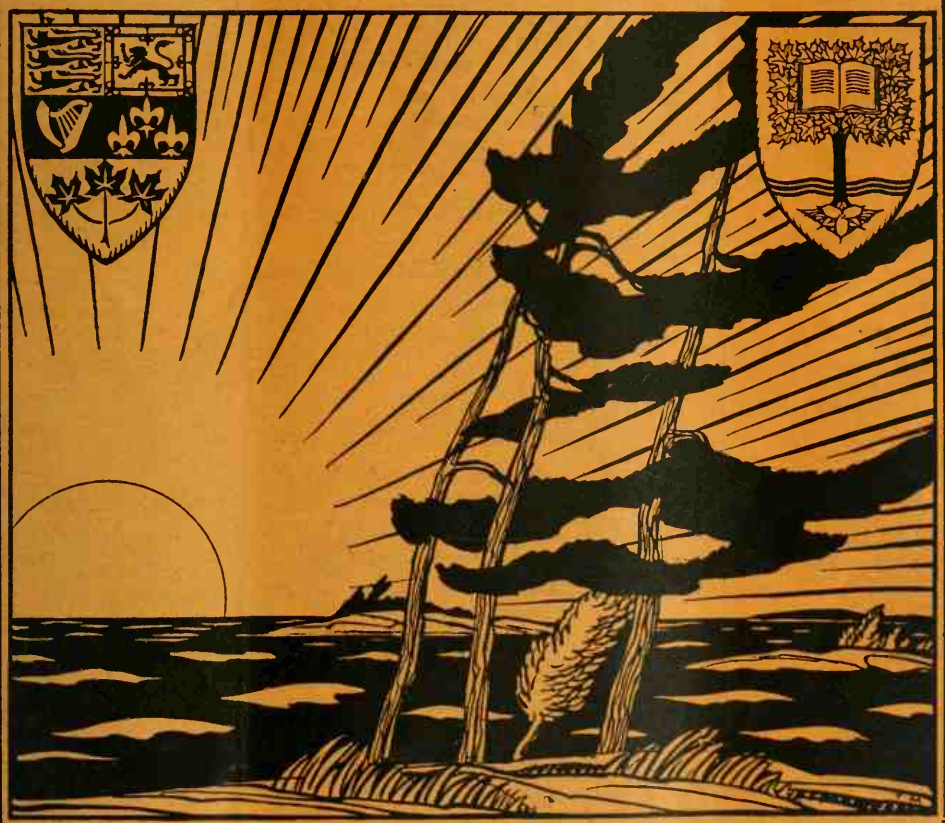

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Vol. XI. No. 8 TORONTO, AUGUST, 1929 25c. a Copy $2.00 a Year

The Poetry of Annie Charlotte Dalton

An Appreciative Study

BY A. ERMATINGER FRASER

THE work of Mrs. Dalton has appeared at intervals during the past twenty years in a succession of very small volumes not widely circulated—some of them, indeed, privately printed. No one of these is fairly representative of the varied range of her thought, nor of the unusual number of contrasts that her style presents to the eye of a student. A few of the more discerning writers in Canada and in England have given her poetry considerable praise; indeed, she possesses letters of appreciative comment from so eminent a man of letters as the late Stopford Brooke, and from A. C. Benson, poet, essayist, and Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge.

Birth and early life in Yorkshire gave Mrs. Dalton not only loyal love for England, but associations of literary culture which are sometimes lacking to writers who have spent their entire lives in the Overseas Dominions. English verse of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has held particular fascination for her, and a large part of her work shows deft adaptations to modern use of the folk-rhythms of the early carols, of the ballad-mannerisms, and also of the intricate forms which delighted the lyricists of Tudor and Stuart times. As preface to the little suite of poems entitled "Corydon," she begins:

> "Of old when Master Campion sung,
> And good Queen Bess did reign,
> The minstrel's harp was finer strung
> To an immortal strain."

It is interesting to compare, just for observation, this set of varied songs, ditties and dialogue-poems after the manner of that little-known Elizabethan, Thomas Campion, with Duncan Campbell Scott's "Variations Upon a Seventeenth-Century Theme." Mrs. Dalton uses the metres skilfully and sometimes obtains the quaint lilt character-

istic of the period; Scott takes a theme from Henry Vaughan—the brief sweetness of the spring primrose—and, like an expert musician, employs this strain as motif for each of ten poems of contrasting period-styles. The work of each writer is well worthy of note by those supercilious souls given to remarking that nothing produced in Canada shows trace of "literary background." One passage, striking in its condensed simplicity, and illustrating the Elizabethan influence in Mrs. Dalton's work, runs thus:

"This Death
Who bates our passing breath,
Disburdens us:
Quiets us,
Sighing of sleep . . .
With sleep he seals our eyes,
And doth us keep
In dreams till morning-rise."

A quarter of a century's residence in Vancouver has given this writer a second motherland; in "Listening-In," she chants ardently of the beauty of Canada, and of the promise of its future:

"My country! I who may not go
The venturous way thy lovers know,
Who, timid traveller, have but seen
Green fringes of thy wide demesne . . .
In quietness I sing my love,
My love of all her frozen crests
That know no comrade but the stars . . .

She sees in vision: "The promise and the aureole
Attendant on her star-rimmed morn;" she honors all
"Those heroic ones who strove
And gave her glory, honor, love."

Her last-issued little chap-book, "The Call of the Carillon," is intensely Canadian in spirit throughout.

In contrast to her interest in the seventeenth century lyrics, is Mrs. Dalton's proccupation with problems of evolution in her longer poems, "Flame and Adventure," and "God's Spies"; and the fascination that she finds in the possibilities of modern invention. She says:

"Our labored air-ships through the cirrus glide."

She notes regretfully that:

"No slender wireless tops our roof,
No strange magicians there are found,
Weaving with unseen warp and woof
Their scintillating web of sound."

Of the patient research of science, she has this fine passage:

"We shun the fields of sleep,
And give our irrecoverable ease
To grope among the quagmires of disease. . . .
With uneventful labor, hard and long,
We sound Thy infinitesmal atoms' scope. . . .
We leash the spectral serpents of Thy sky;
We weigh Thy suns, and track the sweeping throng
Of unseen universes; we defy
Immeasurable separation, and we scale
Life's farthest peak. Far, far, we sail
On perilous waters, void of tide or breeze,
Intrepid pioneers of unknown argosies."

"Flame and Adventure" has been criticised on account of its length, and because the poetic fervor is not fully sustained throughout. This is not to be wondered at, in the work of one who attempts the greatest subject in the world, even—

"To justify the ways of God to man."

Milton wrote his own version of what older theologians called the Fall of Mankind; this poem treats the slow rising humanity by what modern thinkers name the process of Evolution. Then— .

"At the appointed hour
The Greek brought beauty, and the Roman, power;
The Jew, tradition; God gave light and shower—
So grew and blossomed Love's immortal Flower. . . .
Jesus has lived and died for love, and lo!
Tho' Roman torches flare and flame afar,
In Appian catacombs is hidden a Star!"

Instead of picturing the Almighty only as the stern Judge, this poet remembers the words to the faithful servants, "Enter thou into the joy of Thy Lord," and sees in a vision the great gathering in the New Jerusalem:

"And to the Festival I saw deploy
The Grand Adventurers, true Knights of Joy.
They sang of stirring deeds, of star-gulfs crossed,
Of dusky, unknown shadows chased and lost:
Of deserts, with their daily caravan
Of precious secrets, treasure-trove for man.
When, one by one, the thrilling tales were told,
God, who had listened, laughed—His laughter rolled
A generous stream of tender, pure delight—
His heart was with each bold and wandering Knight."

There is in this poetry a vigorous freedom from conventions, and sometimes a daring independence. Of the Divine power stirring in human hearts, there are these words:

"Thy Spirit goeth on its quest,
Frees, troubles, tortures, and consoles.
With seeming inexhaustible caprice,
With charm, simplicity, Thou dost estrange
Us from familiar things, and so release
Eternal hope, eternal change."

Another strain is added to the great "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" of believing souls throughout past ages:

"Glory to Thee in the lowest!
From cell to cell Thou goest,
From atom to atom Thou growest—
Through vapor and fire,
Through rain madly lashing,
Through earthquake and mire,
Through sunbeams outflashing—
The simple heart Thou movest,
The reeling mind Thou provest,
The groping soul Thou lovest,
Glory to Thee in the lowest!"

Here and there one might carp at a phrase where metrical effect and strict meaning appear to conflict; where rhyme or sentence-construction seem slightly forced; or might indicate that at times a burst of ecstasy transcends the logical continuity of the poem. But when one considers that the author's extreme deafness cuts her off to a large degree from the particular kind of criticism most helpful to any creative mind; namely, the dubious tone, the slightly hesitating inflection, arising in discussion with congenial friends which, rather than formal comment, often sets the writer a-thinking over his own work—the wonder is rather that there are so few points at which to cavil.

That wise and tender Brother of the Common Way, Thomas à Kempis, said long ago, "If thou carry the cross, it shall carry thee, and bring thee to thy desired country." The deprivation of ordinary hearing since she was a child of seven, has the more thrown Mrs. Dalton upon the resources of her own strong soul, and given an unusual strain of independence, original force, and fine sincerity to her work. She has used her own sense of frustration from this affliction to write with the poignant sympathy of the unspoken sorrows of deaf little children, and of the tragedy of young men deafened during the Great War. One of the most striking of these poems points out how infinitely more terrible is the destruction by war of human possibilities than that of the most lovely treasures of architecture, such as those shattered at Rheims and Arras.

"Mourn not for ruined things of stone;
Are they not beautiful in death?
Again they will arise and take thy breath
With beauty; even now the wild birds build
And sing in spring;

"And hark! among the ruins the rude shouts
Of careless youth—strong winds bring bouts
Of volleying freshness to the mouldering walls;
The workmen's hammers ring,
The workmen sing
Sweet madrigals.

"But mourn, oh! mourn for this frail thing of bone,
This Daedal labyrinth, this ruined shell,
Wherein delights were wont to dwell—
For them what scapegoat can atone?
These delicate mysteries, divinely spun,
Echo no more to hammer, lute, or gun.

"Life at its best, a birdless bower,
Life at its worst, the dungeon in a tower—
So well the work of hate in man is done.
O lonely prisoned soul! not heaven nor hell
Again may build for thee thy aural shell,
Wherein delight and thou wert wont to dwell."

Mrs. Dalton's book, "The Silent Zone," has brought her into correspondence with the Guild of St. John of Beverley for the Deaf in England, and with people suffering from this deprivation in many other parts of the world.

Her work is far from being all of a serious or pathetic nature; she has written gay parodies, and fantasies of rollicking, colloquial jingles or rhyme, such as "Pluto's Horn." Pluto's deafness is aided by an ear-trumpet.

"Again with canny wit,
he took the horn,
took the horn and tucked the tip,
let it slip
far into his other ear,
listened, listened, listened,
and raised a rousing cheer.
A very triumph of a trumpet!
It put all Hades in a fit
to see how prettily he bore it,
to see how finely, too, he wore it
in his royal ear—
a triumph of a trumpet, it was clear.
Ixion on his wheel
gave a delighted squeal,
Salmoneous and Tityus,
Sisyphus and Tantalus
(as though it were Horatius)
could not forbear to cheer."

Some charming short poems dwell upon the throbbing beauty of that rhythm of color which is akin to the melody of musical sounds. "Wild Larkspur," one of the best-known of Mrs. Dalton's poems, expresses this idea most clearly.

"I look into the face
Of this wild larkspur,
And see a vision,
A holy place.
I hear in color, curve and petal,
All songs that ever were,
With nought of sweet precision,
Or rote of chorister;
Nor string, nor reed, nor metal
Could weave such gossamer.
Not to be told, or tempted
To strangling theme or form,
This flower-music, law-exempted,
Doth take my heart by storm."

The power of light, shadow and movement to give something of the effect of musical rhythm is strikingly brought out in "The Beach."

"He stands upon the beach alone,
Wrapped in that inner twilight gloom
Where light is sound, and action's joys atone
For the silence of a tomb.

"His eye watches the curling wave,
So, when its curves are lost in foam,
Snatches the music that the ripples gave,
Carries the cadence home."

From those who have had the privilege of knowing Mrs. Dalton among her friends, or in her own home, her bright personality wins ever-increasing admiration. Deafened, enfeebled in movement, frail in health, yet by her sunny vivacity, she becomes the centre in whatever room she enters, of all the young people present, who gather about her—to quote a phrase from a quaint poem of her own—as round one "who brought honey-bees to Babylon . . . or who wove beauty's veils in Avignon."

"I see a zone—a silent zone . . .
A busy spirit dwelleth there . . .
Weaving music rich and rare
Behind her silent barrier—
Who to pity her shall dare?"

CHECK LIST

The Marriage of Music.
Flame and Adventure.
Christmas Carols.
The Ear Trumpet.
The Silent Zone.
The Call of the Carillon.

Bird Visitors to the City

By C. F. Lloyd

PERHAPS the most effective reply to that hoary platitude that God made the country while man made only the town, takes the form of a trenchant question. Who made man? This is hoisting the engineer with his own petard. Without the city there can be no civilization worth the name. The very word civilization implies the organization of men into a corporate body, living in a city as well as cultivating the surrounding country, exercising political rights, practising the arts, and worshipping the gods. Una civitas communis deorum atque hominum. The man who insists on burying himself in the country and knowing nothing about the city or any of its multitudinous activities is a barbarian: but for all that the country is a sweet place in summer.

This train of thought, which at first sight appears to have nothing to do with our feathered friends, the birds, was excited by seeing a prairie chicken suddenly sail over the telephone wires in front of my house to alight in my back garden where it crouched for some ten minutes, fearful and trembling, under the broad leaves of the rhubarb. Then as swiftly as it came it sprang with a sibilant whir of wings into the gold and blue of the August afternoon to disappear beyond the brown roof of a neighboring house. What became of this shy and most infrequent visitor to city gardens, I wonder? Did it find its way out of the smoke and noise rising among packed buildings from the rapid stream of motors, street-cars and dogs hurrying along the labyrinth of streets, back once more into the peace and comparative security of the country or did it fall a victim to a telephone wire or some boy with a twenty-two? I don't know what became of the little creature, but what I do know is that it set my mind free, like a kite flung to the wind, to wander back across the centuries to a time when there were no cities and then forward into a strange, problematical future, to another time when there may be almost no country as we know it to-day.

Just what man may yet do towards carrying out that ancient, somewhat vague command to subdue the earth is more than I care to even guess, but that the work is not nearly complete is at any rate fairly obvious. I suspect that not only the larger animals but many of the existing races of men are destined to disappear in the long procession of the centuries. Many places now desert will ultimately blossom like the rose while a few more highly cultivated may return to the primeval wilderness, owing to climatic changes unfavorable to human life. Funicular railways will be built up to the summits of many mountains as yet unprofaned by the chatter of tourists. Only the deepest depths of the ocean will probably remain undisturbed by man's importunate presence and I would not care to guarantee even their inviolability for a thousand years.

I trust that whatever scientific and mechanical progress our

kind may make in the future they will become, with the passage of time and the growth of culture, progressively more humane, more intelligently kind, not only to their own species but also to their dumb friends of fur and feather, aye and of scale and fin too, whose lot is even harder than ours, who have few laws to protect them and cannot speak for themselves except with their eyes, so much more eloquent in their silent appeal to our better nature than the tongues of our best advocates. The man who can be deliberately cruel to animals will ever be suspect to me on more counts than one. He has attained a depth of brutishness that I do not care to look into. I would not trust him with my purse or the honor of my women or my own life. So far as I am concerned such a man is outside the pale. It is regrettable that whenever men and women want to justify any vile abomination they can always bring forward the devil's pet plea, necessity, or excuse it on the ground that it will be good for the victim. Thank God women no longer cover their hats with the dismembered bodies of slain birds.

To see wild birds at their best one must of course not only visit the country but spend some time in it, exercising great judgment and infinite patience in searching out and waiting for the shy little beauties whose songs are as great a delight to every refined ear as their habits to the eye lucky enough to have an opportunity of studying them. It is comparatively easy to hear the clear, liquid notes, sweeter than Patti's own, of the hermit thrush, but to catch even a fleeting glimpse of the sequestered songster requires time, effort, skill, patience, a quick eye, a loving devotion to the object of one's search, things not often met with in these days when the ideal of democracy seems to consist of travelling at ninety miles an hour between one source of discontent and another.

My prairie chicken of the garden is indeed an infrequent visitor to the dusty purlieus of my own street, but there are other bird callers galore, quite as well worth greeting and not nearly so shy as this speckled elf of the wide plains, first cousin to my old friend, the wood partridge, whose drumming woke the echoes of my favorite Ontario woods more than a score of years ago and still rings through my dreams.

I often wake on a midsummer morning and look out of the window to the lawn to surprise a wild canary, flashing back and forth, like a sunbeam, among the dark leaves of lilac and maple. Stupid beyond the stupidity of Fabre's processional caterpillars must be the human being who can derive any pleasure from confining this exquisite bird visitor to our summer gardens to a cage. The tame canary is born to captivity and never has known the sweet perils of freedom. He may be kept behind bars but this wild cousin never. Robbed of liberty the bird born to enjoy the free air of heaven would pine and die in a week. What if some scouting hawk does catch and kill the yellow beauty; better die on the wing than rot in unnatural security.

A much rarer visitor to our city gardens, seen only on hot, still afternoons in late July or early August, is the ruby-throated hummingbird, that fiery jewel in the great diadem of life, most exquisite perhaps of all living things, the quintessence of courage and grace, shyness and swiftness, delicate perfection of form and dazzling brightness of color. It is very difficult to approach this tiny tropic tourist closely enough to obtain any idea of its surpassing loveliness, but with patience it may be managed. A little friend, now dead, possessed some strange power of attraction for these wild, bird visitors to our garden and would often call me softly to see a hummingbird or canary sipping honey from a spoon held in the hollow of her hand. It may seem strange that I should attribute courage to the hummingbird. I never saw it attack the eagle, as it is said to do, but one Sunday afternoon I saw a catbird swoop upon one, perhaps mistaking the tiny creature for a butterfly. In an instant the hummingbird had what aviators call the favorable position and was making feathers fly from its fierce enemy's head and neck. I never saw a bully routed more quickly and effectually. The battle won, the little beauty returned triumphant to its interrupted task of sipping honey from a row of scarlet snapdragon.

Crows can hardly be called visitors to the city since they hang about the trees bordering our rivers all summer, nesting within a few hundred yards of bridges over which street cars are continually passing. I never saw his black majesty in my garden, but one morning I did surprise a pair of blue-jays. Seen flashing in and out among the clean stems of young firs on a clear winter morning, after a fresh fall of snow, the jay is a beautiful sight, a winged sapphire.

The wren, the yellow-hammer, the crested fly-catcher, the blackbird, the red-headed woodpecker, the tit and the brown thrasher are all occasional visitors to my garden and may be seen even in the centre of the city. The robin has become almost as much a city bird as the ubiquitous, impudent sparrow, but not so the crossbill. Only twice during the past six years have I heard the subdued twittering of a flock of crossbills among the elms on the boulevard. They are an attractive little bird, active, as all small birds are, with a peculiar, low, cheerful note suggestive of contented industry, not unrewarded by grubs and seeds. Another infrequent visitor who swirls into our streets on wild November afternoons, accompanied by a flock of his fellows, blown, like dead leaves, before the wind, is the snow-bunting, herald of the approaching snow-storm.

Some day the city will grow too big and noisy for wild birds to visit anymore and then there will pass from our streets and roofs and gardens something of grace and beauty that we can ill afford to lose, for what is a garden without birds? When that day comes we shall be grateful for the little brown sparrow for consenting to remain among our dehumanized crowds. Like the poor the sparrow will be always with us, in spite of cats.

It is Reported THAT—

—the Poetry Group of the Canadian Authors Association, Montreal Branch, whose Poetry Year Book scored such a distinct success this year, will have an even larger book next year. This is clearly indicated by what has already been accomplished. This year's edition is now almost sold out.

* * *

—an exceptionally active year is in store for the Canadian Literature Club of Toronto, a season's programme of exceptional interest and attractiveness having already been arranged.

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—a prize of $2,500 for the best manuscript or book suitable for inclusion in the Modern Library for Boys and Girls has been announced by the publisher of that series, Mr. Horace Liveright, 61 W. 48th St., New York City.

* * *

—liberal prizes are being offered by the Drama League of America in conjunction with Longmans, Green & Co., for (1) the best full length play; (2) the best one-act Christmas play; (3) the best full length religious play. Entries will be accepted up to Dec. 31, 1929.

* * *

—*All Quiet on the Western Front* has achieved sales that give it a world record as a best seller. There has been quite a large demand from the U.S. for copies of the Canadian edition, but it is banned from that market, certain passages having been eliminated from the book as published in that country. The book, as sold in Canada, is the same as in England.

* * *

—Miss Edith G. Bayne, formerly of Toronto, where she did free lance work, is having notable success as a playwright. Two of her plays have been translated into French by Professor Raoul Dupre, of Paris. They were selected, from a large number entered in a competition, owing to their "originality and sparkling dialogue." The French titles are "Papillon D'Or" (Golden Butterfly) and "Les Filles du Soleil" (Children of the Sun). The first is tragedy—a star of the London stage; the second portrays a Jewish family travelling to Canada, land of promise. Miss Bayne had already made a success with a play called "Wampum" which ran for a season in London.

$10,000 Prize Competition

A $10,000 first novel prize contest is announced by Longmans, Green & Company, open also to any author who has never published a novel which had sold more than 5,000 copies. The first prize is $7,500, of which $2,500 is an outright prize independent of royalties, while the remaining $5,000 is an advance payment on the royalty account. In case the first prize is won by an author who has had a previous novel published, there will be a second prize of $2,500 for a first novel. This second prize will not be awarded if the first prize is won by a first novel. If it is awarded, it will be an advance on account of royalties. All manuscripts must be submitted under pen names to Longmans, Green & Company, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, before December 1, 1929.

Requests for further information should be sent to the same address. The names of the judges in this contest will be announced later.

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The Barrier

By Evangeline Sabine

MY punishment is just. I might have known,
I should have read the secret in his eyes.
I am no child, I am a woman grown.
The lonely years—they have not made me wise.
I should have known, and, by some word or sign,
Have brought this growing folly to an end.
Not led him on to break his heart—and mine.
I thought that I could keep him as a friend,
Because I could not bear to let him go.
I know my heart at last. Too well I know!

How could he dream that I should be his wife?
I, whom the years have buffeted and torn!
My age would fetter all his gay young life
'Till he should grow to think of me with scorn
As that which kept him from life's highest plane.
His soul would chafe with longing to be free;
Yea, almost would he count it as a gain
To see the dark grave closing over me.
And yet it rends my heart to let him go,
Oh, boy-of-mine, I love you, love you so!

Yet must I send him from me with a smile
As if this incident were naught to me.
It is the only way. Though for a while
He'll grieve that I could so ungentle be.
Ah, yes, it is the only way to take,
For, did he ever dream my smile concealed
Such anguish, ah! his pleading then would break
My opposition down, and I should yield.
Then strengthen me to never let him know!
O, God, I love him so! I love him so!

THIS THING CALLED LOVE. *By Louis Arthur Cunningham. Montreal: (Carrier).* $2.50.
Reviewed by John W. Garvin.

Mr. Cunningham is a young author who has already won quite wide distinction in fictional writing. He is a Master of Arts, a graduate of Saint Joseph's College, Memramcook, New Brunswick. He took post-graduate work in Washington, D.C., and later at Notre Dame, where for a time he was an instructor in French. Hence he has high scholarly attainment with his undoubted natural gift as a novelist. Three of Canada's best known writers are natives of New Brunswick: Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman and Theodore Goodridge Roberts; and if Mr. Cunningham is also a native of that province, as is to be inferred, then the trio became a quartette.

This is Mr. Cunningham's second novel: the first, *Yvon Tremblay*, I have not yet read.

The plot of *This Thing Called Love* involves an unusual triangle and has much to do with sexual passion. Graham Starr, a young man of culture and refinement and a novelist of repute, has for years enjoyed the companionship of Denise Raye, a girl pure of heart and with a brilliant mentality. They have been close friends, but not lovers. But Esther Pym, a Magdalen, beautiful and with much lure for men, appears on the scene, and Starr is irresistably attracted. This awakens passion in Denise and she resolves to hold Graham at any cost. Varick, a philosophical artist, attracts Denise temporarily and they become engaged; but because of her love for Graham he fails to gain her consent to marriage.

Although she does not know him to speak to, Starr has inspired in the heart of Esther a holy flame of passion that burns away all craving for defilement and redeems her to a life of purity and hard ill-paid toil. To her he is a god among men—another Christ. But Graham is unaware of this, and he desires her for sensual gratification only.

Out of such a triangle what can come but tragedy? And with psychological discernment the author evolves the characters and the plot, the interest of the reader ever increasing, until the fatal dénouement.

But however well-written, have we not had a surfeit of novels with over emphasis placed on the unclean side of the sex relationship? Is it not time that the sacredness of such relationship—union for birth or rebirth of immortal souls—should be given thoughtful emphasis? Because of the measure of free will given him, man has fallen far below the animals in carnal mateship, and in every community may be found the offspring of sin. In all that pertains to sex and parentage, must there not be a spiritual regeneration before man can attain to his highest destiny—to the fullness of communion with Infinite Life?

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A CANADIAN THRILLER

HIGH HAZARD. *By Robert Watson. New York and Montreal: Louis Carrier & Co.* $2.00.
Reviewed by John W. Garvin.

In this volume, Robert Watson, of Winnipeg, gives us as entertaining a novel of adventure as any reader, surfeited with much fiction, can possibly desire. Two women tourists, their curiosity aroused, allow themselves to be lured into the heavily scented precincts of a Chinese opium den in Vancouver. They are in serious danger, but are rescued by the hero of the story, who has taken passage on the same steamer, *Lady Rathlin.* This vessel plies up the west shore of Canada and Alaska and through Bering Strait to the Arctic Sea, carrying supplies to the villagers along the route. The love interest began in the opium den. There are desperate fights between husky rivals, maddened by jealousy. There is loss of life through forsaking the ship, caught in an Arctic ice-pack, in their endeavor to reach another, some miles distant. The hero and two heroines are saved by returning to the steamer, and later reaching an unknown island. Here are found a dilapidated cabin, a skeleton, written records, and a box of gold nuggets; and farther inland, a volcanic mountain in a quiescent state, but with miles of heated underground passages where prehistoric giants still live. Also there are prehistoric elephants seen in a certain valley. Adventures with these unexpected neighbors are realistic and thrilling in the extreme, and one of them leads to disaster. "The villain in the play," a notorious crook, arrives in an airplane, and a few months later, after a drunken bebauch, and failure in a nefarious attempt to commit a crime, he departs in similar manner. Ultimately, after two years of many vicissitudes, some of them nerve-wracking, the true lovers reach civilization again, from where their telegraphed story thrills the continent.

Raconteur's Gesture

EVANGELICAL COCKROACH. *By Jack Woodford.* (*Carrier.*) $2.50.

In a vain and somewhat superfluous but nevertheless amusing prefatory "gesture" Mr. Woodford declares there is not a magazine in America that would dare to publish most of the stories which he has included in this collection. The implication is that the stories are too frank, too realistic and true to life, to suit the needs of flaccid editors who must publish only "sugar-coated" short stories, warily selecting manuscripts with one eye on the advertising department lest they offend present or prospective advertisers and the other on their readers, who are readily incensed by literary raw meat unless it is decently garnished and sauced.

The picture Mr. Woodford presents of the average editor is not a flattering one, and his attitude is decidedly ungrateful in view of his admission that some sixty editors have published over a thousand of his short stories. If any of the forty stories in this volume were rejected by magazine editors, the reason is not far to seek; and it does not lie in the fact that the stories are greatly daring and unconventional in subject matter. For they are not. Stories far more "shocking," but of greater literary value, have appeared in American magazines. Many of Mr. Woodford's stories are exceedingly raw, it is true; but their rawness is due to crudeness of expression and vulgarity of concept.

A few of the least offensive of these stories might perhaps have been printed in *Smart Set* in the old days when that magazine was edited by H. L. Mencken. But there is no market for them to-day among magazine editors for the simple reason that they are essentially too cheap and trivial to hold the interest of intelligent readers and too sketchy and journalistic in style to make them acceptable to editors of the "I Confess" magazines which Mr. Woodford so scornfully derides.

But in subject matter, if not in style, nearly every one of these tales is a "true story" in skeletonized form. Mr. Woodford's mind, one concludes, is excessively preoccupied by thoughts of beautiful but coarse young women who get picked up on Chicago's boulevards, married women of that common or backyard variety who flirt with the ice-man, and the juvenile bad habits of growing boys and bachelors old enough to know better. In short, most of the stories in this volume are the smoking-room tales of a travelling salesman and commercial "go-getter," told with the nerve of a facile news reporter.

Mr. Woodford is unquestionably a clever writer. Only a clever writer could use so many large and unusual words in simple passages of prose that is otherwise painfully colloquial in phraseology. While these stories were designed primarily to appeal to the pseudo-sophisticated morons at whom Mr. Woodford frequently jeers, his vocabulary would probably embarrass a college president. But in spite of his great show of erudition, the author violates more than the precepts of good taste. He writes "syprian" for Cyprian and "apographa" where he undoubtedly means apocrypha, and there are numerous solecisms and lapses in grammatical construction. But a generously disposed reader may attribute these errors to carelessness and hasty composition rather than to authorial illiteracy. That these stories were written in haste and revised even more hastily there can be no doubt: they are forty beyond a thousand. A confessedly pedantic reviewer cannot, however, forgive Mr. Woodford for employing in one of his brummagem *contes* the word "brummagem" as a noun when any diligent student of Webster knows it should be used as an adjective. In trying to impress the reader with his knowledge of words, Mr. Woodford has strained at a gnat and disgorged a gnu. This childish and annoying desire to "show off" is perhaps characteristic of a news-reporter whose never too modest ego has been unduly inflated by having his stories appear in no less than sixty periodicals.

Like other writers trained in the school of journalistic hard-knocks, Mr. Woodford possesses a flair for popular titles, and *Evangelical Cockroach* will undoubtedly net large royalties for the author and larger profits for the publisher—which is exactly what Mr. Woodford intended. But the book will be read with enjoyment and praised only by that mass of morons whom Mr. Woodford, for occult reasons, pretends to despise.

PAUL DONALD.

* * *

A Book of Broken Men

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT. *By Erich Maria Remarque. Translated from the German by A. W. Wheen. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.* $2.00.

There are still a great many people who prattle, not always with the purest motives, about the next war. War-mindedness still lingers, in Canada as elsewhere, as a form of patriotism, of loyalty to those who fell in the last great struggle. They laid down their lives, we said, that others might live. It was a heroic sentiment, very consoling to fathers and mothers and profiteers at home—to those who might live. But in the front line trenches heroic sentiments did not seem so important; for there the struggle for existence was reduced very nearly to its lowest terms.

You can best respect a man by respecting the point of view he has derived from his actual experience of life. Not by fatuously exalting the cause in which they fought, but only by considering their thoughts and feelings, as individuals and collectively, can we hope to do justice to the men that died, and so begin to understand the human significance (which is all that can possibly matter to everyone) of the late world-fiasco.

Erich Maria Remarque's forebears prepared the way for his book of broken men. Being a German of French descent he could hardly feel that the opposing forces in the war represented Good and Evil. Such easy polarities are possible only to racially simple patriots who absorb propaganda with their breakfast and worship tribal gods. Remarque went al-

most directly from school to the trenches. Somehow he managed to live through the four atrocious war years; but during that time his mother died and all his friends were killed. He saw with desolating clarity what the war had done to a whole generation, and by way of transcending his own terrible experience told the tale of that generation—objectively, with an almost brutal frankness, yet beautifully too, for he had the soul of an artist.

The war, as it progressed, developed its own peculiar oppositions, perhaps the most poignant being that which divided the men at the front from those at home. "While they continued to write and talk, we saw the wounded and dying. While they taught that duty to one's country is the greatest thing, we already knew that death-throes are stronger. But for all that we were no mutineers, no deserters, no cowards—they were free with all these expressions. We loved our country as much as they; we went courageously into every action; but also we distinguished the false from the true, we had suddenly learned to see. And we saw that there was nothing of their world left. We were all at once terribly alone; and alone we must see it through."

This loneliness was actually relieved by one thing only, the very real comradeship that flourished amid conditions that, though intolerable, were at least shared. The young men of all nations who met in a fiery communion knew that "war was a cause of death like cancer and tubercolosis, like influenza and dysentery. The deaths were merely more varied and terrible." The outcome of the war as a whole interested them less and less. "I see how people are set against one another, and in silence, unknowingly, foolishly, obediently, innocently slay one another." What began as a remote quarrel became, in the end, a general tragedy. To regard it as anything else is to be false to the experience of all the millions who were at that time sacrificed upon the altar of political myth. For this reason a reviewer in the *Sunday Referee* could say truthfully of Remarque's book: "It supersedes all previous histories and renders all later histories superfluous." It should certainly be read by everyone who still believes that civilized nations must still prepare, in competitive secrecy, for future wars.

MARCUS ADENEY.

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ATTILA. *A Romance of Old Aquileia. By Paola Santangelo. Translated by Nathan H. Dole. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.* $2.00.

Attila the Hun is the central figure of this medieval romance. It recreates for us a city at the very head of the Adriatic Sea and one of the most strongly fortified in the Roman Empire—the key to Italy from the northeast. It was enormously wealthy and rich in palaces and temples. This was one of the big prizes for Attila, the raging warrior from the north, who conquered the eastern part of the Roman Empire. It was only by treachery that the fortress finally fell to Attila and the people fled to the marshes, where later beautiful Venice arose. The story is full of conflicting passions and adventures.

* * *

CAGLIOSTRO. *By Johannes Von Guenther.* $2.

Cagliostro is an over-spiced story about a stuffed dummy. Tired business men will wallow in the sordid egotism, unrelieved by a single spark of originality, which (we are asked to believe) entirely dominated Cagliostro's eventful career. The author's sin is the paramount one of providing an unreal world for an audience already drugged with fictions. Herr Guenther provides a world to suit the passionate mind of adolescence. Not that the illusion of infinite, passionate life (Wagner's life-long inspiration) can, in itself, be criticized. It is characteristically German and takes the place of our perhaps no less far-fetched ideas of perfect social being. Moreover, *Cagliostro* is rather well written, thoroughly dramatic, zestful, in its way of creditable performance. But no amount of physical exuberance, not even a black and gold cover, or dark print on cream paper, can compensate for a complete dearth of ideas; and it would be hard to find a more pointless story.

M. A.

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ABOUT AUTHORS

The death occurred recently in England of the novelist, Miss Annie Haynes, whose first novel to appear in book form was *The Bungalow Mystery,* published in 1923. Several of her novels were serialized, including *Tattenham Corner* and *Who Kill'd Charmian Karslake.* The latter has not yet appeared in book form, but will appear during the Autumn. Miss Haynes was, at the time of her death, engaged on another novel, but it is not yet known whether this was completed.

* * *

Edison Marshall announced to his publishers the other day that he was going to Africa to hunt lions. They have grown used to these adventurous trips of his—generally to the Arctic regions—to hunt and collect material for such adventure stories as *The Fish Hawk* and *The Far Call.* In Africa Mr. Marshall will organize his own safari and work into the interior from Nairobi, in British East Africa.

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A. S. M. Hutchinson's first novel in four years will be ready next month. The title is *The Uncertain Trumpet.* All who were inspired by *If Winter Comes,* will want this book.

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A Stupendous Work

This month sees publication of the life work of Ernest Thompson Seton. The title is *Lives* in eight volumes at $40. Twenty-five years of careful observation and compilation have been occupied in this account of those land animals in America, north of the Mexican border, which are considered "game." Each chapter is accompanied by drawings by the author, which add both charm and scientific accuracy. Sold formerly only in limited editions at twenty-five dollars a volume, these handsome books are now available in this moderately priced trade edition.

WHAT'S IN THE NEW BOOKS?

The Following are not Critical Reviews, but Brief Notices, Some of Which are by Publishers' Readers in Advance of Publication

THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY. *By Ellen Glasgow.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

In *The Romantic Comedians* Miss Glasgow pricked with the rapier of her gleaming wit the time-haloed bubble of Southern romance. In this new book, which is subtitled "a comedy of morals," she shows in a brilliant, satirical romance of three women in three generations, that morals are as changeable as modes in skirts and coiffures and that being ruined is not a biological fact but a state of mind. Aunt Agatha was a ruined woman. She fell heavily, not from virtue but from Victorian psychology. Mrs. Dalrymple, who fell lightly, some time before the war, became a glamorous Paris widow who had exchanged her birthright of modesty for a profitable understanding of men. And young Milly, who fell quite naturally as if it were her own private concern, refuses to be ruined at all. About these three and the gentlemen who tried gently or pensively or violently to understand them, Miss Glasgow has written a novel which will add immeasurably to her reputation as one of America's two or three most brilliant wits and distinguished stylists.

* * *

RED SILENCE. *By Kathleen Norris.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

The secrets of a woman's past! Should she risk the security of her love, her home, her husband and child to face openly the spectre of an early mistake, or should she keep her secret, trusting blindly that her husband may never know. Young Dory Penfield, lovely, talented, supremely happy in her marriage, is suddenly confronted with an episode from a merry and heedless youth. In the story of Dory's struggle to avert disaster both for herself and those she loved, Kathleen Norris has written one of her most compellingly human and moving romances.

* * *

COMPANIONATE DIVORCE

THE LISTENING POST. *By Grace S. Richmond.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

Mrs. Richmond writes of a new theme, companionate divorce, in this wise and understanding love story of married life. One cannot keep servants from listening, especially when they are human, love their mistress, and know that their master adores her too. They knew when he went away, when letters arrived; and when they ceased to come. They knew about the girl from out West and the young doctor whose visits to their mistress were not professional. That's the reason they called the pleasant home in the trees *The Listening Post.* As in *Cherry Square, Red Pepper Burns* and Mrs. Richmond's many novels, which have sold altogether over 2,600,000 copies, this romance of a marriage that wasn't wrecked is delightfully flavored with common sense and human understanding.

FRECKLES COMES HOME. *By Gene Stratton-Porter.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

Freckles, one of Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's earliest and most famous novels of the woods and swamps, sold in her lifetime in America alone, nearly two million copies. It had always been Mrs. Porter's intention to write a sequel to Freckles' adventures in the Limberlost, but there were so many other books to write that she never accomplished it. Now her daughter Jeannette, herself an outdoor woman who has inherited her mother's love of the woods' creatures, writes the story that was in its author's mind but had never been put on paper, and writes with the same ingenious charm. The story is concerned with what happend to Freckles after he was taken to the Irish home of his newly discovered relations, the noble O'Mores. It is an ancient estate with clipped yew hedges, velvet lawns and graveled paths, but Freckles' heart is with the bird woman and Angel in the Limberlost.

* * *

FISH PREFERRED. *By P. G. Wodehouse.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

This tale of the robberies at Blandings Castle when the Honorable Galahad Treepwood's manuscript disappeared with the pig that belonged to Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe of Matchingham Hall is funnier—if possible—than the Wodehouse classics, *Meet Mr. Mulliner, Money for Nothing* and *Leave It to Psmith.* The complications when Hugo Carmody and Rounie Fish set out to recover these missing valuables and thereby pick up enough pin money to finance matrimony with Millicent Threepwood and Sue Brown of the Gaiety, are beyond imagination. And so are those when Lady Constance Keeble, that haughty battleship, discovered her favorite niece sitting in the middle of a rose bush, holding a guilty conversation about pigs with a young man, whose only accomplishment was his ability to say, "Hullo, hullo, hullo!" very rapidly.

* * *

WAR. *By Ludwig Renn.* (*Dodd.*) $2.00.

There seems to be a rage for books by German soldiers. Here's another. It is a straightforward account of the personal experiences of a N.C.O. in the War from the very beginning to the very end. It includes every sort of detail of the daily life, in the early advance, during the fighting, in the trenches, in the hospitals, and during the final retreat and collapse. The whole is written from the point of view of a simple honest soldier, with such candor and clarity that it makes a very remarkable panorama of the War as it proceeded from day to day, past the vision of a soldier in a marching regiment. It is undoubtedly a notable achievement.

PAYING GUESTS. *By E. F. Benson.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

The author of *Lucia In London* and *Dodo* of joyous memory, tells a shrewd and humorous tale of love, rheumatism and kindred ailments, in this romance of Mrs. Oxney and her paying guests at Bolton Spa. Colonel Chase, the martinet with his lovable pomposities; the ailing Mr. Kemp; his terrorized daughter Alice; tittering Florence Howard, who paints and plays prettily; and Mrs. Bliss, who knows that her husband is mistaken about his arches because New Thought does not recognize arthritis—from this collection of semi-invalids and relations are evolved two or three plots, which spin toward their climaxes with a gay abandon. A sparkling vehicle for Mr. Benson's wit and his delightful satire.

* * *

A MAID AND HER MONEY. *By J. S. Fletcher.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

"And why," demanded pretty Molly O'Neill, a young lady with a mind of her own, "after loving me devotedly for almost five years, as by your own confession you have done, should you now change your mind?" She was too young and too Irish to see why a matter of some two million English pounds, left her by a pork-packing uncle in Chicago, should come between two young people who really loved each other! A warmly human novel in which love triumphs over fortune.

* * *

CROUCHBACK. *By Corola Oman.* (*A.*) $2.00.

Being a thrilling tale of the Wars of the Roses, this novel will appeal to lovers of historical novels of romantic days.

* * *

THE GALAXY. *By Susan Ertz.* (*R. P.*) $2.50.

This is one of the notable novels in the van of the season's new books. A further notice will follow next month.

* * *

STARVED FIELDS. *By E. Inglis Jones.* (*A.*) $2.50.

A novel of Wales, which tells the story of Owen Morgan, heir to the most fertile estate in his country, a hard-riding, hard-drinking, free-loving youth who marries in haste an English wife, cold, aristocratic, and, as it proves, tyrannical. He repents at leisure, and, in doing his pathetic best to please a woman he does not understand, loses all confidence in himself. His land suffers too, until he reverts to type and takes as his mistress a girl who not only understands him but who knows the stock of which he sprang and the land on which he was bred. This will be ready next month.

* * *

THE LAUGHING QUEEN. *By E. Barrington.* (*Dodd.*) $2.50.

Cleopatra—undisputed ruler of Empires—and of men—a strange mingling of hot passions with calculating ambition, of quick temper with sweet surrenderings, of defiance with captivating humor, a scheming, unrelenting empress and a laughing queen. A fascinating novel, glimpsing a magnificent era, with accurate biography skillfully blended with imagination and romance.

This novel is being compared with Talbot Mundy's brilliant and dramatic *Queen Cleopatra.* Some say it is better and others not so good. Another recent book is *The Life and Times of Queen Cleopatra,* by Arthur Weigall, an interesting and authoritative study.

* * *

FAREWELL TO PARADISE. *By Frank Thiess.* (*L. G.*) $2.00.

This is a touching story of the childhood romance that secretly bore to Wolf and Suzanne their first and most poignant realization of the deepest possible human love. Parents, especially, will be both charmed and startled by the revelations in this beautiful story of budding love.

* * *

COUSIN BERYL. *By J. C. Snaith.* (*R. P.*) $2.50.

Snaith's new novel is in the van of the new season's novels.

Cousin Beryl was a worm who turned magnificently. She was outrageously patronized and imposed upon by that old tyrant, Lady Cornelia Grandison, who combined charity and good business by employing Beryl as a secretary.

J. C. SNAITH

Then Beryl goes to London to work for a publishing house and blossoms out as the handsome young woman she really is. She even strikes up a great friendship with "Dolly" Grandison, the irrepressible son of Lady Grandison.

In fact, Beryl writes a novel. And Lady Grandison figures in it—but not as the heroine.

What happens to Cousin Beryl, and her novel and "Dolly" Grandison is wittily narrated here.

Those many readers who recall such novels by Mr. Snaith as *The Sailor, The Undefeated,* and *Araminta* need not be urged to read this story—here they will find Mr. Snaith in his brilliant and most amusing vein.

NIGHT CLUB. *By Katharine Brush.* (*A.*) $2.00.

It has been said of the stories of Katharine Brush that "they begin where less penetrating observers leave off." The extraordinary acclaim given them is undoubtedly due to the fact that she writes, not "short stories" in the conventional sense, but novels in little. The vivid completeness of her characters gives them the reality of life. Ordinarily, readers absorb magazine fiction with as little effort and as little attention as they breathe the air, but when "Night Club" appeared it shocked them into the realization that here was a new voice and a new manner, at once fresh and big and memorable. Rarely has a story made so profound an impression, yet in this volume there are ten others which serve to deepen it.

* * *

THE WORLD'S BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1929. *With Foreword by Paul Palmer.* (*A.*) $2.00.

In the 1929 volume, the following authors are represented: Vina Delmar, Coningsby Dawson, Katharine Newlin Burt, Stephen Vincent Benet, Thomas Boyd, Konrad Bercovici, Arthur Somers Roche, Elaine Stern Carrington, Leroy Scott, Pernet Patterson, Alice Duer Miller, Harry G. Huse, Clements Ripley, Ruth Suckow, and Katharine Brush.

* * *

THE PROPHET'S WIFE. *By R. O. Prowse.* (*A.*) $2.50.

Fine, thoughtful, humane—these are adjectives to be applied to this really meritorious novel. It is for those to whom human character is more interesting than sensational incident. For such, this book will be intellectually exciting. The plot concerns the subtle development of the relations between a prophet of newer and saner religion and his wife. It is the drama of the inner lives of two honest people.

* * *

A NOVEL BY NOYES

THE SUN CURE. *By Alfred Noyes.* (*C. C. Co.*) $2.00.

In holiday mood, the famous poet has written a deliciously light-hearted story, a blending of adventure, sly satire, comedy and beauty that defies analysis and proves again the thesis that poets write the best prose.

Others have taken the sun cure for nervous indigestion, ingrowing senility and a variety of ailments of the body. Basil Strode took it for what ailed his soul—specifically, for a state of despondency superinduced by the beauty and hard-heartedness of Barbara Lane.

How Basil, an ever-so-proper young ecclesiastic, lost his clothes and battled his way back to them through a terrifying series of mental hazards, is the fable of the book. How he also lost the swaddling clothes that encased his soul, and didn't regain them, is its theme—a theme on which Alfred Noyes plays with altogether charming philosophical and farcical variations.

COURTS OF THE MORNING. *By John Buchan.* $2.00.

Stirring romance again in the style of Buchan's best books. There is an intrigue in South America to undermine the leadership of the U.S. in the western hemisphere. Finally a neat little war comes off in and around Courts of the Morning—a valley in the mountain fastnesses of the Andes. The novel has a novel background, a splendid theme and a most delightful set of characters.

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Author of *Courts of the Morning.*

LETTERS OF WOMEN IN LOVE. *By R. L. Megroz.* (*A.*) $3.00.

Ann Boleyn, Jane Welsh, Elizabeth Barrett. Mrs. Sheridan, Nell Gwynn, George Sand, Emma Hamilton, Empress Josephine, Lady Montague—these are but a few of those whose love letters make this an intensely interesting book.

* * *

LIPSTICK. *By H. L. Gates.* (*A. N. Co.*) $2.

A rattling new story by the author of *Joanna* and *Vivian.*

THE BLOCKING OF ZEEBRUGE. *By Captain E. B. Carpenter, V.C., R.N.* (*A.*) $2.50.

Captain Carpenter, R.N., commanded the *Vindictive* in the raid on the German submarine base of Zeebruge in 1918. Not since the exploits of Drake or Raleigh has there been a sea adventure so thrilling.

* * *

LINDBERGH'S STORY IN PICTURE. *By Francis Trevelyan Miller.* (*R. P.*) $2.50.

This is one of the newest books and will make a strong appeal, all the more so by reason of its wealth of fine half-tone reproductions of actual photographs.

* * *

ROPER'S ROW. *By Warwick Deeping.* (*R. P.*) $2.50.

Bound to be a popular novel on the strength of *Sorrell and Son* and *Old Pybus*, special interest attaches to the appearance of this new Deeping book, which is to come forthwith.

* * *

WON PULITZER PRIZE

SCARLET SISTER MARY. *By Julia Peterkin.* (*McC. & S.*)

This is the novel that won the Pulitzer Prize as the best American novel of the year.

Scarlet Sister Mary is a character in a hundred, as real as the sunshine. A delicious book. A rich, colorful, passionate panorama. Pity and laughter stumble over each other.

Mrs. Peterkin's prose has a beauty and richness which is balm to a distracted world. The delicious humor of the negro, his love, his fear, his simplicity, so faithfully rendered, cry aloud from these pages. There is something here that we can find nowhere else. . . A finely-drawn character study projected against one of the richest of American backgrounds.

* * *

THE UNLIT LAMP. *By Radcliffe Hall.* (*N.*) $3.00.

This novel is beautifully written in a sensitive and well-balanced prose, unmarred by the over-metrical cadences which flawed the workmanship of *The Well of Loneliness*, and in a slighter degree, that of *Adam's Breed*. The characterizations are superbly accurate and convincing. The fictional world which Radcliffe Hall creates is, temporarily at least, as real and absorbing as any. In view of the fine emotional quality of the book, whatever sociological implications *The Unlit Lamp* contains must be of secondary importance.

* * *

Walpole and Swinnerton

Among early autumn novels will be Hugh Walpole's *Hans Frost*, with a London background, and *Sketch of a Sinner*, in which Frank Swinnerton gives his most brilliant portrait of a woman. Young, married to an older man whom she really loves, this gray-eyed, thoughtful, tenderly ironic woman has two lovers. The story of her strength, her goodness, her vitality, wit, and frailty makes an original and tremendously appealing novel.

DE LA MARE

STORIES FROM THE BIBLE. *By Walter de la Mare.* (*C. C. Co.*) $2.00.

The publishers have confidently told Walter de la Mare that he will be collecting royalties on *Stories from the Bible* twenty years from now.

Only a writer of genius, working with deep sincerity and at the height of his power, is capable of clarifying the Bible for children without debasing its coinage. Walter de la Mare is such a writer, and de la Mare has succeeded.

The rhythmical, translucently simple prose in which de la Mare paraphrases the story of the Flood will delight those who are responsible for children's reading, and, what is more important, will delight the children. With the same unobtrusive art he has remolded to a child's fancy the stories of Joseph, Samuel, Moses, Saul, the Children of Israel in the wilderness, Samson, David and the Garden of Eden.

* * *

Steinmetz the Wizard

LOKI: THE LIFE OF CHARLES PORTEUS STEINMETZ. *By Jonothan Leonard.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.75.

This month will appear this authentic book telling the remarkable story of the poor misshapen young mathematical genius of the University of Bonn, who fled to America and became the greatest electrical wizard of our age. From the early days in the Bronx, when as a draughtsman in a small hat-machine manufacturing establishment he worked surrounded by the tow-headed children of his employer, to his later days with the General Electric Company, the life of Steinmetz is of absorbing interest. Mr. Leonard has distinguished the man from the legend and revealed the genuine personality of the scientist, in a work of brilliant psychological insight and understanding.

* * *

Laugh with Gluyas Williams

On August 30th will appear *The Gluyas Williams Book*. The funniest pictures drawn by Gluyas Williams, are here collected between two covers for the first time. They are culled from his drawings in *Life*, *The New Yorker*, *The Cosmopolitan*, and many magazines, and have lost none of their power to force a smile, a laugh, or a guffaw. Mr. Williams' ability, unequalled with pen, pencil, or charcoal is clean as a whistle and much more entertaining. Bob Benchley has written the preface and Charles Dana Gibson has contributed the foreword.

* * *

P. C. WREN

SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE. *By P. C. Wren.* (*Stokes.*) $2.00.

Prize-fighting, love, tip-top adventure and a hero with the enduring charm of Beau Geste. This is just ready and even before publication date, three printings were required. It bids fair to jump right into the "best seller" class.

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Kespert, Charles, 62 Catawba St., Boston, Mass.; out-of-print books, catalogues. 7—9

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WANTED—*The Story of Canada*, by Howard Angus Kennedy. Also first editions of same writer's *Professor Blackie, Old Highland Days, New Canada and the New Canadians*, and *The New World Fairy Book*. Duff & Merrill, 240 St. James Street, Montreal. 11—29

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: : : THE COLLECTOR : : :

The seventh issue of that invaluable aid to the collector and the student, not to mention the general reader, *The Canadian Catalogue of Books Published in Canada About Canada, as Well as Those Written by Canadians*, compiled by the Toronto Public Library, and covering the year 1928, has come to The Collector's desk. The catalogue, which, as has been the case for a number of years past, lists French-Canadian publications, as well as those publish in English, demonstrates anew that Canadian writers are not behind their fellows in other countries in activity, something more than 800 separate publications being named. These for ready reference are classified, so that the reader interested in, say, Canadian history or Canadian poetry or Canadian fiction, is enabled to find at once the information he seeks. The bibliographical staff of the Toronto Public Library are again to be congratulated on the painstaking care and thoroughness with which they have done their work.

* * *

The first edition of Edward Fitzgerald's translation of *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam was issued at a shilling by Bernard Quaritch, the London publisher, in 1859. Now copies bring fabulous sums. A dust-soiled copy was recently sold in Hodgson's London auction rooms to Messrs. Quaritch for £2,400. The previous English record was £672.

* * *

The library of Sir John Newton, or a goodly part of it, is offered for sale en bloc by Henry Sotheran, Ltd., of London. The collection consists of 858 volumes, most of which were found early last year at Barnsley Park, near Cirencester, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wykeham-Musgrave. These books, forming the remnants of nearly 2,000 volumes, comprising Newton's entire collection, were acquired at the time of Newton's death in 1727, and had lain forgotten in the Gloucestershire mansion ever since. Notes in Newton's handwriting are in 83 of the books, and 20 bear his signature. The most important items of the collection are the first and second editions of *The Principia*, which are full of corrections, cancellations and additions, all in Newton's handwriting.

* * *

John Cotton Dana, for many years one of the most noted librarians in the United States, died in a New York hospital on July 22, after six weeks' illness, aged 72 years. Mr. Dana, who had been a librarian for forty years, had been head of the Public Library at Newark, N.J., since 1902, and was also director of the Newark Museum. The distinctions to his credit were many. He founded the first special library department for children, organized the first public library picture collection, started the first extensive pamphlet library, and founded the first library branch devoted especially to business. He was also one of the earliest champions of open shelves in libraries.

* * *

What is probably a Shaw record was established at Sotheby's London auction rooms on July 23, when Gabriel Wells, the New York dealer, paid £1,200 for the autograph and typewritten manuscript of the comedy *You Never Can Tell*. The item was composed of eight and a half pages in the handwriting of George Bernard Shaw, and 179 pages with numerous corrections by the dramatist. Among high prices brought by books at this sale was £670 for a first edition of Charlotte Bronte's *Jane Eyre*, (1847), paid by Quaritch, the London dealer. The same price was paid by Maggs Bros., of London, for a presentation copy of Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, published in Boston, Mass., in 1884, containing a long inscription to Dr. G. H. Brandt. The Rosenbach Company, of New York, bought the autograph manuscript of some remarks by Charles Lamb on *Emily*, a poem by J. F. Russell, for £430.

* * *

Something of a to-do was made in the Canadian newspapers recently because of the discovery in the Barnett collection in the London Public Library of a copy of what is known as the *Breeches' Bible* (so-called from the rendering of Genesis 3:7, in which Adam and Eve are said to have "sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches," dated 1599. This, however, is only one of numerous editions of the Bible which contain the rendering quoted. In fact this was the rendering of the first English Bible, Wycliffe's version, and though later translations substituted the word "aprons" for "breeches," it was reverted to in the Geneva version, first published in 1560, which was for many years the most popular one in England, going through about fifty editions in the course of thirty years, and which continued to be issued up to about 1610, when it was superseded by the King James, or authorized, version. *Breeches' Bibles*, consequently, can be set down as comparatively common, though particular editions of them may be rare enough.

* * *

A recent News List issued by the Bibliographical Society of America says: "The Pacific Northwest Library Association has in preparation a union list of manuscripts on the Pacific Northwest, to be found in libraries of that region. Charles W. Smith, of the University of Washington Library, Seattle, Wash-

ington, is chairman of the committee having the work in charge. The letter of transmission, accompanying the instructions to co-operating libraries as to material sought for and form of entry, says: 'So far as we know, this is the first time that the publication of a regional list of manuscripts has been attempted.' "

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. Otto H. F. Vollbehr, of Berlin, have recently presented to the Library of the Congress of the United States, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Carl Schwartz, editor, diplomat and soldier, a collection of 20,000 woodcuts from early illustrated books. The collection, which represents a history of woodcutting from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, was enclosed by Dr. Vollbehr, who is a noted bibliophile, from Prof. W. Schrelber, of Potsdam, who is recognized as the foremost authority on woodcuts. It is said to be doubtful if a similar collection could be assembled for millions of dollars to-day, because the value of fifteenth century books, even defective copies, has increased greatly. This is Dr. Vollbehr's second valuable gift to the Library of Congress, the first having been a collection of 10,800 printers' marks, containing many rare and valuable specimens.

* * *

J. Clarence Davies, real estate operator, of New York City, has given to the Museum of that city his unique collection of old lithographs, drawings and original paintings and books, comprising a complete record of the growth of New York over a period of 300 years. The 15,000 items comprising the collection include views of every part of the city at various periods in its history, and have been estimated as being worth $500,000. The material, gathered during the past forty years, will be displayed in a gallery bearing the name of the donor, in the new museum now being built on Fifth Avenue and 103rd Street.

* * *

Extraordinary prices were paid at auction at Christies', in London, on June 26, for first editions of Galsworthy and other modern English authors. For example, A. J. Scheuer, of New York, gave £250 for Galsworthy's *Jocelyn*, published in 1898, and £183 for the same writer's *The Man of Property*, 1906, as well as £142 for George Bernard Shaw's *An Unsocial Socialist*, dated 1887. The same purchaser secured for £155 Shaw's *Widowers' Houses*, dated 1893, and inscribed "Bertha Newcombe, from G. Bernard Shaw, May, 1893." Gabriel T. Wells, another New York dealer, paid £310 for a first edition of Oscar Wilde's *Salome*, 1893, inscribed, "George Bernard Shaw, with the author's compliments, February, '93," and subsequently presented by Shaw to Bertha Newcombe.

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THE CASE OF THE BLACK 22

By Brian Flynn

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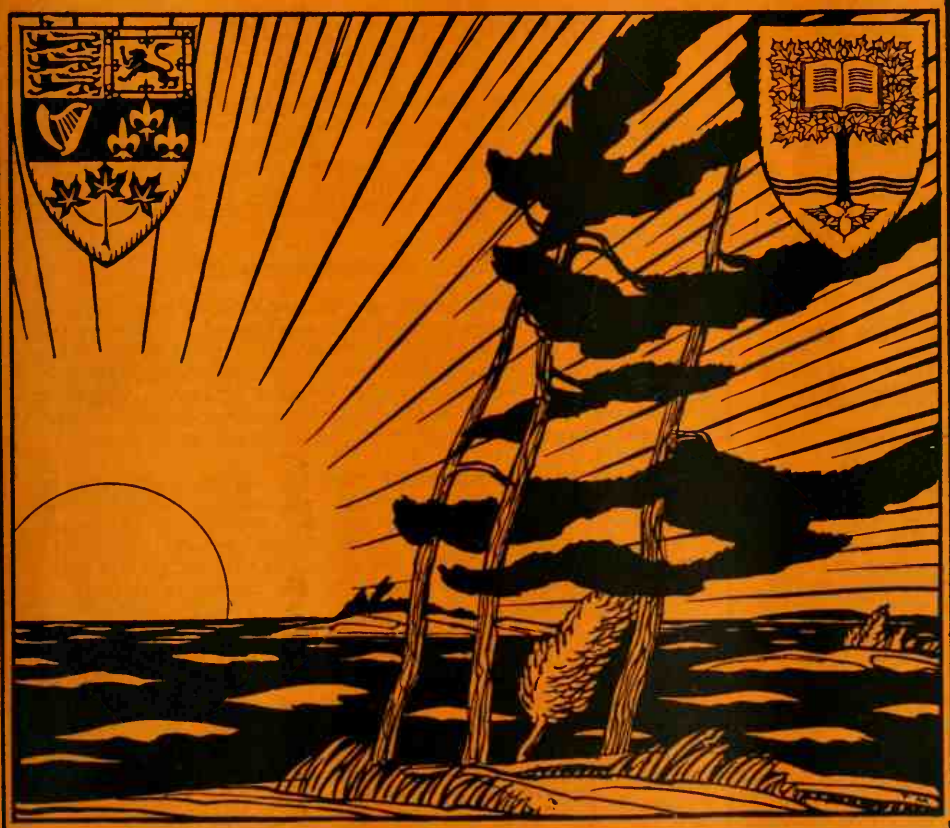

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The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts

FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor and Publisher

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Vol. XI., No. 9 TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1929 25c. a Copy $2.00 a Year

Who's Who in Canadian Literature

A. M. STEPHEN

By Lionel Stevenson

WITHIN the past five or six years several Canadian writers of distinction have gone through the process of gaining the public attention and establishing themselves as permanent contributors to the nation's literature, but none has advanced more rapidly, or shown a greater versatility of talent, than Alexander M. Stephen, of Vancouver. Since 1923 he has published two volumes of poetry, two novels, and two anthologies, and the present season will see the publication of a collection of plays for children. He has recently completed his most ambitious effort, entitled "Verendrye, an Epic of the New World." Meanwhile, his ability as a lecturer on literary subjects, and as a reader of poetry, long appreciated in his home city, has reached a wider audience by his tours across the country.

His career has been sufficiently varied to provide a background for much literary output. Born near Hanover, Ontario, in 1882, and educated at Walkerton Collegiate, he removed to British Columbia while in his 'teens and went through the adventures of frontier life, alternately homesteading, prospecting, and teaching school. After a period of "punching" cattle in Alberta, he wandered as far as Mexico, where he had further experience of ranching and prospecting. He studied architecture, received his B.Sc. degree at Chicago University, and practised his profession until the war took him overseas, where he saw active service and was wounded. Returning to Vancouver, he taught school for several years, and then practised engineering until his literary activities took all his time. He is at present associate editor of the "Western Tribune." His executive ability has been proved by terms of office as president of the Child Welfare Association of British Columbia, of the Vancouver Poetry Society, and of the Vancouver Lodge of the Theosophical Society.

This unusual blending of executive capacity with the vision and idealism of the poet has given Mr. Stephen an enviable position in

the life of his community. His efforts on behalf of women and children contributed much to the early stages of the legislation on their behalf which has come to distinguish the statutes of British Columbia. He has always been a champion of educational reform, and in recent years has had the opportunity of introducing Canadian literature into the curriculum of the schools, by his courses of lectures at the summer school for teachers, in Victoria, and by his two anthologies, which have been adopted by the Department of Education of his province.

As an anthologist, Mr. Stephen shows discriminating literary standards and a sound knowledge of what will appeal to young readers. A similar sense of true literary values is perceptible in the critical essays which he has contributed to such periodicals as the "Dalhousie Review" and "Queen's Quarterly." Being himself a poet, he forms his opinions by intuitive sympathy rather than the pedantic processes of the commentator.

The fact that poetry is his chosen vocation comes to mind again when one considers his first novel. The merits of "The Kingdom of the Sun" are chiefly the merits of poetic imagination, vivid pictorial effects, and loving care in the choice of words and phrases. The author's thorough first-hand knowledge of the Pacific Coast Indians also adds distinction to the story, which is an historical romance in the vein of "Westward Ho!" and Rider Haggard's tales, the hero being a member of Drake's famous company in the "Golden Hind" who is cast away among the aborigines of what is now British Columbia, with a mysterious golden-haired princess to provide the romantic interest. Weird rites and tense adventures carry the story along effectively, but always one is conscious of the overtones supplied by the author's poetic love of beauty and tendency toward mysticism, faint gusts from some other air.

The same comment applies to his new novel, "The Gleaming Archway," which is in all other respects entirely different from its predecessor. It deals with contemporary life, and is one of the comparatively few Canadian novels—one of the extremely few western ones—which focusses upon the social problems of current civilization, which are present in a particularly interesting form in Canada because of the diversity of caste and antecedents in the population. Recognizing this fact, Mr. Stephen bases his story on the activities of radical agitators in the logging camps of the coast, and selects as his characters a varied assortment of the social types, from aristocrat to pariah, which are so astonishingly thrown together in the Pacific province.

It is as a poet, however, that Mr. Stephen commands the most serious attention. His first book, published only six years ago, "The Rosary of Pan," had the poetic elements of spacious imagination, genuine feeling, and a thoroughly assimilated mystical philosophy,

but the poems suffered seriously from vagueness of phrasing and irregularities of metre, so that the general effect was too often chaotic and tantalizing. Four years later "The Land of Singing Waters" revealed how completely the poet had conquered his defects. The mastery of a wide variety of metrical effects was unfailing, and the cosmic flights of imagination had been clarified by specific and concise imagery. There was evidence that the author had gained his discipline by the two wise methods of practising the difficult restricted forms, such as ballades and rondels, which he handled with accuracy and grace, and of studying the major English poets with that devotion which results not in mere imitation but in the indefinable authentic voice and manner of the high tradition. His thoughts shape themselves naturally in lines that are essentially poetic in music and vocabulary. He has gained the ear for verbal music and the sense of connotation which can endow every phrase with richness. Only occasionally he succumbs to the temptation of being too prodigal with the treasures of the poetic word-store.

The poems cover an immense range in subject as well as in form. There are narrative poems of British Columbia life, handled with interesting experiments in symphonic changes of metre; there are passionate love-lyrics, abstruse metaphysical discussions, colorful descriptions of nature. His sound lyric sense, his gift of phrase-making, and the individual and often profound thought-content underlying the technical skill, make the poems highly satisfactory. Like so many modern British poets, he centres his philosophic discussions upon the quest for ideal beauty as a key to the mystical interpretation to the baffling universe revealed by science, and he develops an interesting theory of sublimated physical love.

The poems thus challenge the severest test by using the same forms and touching the same topics which are already associated in the reader's mind with the work of the greatest poets; and the ordeal is very well survived. The volume exemplifies admirably the two-fold significance of Canadian poetry; on the one hand displaying the beauty and romance of the distinctively Canadian material, on the other hand approaching the universal themes of poetry and the whole accumulation of human culture with an outlook illumined and clarified by the vigorous mysticism of the new land.

Check List of First Editions

Poetry

The Rosary of Pan, Toronto, 1923.
The Land of Singing Waters, London and Toronto, 1927.

Fiction

The Kingdom of the Sun, London and Toronto, 1927.
The Gleaming Archway, London and Toronto, 1929.

Anthologies

The Voice of Canada, London and Toronto, 1926.
The Golden Treasury of Canadian Verse, London and Toronto, 1927.

Lonely Lakes

By C. F. Lloyd

TO BE lonely is not always to be alone and one may be alone with one's own thoughts without being lonely, at least I once could. The most dreadful form of loneliness that can assail a human being comes to one not in the depth of the forest or on the tops of mountains, not on the great plains or even adrift in an open boat at sea, but in the midst of a crowd in the heart of a great city. To look into all those hurrying human faces and suddenly realize that not a single answering flash of sympathy will leap from one of them to us is to be lonely indeed. But what has all this to do with lakes? Like my favorite, Montaigne, I am in the habit of allowing my thoughts to lead me where they will, regardless of my ostensible subject. I am not confined between the shafts of rule. I am free to wander but I shall reach a lake presently, never fear.

Was it not Thoreau, in that delightful piece of introspective wisdom, Walden, who called his lake, and lakes in general, earth's eye? Comparisons are odious, as our old friend Dogberry would say, but if I were to compare a lake to anything it would be to one of those indescribably lovely bits of translucent blue that appear suddenly towards the close of a summer storm, surrounded by tumultuous masses of torn and driving cloud. The contrast between the limpid serenity of the clear sky and the troubled chaos of drifting vapor is not stronger or more unforgetable than that between the clear face of a small lake and the dark confusion of rock, wood and marsh crowding down to its shores on every side.

Many a time while out hunting or fishing, years ago, in the woods of central and northern Ontario, I have broken through an intervening fringe of alders or rounded a bend in some path, to come suddenly upon a lonely, little lake looking exactly as it must have looked on the morning when Columbus set sail from Palos or even on that old morning when God took a handful of the dust of the earth and breathed into it the breath of life. I fancy these small lakes are among the least changeable features of landscape, rivalling the ocean in this respect, as they occasionally rival their big, salty brother in his power to play the devil with an unwary sailor who has committed himself to their keeping in a small boat. There are few things in temperate latitudes more terrifying or dangerous than the sudden gusts of mad fury which a small lake can exhibit under the influence of a thunder squall. Its very smallness makes of it a plaything of the winds and where a larger lake, Erie, or Superior, or Albert Nyanza, would take an hour or two to work itself up into a proper rage, these little woodland spitfires become a seething turmoil of white water five minutes after the storm bursts. If you think a lake half a mile long and two or three hundred yards wide cannot drown

you quite as effectually as the Pacific itself it is high time for you to do some more thinking.

No landscape, however rugged or sordid, can ever be thoroughly ugly if it contains a lake, as none can be quite vulgar that boasts a mountain or even a considerable hill. To be sure man can defile a lake by dumping the refuse of his importunate industry upon its sensitive breast or by crowding the delicate curves of its shore with his filthy factories and wharves and the cabins of his brutalized operatives. But even when outraged in this fashion a lake retains some of its beauty and graciousness, like a refined woman fallen among thieves. It is not, however, of the stained lakes of man's undoing that I would write, but of those whose shores seldom echo to his restless feet, the lonely lakes, happy and thrice-blessed in their loneliness.

A great lake can never be lonely in these days of commercial activity. It is a broad highway for the floating caravans of trade. It figures too largely on maps and in government reports to enjoy the subtle delights of privacy. It is frequently the boundary between nations. Treaties affect it and its shores owe a divided allegiance, but the little lake is untroubled save by the occasional smooth passage of the birch-bark canoe, most poetical of inland craft, or the swift descent of a flock of wildfowl, ducks or geese or perhaps a pair of loons, with their mad laughter, or the long, steady flight of the great, blue heron, the very spirit of solitude incarnate. Diana might bathe in many a lake I know without having to blush with shame and anger under the suddenly detected gaze of any peeping Acteon.

Like the clouds which it mirrors, the surface of a lake is seldom still, even for a moment. Calm is always a relative term when applied to any water save that of deep wells. On the hottest, most windless afternoons of midsummer, if you sit on the shore of one of these little, sequestered lakes or lie in a boat on its surface, you will notice that its apparently unruffled calm is broken at frequent intervals by the rising of a fish, the splash of a diving bird or the stealthy passage of a scarcely perceptible current of air. Look over the gunwale of your boat into the unbroken water alongside. A magic world presents itself at once to your gaze, such a world as the lady of Shalott saw in her mirror; all the objects reflected in it invested with an unearthly charm as though they were the primordial ideas floating in the mind of the Infinite before creation. There leans the white birch, loveliest of trees, but it is not the birch you carved your name on an hour ago; it is a tree ghost. There go the clouds, but they are not the flocks driven or folded by the winds. They obey other laws and respond to other influences than those of the free air of heaven. Even while you watch a breeze fans your face, rumples your hair and instantly your magic world vanishes, broken into a myriad of distorted fragments, like a dream at waking. The sensitive spirit of water has touched it with her wand and it is gone.

Your boat begins to swing to the pressure of the rising wind. You must stop day-dreaming and look to your oars or before you know where you are you and your boat will be at the bottom of the lake.

One of my favorite forms of re-creation, using that sadly overworked word in its true sense, used to consist in trudging a half mile from the scene of my daily labor, at evening, through a grove of tender young birches to one of the least frequented of lonely lakes. Having reached the shore, I would tumble into an old boat, row out nearly to the middle, ship the oars and stretch out on my back on the bottom of the boat, rendered comfortable by a half dozen cushions, and read some favorite outdoor book under the daffodil sky of evening. In one summer that I spent near this lake I read Walden, White's Selhorne, Walton's Angler and everything readable among the poems of Wordsworth.

Over the low, green hills bordering my little lake came, towards sundown, the gentle tones of the bell of St. Patrick's, ringing the Angelus. My ears were delighted at intervals throughout the evening by the tinkle of sheep bells and the homely voices of the farmyard, subdued by distance. Now and then I would hear a cow low near at hand or the distant roaring of wind in the tree tops as the hurrying gust passed down some hidden valley among the rocks. I have called the lake unfrequented; it was. It was surrounded on all sides by wild land unfit for any purpose more modern than the grazing of flocks and herds. I have often seen cows come down to the water at one or two points to drink, but I never heard its silence profaned by the bark of a dog, nor did I ever notice a farmer walking on its shore. I have caught many a good mess of bass and lake trout in its translucent depths, but its finest gift to me was just the gentle rocking of my boat, the magic world mirrored in the uneasy water and the heart-tripping glimpse of its beauty caught as I rounded a great red-granite boulder on my way to it or over my shoulder as I went home.

I recall trolling for bass in another small Ontario lake on a chilly evening quite late in October. The sun set in a tumultuous blaze of crimson that faded to deep violet. The sky was perfectly clear at the moment of the sun's going down, but half an hour later a mist arose, thick as a London fog, so that I had to grope my way through it with some difficulty to the landing-stage. The stillness was intense, broken by no sound save the working of the oars in the rowlocks and the hiss of water from their blades. Suddenly the silence was rent, quite close to me, by the mad laugh of a loon. My heart missed a beat and I nearly went overboard.

There is nothing more cheerful than a little lake on a fine morning in summer, as there is nothing more tranquil and lovely than such a lake on a clear, windless summer night. Blessed be the country that has many little lakes, for to it belongs no small share of the heaven of beauty.

New Brunswick Honors Bliss Carman

By CONSTANCE DAVIES WOODROW

FREDERICTON, the capital city of New Brunswick, has seen many memorable ceremonies, but none more impressive than those held on August 20th, when the ashes of the late Bliss Carman were given into the keeping of his birthplace, after reposing in New Canaan, Conn., since June 10th.

The poet's mortal remains, contained in a miniature bronze casket, were brought to Fredericton by Dr. and Mrs. Morris L. King, of New Canaan, on August 19th, and were taken at once to Christchurch Cathedral, there to lie in state until the following day. The casket, resting on a carriage draped with purple velvet, and surrounded with beautiful floral offerings, occupied a central position at the front of the church. Throughout the afternoon of the 19th and the morning of the 20th, hundreds of people came to pay their last respects to the famous poet, while members of the New Brunswick Provincial Police stood solemnly on guard.

The morning of the 20th was clouded, but at two p.m., as people were entering the cathedral for the State Memorial Service, the heavy clouds parted and the sun burst forth, as if to suggest that there was nothing melancholy about Bliss Carman's home-coming.

Among those who gathered to pay final tribute to the poet were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Premier Baxter, and other members of the New Brunswick Government; also members of the Canadian Parliament, the Canadian Senate, the Chief Justice and members of the Bench, the commander of the military forces in the Province, the Mayor and City Council of Fredericton, the mayors of other New Brunswick cities, and officers of the Canadian Authors Association. The chief mourners included Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts and his brother, Captain Theodore Goodridge Roberts, first cousins of the late poet.

The beautiful memorial service, most impressive in its simplicity, lasted about three-quarters of an hour. A selected choir, made up of the cathedral choristers and members of other Fredericton churches, gave a special programme which included two poems written by Carman himself: "Lord of the Far Horizons" and "Overlord." The latter demands quotation in full:

"Lord of the grass and hill,
Lord of the rain,
White overlord of will,
Master of pain,

"I who am dust and air,
Blown through the halls of death,
Like a pale ghost of prayer,
I am Thy breath.

"Lord of the blade and leaf,
Lord of the bloom,
Sheer overlord of grief,
Master of doom,

"Lonely as wind or snow,
Through the vague world and dim,
Vagrant and glad I go,
I am Thy whim.

"Lord of the frost and cold,
Lord of the north,
When the red sun grows old
And day goes forth,

"I shall put off this girth,
Go glad and free,
Earth to my mother Earth,
Spirit to Thee."

The outstanding feature of the service was the address by the Very Reverend Scovil Neales, Dean of the Cathedral. Eulogizing Carman, he said:

"His name is as a household word, not only in this, his native city, but throughout Canada —indeed, throughout the English-speaking world. . . From those classic halls of old King's College, now the University of New Brunswick, many sons have gone forth to win distinction and honor in the wider world. . . . Some acquired great material wealth, and of their abundance poured their riches at her feet. Some, by their powers of oratory, won wide renown and popular applause. . . . But from none has there come a greater return of distinction and glory than from her gifted literary sons, especially Bliss Carman. . . . Of vulgar popularity . . . he had but small measure; of material wealth he had none; but with his rich possession of poetry and vision, Bliss Carman stood distinctly among the first . . ."

At the conclusion of the service, to the strains of the "Dead March in Saul" and the solemn tolling of the cathedral bell, the funeral cortège was formed, proceeding slowly down Waterloo Road to a point where cars were waiting to take the mourners to Forest Hill Cemetery.

During a simple graveside service, consisting of prayers by the Dean, with the ritual of the Church of England, the casket containing the ashes of the poet was interred in the family plot, on a high, green hillside overlooking the city and the beautiful Saint John River.

Among the most beautiful of the floral contributions were those from the Province, the City, the University of New Brunswick, and Lorne Pierce, the poet's official biographer, while an unknown donor had contributed a beautiful bouquet with a card bearing the lone word, "April."

A NOVA SCOTIAN TRIBUTE TO CARMAN

The first memorial booklet in honor of the late Bliss Carman has been published in Halifax, N.S. It is entitled *In the Offing*, and is really number thirteen of *The Song Fishermen's Song Sheet*, edited by Andrew Merkel, Atlantic Superintendent of the Canadian Press, and published "ever so often" by a live group of eastern poets who call themselves the "Song Fishermen." Carman himself was of their number.

In November, 1928, the late "poet laureate" sent his poem "In the Offing," to the editor of the *Song Sheet*, with a note, saying:

"I am enclosing some lines that may do for a catch. They are not new, were written some years ago in fact, but have never appeared. They were called forth by Richard Hovey's 'Sea Gypsy,' a lovely lyric which is in *More Songs From Vagabondia*—many of which were written in Nova Scotia when he and I were in Windsor and Wolfville. For this reason, and because it's a sea poem, it may serve your purpose. It might be a good plan to reprint 'The Sea Gypsy' along with this."

It is very fitting that this memorial booklet should open with these two poems. "The Sea Gypsy" contains the stanza:

> "There's a schooner in the offing,
> With her topsails shot with fire,
> And my heart has gone aboard her
> For the Islands of Desire."

Carman's "In the Offing," which follows it, refers to Hovey's death and concludes with the lines:

> "Without a hail at parting
> Or any colors shown,
> My friend had gone aboard her—
> For the Isles of the Unknown."

The little book contains four other elegiac poems, by Nova Scotian friends of Carman—Charles Bruce, Ethel H. Butler, Kenneth Leslie, and Andrew Merkel—all equally lovely and appropriate.

The frontispiece of *In the Offing* is a snapshot showing Bliss Carman looking over the Grand Pré country toward the headland known as Blomidon, which Wilson MacDonald has immortalized in his poem "The World of Beauty is in Deep Distress."

CONSTANCE DAVIES WOODROW.

Must Have It

"As I do not like to miss a number of *The Canadian Bookman*, which seems like a letter from 'all the family' of Canadian authors," writes a good friend in Montreal, "I am enclosing two dollars for a year's subscription." She added that she had been buying it from month to month, but found it difficult to find at some of the bookshops. "Others, as well as myself, often look in vain for it at Montreal bookstores." The letter closed with an appreciation of *The Canadian Bookman's* valued services to the writing craft and to Canadian literature.

It is Reported THAT—

—down in Kingston Wallace Havelock Robb is contributing to the joy of living with his regular contributions to the *Whig-Standard*. In a recent issue, in his rambling remarks under the heading of "The Old Town Clock," he gave the city fathers and Kingstonians in general some sage advice about preserving the historic interest of the Limestone City and, coming to Fort Henry, he asks:

"What is Fort Henry anyway? What ever happened, or nearly happened, or never happened at all there? There is something wrong in the publicity end. Fort Henry is not the asset it could be made. The faintest shadow of a bold, military scandal, or some naughty tale of delicious duels where the Colonel got killed and nobody missed him until pay day, might be invented. Or injudicious hanging of the cook! Or maybe the mournful nightly moanings or antique torture in the Fort, many long years ago, would help it step into the sun. Try it! The old pile would become a centre of attraction over night."

* * *

—Dr. Robert Norwood, the poet, famed also as the eloquent pastor of St. Bartholomew's, New York, has returned from Palestine, where he has been gathering material for a new prose work, and is spending the month of September at his new summer home, close to his birthplace, at Hubbard's Cove, Nova Scotia.

* * *

—Dr. Lorne Pierce, of Toronto, is at work on the official biography of Bliss Carman.

* * *

—one of the finest collections of Canadiana in existence now reposes in the archives of the head office of the Hudson's Bay Company, in London, all articles of historic value having been called in from the various Hudson's Bay Company's posts throughout Canada.

* * *

—something new in the way of conventions is set for September 12-13, when the group of Maritime poets known as "The Song Fishermen" will meet in conclave for the first time, either afloat or ashore (at the whim of the weather man), near Halifax. A preliminary event will be a lecture-recital on "Poetry and Nova Scotia," by Robert Norwood.

* * *

The Spirit

BY MARY D. GRAESSER

WITH silent feet I came at last—
My light, cold fingers touched her hair,
But sighing hopelessly she passed
Among the trees and wandered there.

I stirred the leaves of brown and red,
I brushed a bough against her gown,
And then about her bended head
I shook the rowan berries down.

She only raised the eyes I knew,
And said it was the wind that blew.

THE GLEAMING ARCHWAY. *By A. M. Stephen.*

Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd. $2.00. *Reviewed by John W. Garvin.*

During the last three years, Mr. Stephen has made rapid progress in literary publications: two novels, two anthologies and a notable book of poetry stand to his credit. This is his second novel.

Many novelists are poets and many poets, novelists; but it is rare to find in one person the two talents equally high in quality and worth. In European literature, Victor Hugo, Thomas Hardy and Rudyard Kipling are outstanding examples of such, and in Canadian literature, Charles G. D. Roberts. But the novels of Sir Walter Scott, George Eliot, George Meredith and Robert Louis Stevenson overshadow their books of poems; and this is true also of our Gilbert Parker. On the other hand, Marjorie L. C. Pickthall attained her highest excellence in poetry, as did Isabella Valancy Crawford, E. Pauline Johnson and Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. Masefield and Stringer are also greater in verse than in prose fiction. All this leads up to the expression of my conviction that A. M. Stephen is a better poet than novelist, and that he should particularly woo the poetic muse.

To be a great novelist one requires an extraordinary creative imagination with rare power of logical sequence, and I do not find evidence of this in *The Gleaming Archway*. There are many beautiful bits of nature description, and many exciting human experiences; but the plot, if there be such, and the activities and relationships of the leading characters, overtax too much one's credulity.

It is unbelievable that any Canadian Government ever sent a spy to lead labor unionists into disastrous situations, and that the Mounted Police co-operated with such an agent. And take a look at this particular spy, Bud Powers: gorilla-like in shape and strength and when aroused a monster in savage brutality; an attendant at spiritualistic séances; an eloper with another man's wife; and a murderer in heart and action. No, No! Our Government and the Mounties are too wise to employ such a degenerate, and they should not be libelled even in fiction.

A reporter, Craig Maitland, weary of work, goes off to the woods for a holiday. He has a romantic meeting with a lady in distress, a Mrs. Paget. It is another case of love at first sight for both, but this heroine is saved from temptation by a sort of family ghost: a temple in the clouds with tinkling bells, which never fails to appear and warn when any member of her family is in extreme danger. Craig finds solace in the arms of Stella, a girl out of a Chinese den in Vancouver, who is such an angel that he insists on marrying her off-hand. Stella, however, has a diseased heart and a violent shock kills her at the close of the volume, and leaves Craig free to woo again his first love, who has in the meantime become a widow. There are other melodramatic characters including a real Red from Russia, an ex-pirate and rum-runner, and an ex-college professor who sells whiskey to Indians. But the whole conception is unreal and hence unconvincing.

* * *

THE AMATEUR DRAMATIC YEAR BOOK. *Edited by G. W. Bishop. London: A. & C. Black Ltd.* 5s.

One of the most uninspiring titles a book might well bear is *The Amateur Dramatic Year Book and Community Theatre Handbook 1928-29*. Yet this book proves to be full of interest not only to actual performers of amateur dramatics but to anyone who is at all interested in the theatre. It is composed of articles written by well known dramatists, producers, actors and authorities on various aspects of stage production. It contains practical information about scenery, stage lighting, make up, authors' fees and entertainments tax, and more general articles by Harley Granville-Barker, Maurice Browne, founder of the American Little Theatres, A. E. Baughan, dramatic critic of the *Daily News*, and others. The real "amateur" spirit pervades these articles. "*We say 'amateur' contemptuously when we mean a man out merely to make a gratuitous show of himself*," writes Harley Granville-Barker. "*When the word means, as it should, the giving an art wholehearted service with no bargaining for reward, it is a very honorable term.*" The book begins with an introduction to the contributors, telling who each is in the theatrical world; and ends with a list of the Little Theatres and Amateur Dramatic Societies of Great Britain, Dominion and Overseas. This list they hope to make more complete in later volumes. A special section is devoted to "Some Prominent Societies in Canada," with Hart House Theatre, Toronto, heading the list.

J. A. A.

JUDITH SILVER. *By Hector Bolitho. London: Knopf. Reviewed by John W. Garvin.*

In my review of *The New Countries*, a recent anthology edited by Mr. Bolitho (see June number of *Canadian Bookman*) I included certain biographical details: "A young author, a native of New Zealand, who has already published three novels, three books of travel, and several edited works. His address now is, The Deanery, Windsor Castle, London, England."

In a printed note on the outer cover we read, "The plot of *Judith Silver* was suggested by the revelation of character in thumbs. A father, devoted to his son, seeks with an insane greed to grasp and keep his affection. He stretches out his hands and sees the shadow of his thumbs on the boy's throat. He is tempted thus to possess forever his perfect love. The mood passes, but his thumbs become an obsession; he is always conscious of them and hiding them. The youth reaches manhood and his love eludes the father who is maddened by his loss. In his imagination the father sees the shadow of his outstretched hands hover over his victim and they claim their hold—the object of his passion; but it is not his son whom he strangles."

This synopsis is concise and indicative, but the painful picture it brings before the mind is more likely to repel than attract readers. *Judith Silver* is much more than a study of character revealed in thumbs. The author's mastery of style is rarely surpassed these days, and in descriptive power he has the perspective and harmonious color-blending of a skilled artist.

James Grantham and his son, Simon, are New Zealanders, and the contents of Part I of the novel pertain to their early relationship there; to the mental derangement of the father and his confinement in a hospital; to Simon's voyage to England and his undergraduate career at Cambridge; to his first love affair with the sister of his college chum; and to his father's recovery and their reunion in England.

The opening chapter of Part II introduces the reader to the home life of Judith Silvester, (whose surname has been shortened by an admiring public to Silver) a famous prima donna, and to her father, Patrick—two of the most lovable characters in recent fiction. Simon sees and hears Judith as Thais and meets her later in rather a romantic way in a hotel lobby. Each is irresistibly attracted and soon they are thinking of marriage and planning for it. But this has a fatal influence on the mind of Simon's father, and direful tragedy swiftly ensues.

There is humor in the book as well as pathos and tragedy, and every page holds the attention of the reader. It is seldom indeed that one discovers a novel of such merit, and my satisfaction is very real in introducing in fuller measure to the readers of *Canadian Bookman* this talented son of a sister Dominion.

IN CARIBOU LAND. *By Florence Miller. (Ryerson.)* $1.25.

With the prestige of an appreciative foreword by Prof. E. J. Pratt, this new volume of poems by another Newfoundlander comes from the Ryerson Press, who have introduced so many new authors and poets to Canadian readers.

"As a Newfoundlander abroad, subject to frequent spells of homesickness," says Prof. Pratt, "I welcome this volume for the associations it evoked—the smell of kelp and fresh caplin in the coves; windswept barrens and square leagues of partridge berries; marshes at twilight with whirring snipe; herds of caribou crossing the streams; miles of flakes with drying cod; and above all the Atlantic rolling its silver cascades over the beaches. Newfoundland is in this poetry with the accent on the last syllable."

The collection opens with "Simple Things" and that is the keynote of the volume. Many of the poems are in dialect dealing with childhood recollections. The poem "In Caribou Land" has been set to music and a page reproduction of the notes is included in the book. There are four sets of other poems: Rhymes of Out of Doors, At Topsail Bay, Rhymes by the Sea, and Indoor Rhymes. (A set of photographic reproductions includes views of Topsail Boy, including a picture of fisher folk landing caplin.)

Big Dave is an interesting character in Rhymes by the Sea, especially in his role of a "Come-all-ye" Singer.

He makes lovely noises deep down in his throat,
An' winds little wiggles around ever note;
The folk in a concert may think that they're grand,
But they can't touch Big Dave, 'coz he's all Newfoundland,
When Big Davey sings a "Come-all-ye."

* * *

A $10,000 PRIZE NOVEL

The $10,000 prize offered by Harper & Bros. for the best novel by an American has been awarded to Julian Green for *The Dark Journey*. The book has already appeared serially under the title of *Leviathan* in a French review and it was the choice of the Selection Sequana, French Book-of-the-Month Club, whose judges include André Maurois, Jacques Bainville and other celebrated writers. The scene of the story is laid in a French provincial town and the central figure is Mme. Londe, who runs the local restaurant and is obsessed by curiosity about her customers. Julian Green was born in Paris of American parents and has spent most of his life there. He did, however, spend two years at the University of Virginia. Mr. Green's earlier novels are *Avarice House* and *The Closed Garden*. The judges who awarded the Harper prize are Grant Overton, Carl Van Doren and Ellen Glasgow.

What's In The New Books?

The Following are not Critical Reviews, but Brief Notices, Some of Which are by Publishers' Readers in Advance of Publication

THE UNCERTAIN TRUMPET. *By A. S. M. Hutchinson.* (*McC. & S.*) $2.00.

The title of Mr. Hutchinson's new novel, his first in four years, is taken from the New Testament: "For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" and its gospel is the gospel of one of its chief characters, David Quest, the young vicar of the story: "The sins of the flesh, evil as they are, abominable as they can be, are as nothing compared with the sins of the spirit, with meanness, with selfishness, with bitterness—in a word, in the Prayer Book's word, with envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness." The setting is the village of Ashton Parva, and the English hunting country around it, to which Pelham Heritage, middle-aged widower whose sins are of the spirit, brings his young and charming second wife. Among the other people of the story are Pelham's half-brother, Banjo Heritage, whose sins are of the flesh; Miss Pasture, church organist and village meddler; the vicar and his family; and the extraordinary Flogg-Wallopers of Wallop Hall, Great Gallop, who live solely for hunting, who eat big, drink deep, curse round and ride hard, and who no more have the approval of Pelham than the rest of the hunting crowd. Have in mind David Quest's gospel! There are tragedy and comedy in the story, true Hutchinsonian characterization and humor, and above all else the deepest sincerity. *The Uncertain Trumpet* will delight Mr. Hutchinson's multitude of readers, even inspire them, as did *If Winter Comes.*

* * *

FORTY-EIGHT COMPLETE STORIES. *By Edgar Wallace.* (*R. P.*) $2.50.

Forty-eight complete stories by the most popular author and dramatist of to-day. Detective stories, humorous stories, sporting stories, love stories.

* * *

ROPER'S ROW. *By Warwick Deeping.* (*R. P.*) $2.00.

Young Hazzard was born in the West country and had a lonely childhood by reason of his lameness, which made him the butt of other children and threw him into a self-reliant habit which stood him in good stead throughout his life. For he wished to become a doctor, and, despite poverty and all the sneers from small-minded contemporaries it implies, he won through, head and shoulders in efficiency above all the rest. Early in his student days, in lodgings in Roper's Row, he meets Ruth. Their ways part for some years, then they come together again for always, and wedded, struggle through with indomitable courage and a steadfast belief in their future to a widening practice and ultimate fine success. On the other side of the picture is their experience with the snobs of life, the pampered popular consultant, and the over-riding ambitious social climber, who gives Ruth unhappy moments by her patronage of Hazzard. But all these things go to the fullness of life and do not mar happiness so long as faith and optimism are in the ascendant, as Hazzard and Ruth discovered; as, too, they found how service to others adds satisfaction.

The story has the true ring of bouyant courage throughout—the courage of certainty of aim, the buoyancy of certain love; so it makes fine reading and shows again the skill of the author in picturing the realistics of life.

* * *

KINSMEN. *By Percival J. Cooney.* (*McC. & S.*) $2.00.

Here is a vivid and thrilling tale of early days in the Ottawa Valley, set about the historic figure of "the MacNab" who settled there nearly a hundred years ago. His despotic rule led to friction, violence and bloodshed. The book is distinguished for its swift action, with never a dull moment.

* * *

THE HAPPY PARROT. *By Robert W. Chambers.* (*R. P.*) $2.50.

In this gallant tale Robert W. Chambers displays his finest craft of historical romance. The novel is laid in the stirring days before the war of 1812 when the tiny American navy and Merchant Marine were but a catspaw between Napoleonic France and England. The United States had passed the famous embargo act, prohibiting all foreign trade, and in the story a lively picture of American seamen and shipping at the time is given. One reads of the adventures of a handsome young fellow, Jack Strake, who commanded *The Happy Parrot* on slave-running trips. Clearing the waters about New York *The Happy Parrot* headed for Amelia Island, headquarters of slave-running conspirators. To the dangers of the venture was added the disquieting presence on board of Cynthia, the delectable niece of Captain Quinn. Pirates, foreign ships, savages, dangers from nature and from man threaten *The Happy Parrot* and the dramatic situation of the central characters is very tense as Captain Quinn induces Strake to marry his niece. Self-willed, high-spirited Cynthia rebels, however, and the marriage threatens to remain one of mere form.

* * *

EX-WIFE. *Anonymous.* (*Cape.*) $2.00.

Here is the story of what happened to a young woman who had allowed a perfectly good and interesting husband to walk out the front door with his suitcase, and it reveals, perhaps for the first time, exactly what it

means to a good-looking young woman in a large American city to find herself suddenly abandoned, having to face a masculine world in a new way. As the author rather pathetically says, "Men used to buy me violets and now they buy me Scotch."

* * *

PLAIN SAILING. *By A Gentleman With a Duster.* (*R. P.*) $2.00.

In *Plain Sailing* the reader meets some very amusing and lovable characters, whose adventures provide a story warranted to enthrall. At the same time this vivid book, which combines delicacy with cheerfulness, raises a question of considerable interest. The adventures of the two lovers of the story dramatize this issue in a singularly striking manner, while all about them throngs the modern world with its pathetic determination to be happy and its contemptuous disregard of those rules of life which alone make for plain sailing. The publishers confidently recommend this work to readers who are sick of obscenity and blasphemy in fiction, and who appreciate beauty, strength and wit.

* * *

RAINBOW IN THE SPRAY. *By Pamela Wynne.* (*R. P.*) $2.00.

Pamela Wynne's new book is a study in contrasts. On the one hand she shows marriage as it too often is, a squalid business that degrades both parties and brings happiness to neither; on the other hand, marriage as, under happier circumstances, it may become. Pamela Wynne writes with her wonted vigor and emotional power, and it may be safely prophesied that her many readers will be enthralled with *Rainbow in the Spray.*

* * *

THE COMMON PROBLEM. *By Sara Lindsay Coleman.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

Mrs. Porter, the childhood sweetheart whom O. Henry found again and married after fame had carried his name back to the little Carolina village of their youth, tells a tale of young love and older in this story that has to do with a Southern mountain village, with a maid and two lovers, a lost engagement ring and a culprit yellow organdie. A romance colored by the beauty of a great devotion.

* * *

THE SEVEN AGAINST SCOTLAND YARD. *By Anthony Berkeley.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

Roger Sheringham distinguished himself in *The Silk Stocking Murders.* He unearthed the deadly secret in *The Layton Court Mystery.* In this new book six ardent and scholarly amateur criminologists, headed by Roger, form a club for the discussion of famous crimes. At Roger's suggestion they set out to solve the Poisoned Chocolate Case, which cost Mrs. Bendix her life. On successive nights each member reports the conclusions he has reached, working independently—and on the sixth night the club finds that it has accused six different people of the murder, and gathered enough evidence to hang them all. Yet only one can be guilty. The answer nails an extraordinary conclusion to an extraordinary book.

THREE. *By Pamela Frankau.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.

In this story Pamela Frankau, the daughter of Gilbert Frankau and the author of *Marriage of Harlequin* and *Fig Tree,* writes of three episodes in a woman's life, three ideas, three alternatives in a triangle. Beautiful, conventional, twenty-seven and engaged to an English major, who believes in "English-made boots and the virtue of women," Janet finds that the enchantment of the Riviera sun does queer things to long-settled convictions. In a sophisticated little colony of English and Italian idlers, she is caught up in the sweep of a glorious and devastating passion. But what has the ecstacy of a burning episode to do with the devotion and companionship of a happy marriage? The climax of this buoyant romance presents an ingenious solution to an old, old problem.

* * *

COMPLETE STALKY & CO.

For the first time all the "Stalky & Co." stories by Rudyard Kipling are available in one volume at $3.00. (D. D. G.) The illustrations are by Raven Hill and the whole format is most satisfactory.

* * *

HELL IN HARNESS. *By Joseph Auslander.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

Mr. Auslander, author of *Cyclops' Eye, Sunrise Trumpets* and co-author of *Winged Horse* is widely known as one of America's really distinguished lyric poets. Now he has written an amazing narrative poem—the story of an East Side kid who grows up with the gangsters, mops up in a speak-easy, fights with gunmen and dope fiends, steals a "snowbird's" girl—and flaring finally to chivalry undreamed of, goes to the chair for a murder he did not commit. The breathless tale is told in rugged, regular verse—in inspired dialogue that catches every turn of underworld slang—illuminated with lightning flashes of sheer poetic genius. *Hell in Harness* is at the top of the actual, vital literature of contemporary America.

* * *

WATER WEED. *By Alice Campbell.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

Last year Alice Campbell's *Juggernaut* won high praise as the Crime Club's August selection. This new story of evil forces among England's smart set is a really distinguished book. More than an absorbing tale of passion and murder—more than a strange story of an extraordinary woman and her malign influence on those about her—more than a good mystery—it is a really fine novel.

* * *

THE SECOND BAFFLE BOOK. *By Lassiter Wren and Randle McKay.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

The Baffle Book, with its thirty detective problems for readers to solve, quickly became the latest game craze. Now *The Second Baffle Book,* created by the demand of eager bafflers who wanted more, offers 30 new problems to be solved from clues, evidence and diagrams. It's a brain tester; a psychological twister; a measure of your powers of observation, and the greatest fun in years.

HIDE IN THE DARK. *By Frances Noyes Hart.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

Since the days of Sherlock Holmes there have been two epoch-making events in mystery fiction. One was S. S. Van Dine and the other was *The Bellamy Trial.* Now *Hide in the Dark* is the third. It's fresh, it's new, it's absolutely different from anything that has ever been done before. At an old manor house forty miles south of Washington, the young people who call themselves the Mad March Hares gather for a house party. They dance, they bob for apples, they light-heartedly play all the old games. Gradually a ghost intrudes. At midnight the lights are extinguished for a game of Hide in the Dark. The game is over —for bluff, Doug King, the life of the party, slumps on the sofa, his throat cut. And in the dreadful hours that follow it develops that every one of the March Hares had reason to kill him. Two confessions are made—both are denied—the suspense is unbearable—gallant chivalry and tender romance lighten the grim horror—and the story sweeps to the most amazing, utterly satisfying climax a mystery has ever known.

* * *

DAREDEVIL. *By Leslie Charteris.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

Only one man stood between London and the terrorism of the Alpha Triangle. That was Kit Arden. The Triangle gang had already stolen the Russian crown jewels, blown up four prominent men, threatened His Majesty's Government, and exploded a mine under Piccadilly Circus when Captain Arden sewed a pistol between his shoulder blades, slipped on a steel mail waistcoat, and stepped into a taxicab that carried him into the presence of his arch enemy, the Apex of the Triangle. A breathless thriller by the young author of *Meet—the Tiger.*

* * *

BIOGRAPHY

MEMOIRS OF AN OLD PARLIAMENTARIAN. *By The Rt. Hon. T. P. O'Connor, M.P. Two Volumes. 8 vo. cloth.* (*R. P.*) $10.00.

"Tay Pay" O'Connor is one of the most beloved figures in British political life to-day and his *Memoirs of an Old Parliamentarian* amply explain the reason. A young Irish journalist of strong loyalties and with a love of a good fight, T. P. descended upon London in 1871 to begin a stormy and brilliant career that has not yet passed its zenith. Elected to Parliament in 1880, he has sat there ever since, until he is now Father of the House. As one of the "thick and thin" followers of Parnell, the Irish leader, T. P. was in the heart of the Irish struggle from the beginning, and the historic battle for Irish Home Rule is in the foreground of his *Memoirs.* The background, however, is that of British politics and journalism during a historic period, with a fund of personal anecdotes, such as only T. P., among those living now, possesses to draw upon. His witty and eloquent gifts stand him in good stead in drawing sketches of such characters as Gladstone, Balfour, Chamberlain, Bright, Lord Randolph Churchill and other celebrities who crowd his pages. The story of T.P.'s founding of *The Star* and the tragedy and fall of Parnell are two of the incidents that color his racy narrative. Mr. O'Connor writes with the warmth and vigor to be expected of such a veteran campaigner and it is safe to say that no forthcoming memoirs will surpass his for readability and genuine interest.

* * *

KINGS, CHURCHILLS AND STATESMEN. *By Knut Hagberg.* (*R. P.*) $3.50.

A series of biographical studies by a Swedish writer whose knowledge of England is remarkably acute. The author gives us studies of George IV, Queen Victoria, Edward VII, and the ex-Kaiser, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Randolph Churchill and Winston Churchill. The book also deals with Lord Palmerston, Lord Fisher, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Baldwin and Lord Birkenhead. The author's style is remarkable for its wit and pungency.

* * *

FOR ART LOVERS

VERMEER THE MAGICAL. *By E. V. Lucas.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

To those unfamiliar with the great Dutch painter, *Vermeer the Magical* will serve as an able introductory essay; to those who already know and love the "little master" of Delft, it will endear him further. Both as a representative of the rich period of the Seventeenth Century in Holland and as a figure in the whole history of art, Vermeer is unique in his serenity, his technical perfection and his use of color. Special emphasis is given to a description of sixteen prominent Vermeers with which Mr. Lucas has illustrated his book. These are excellently reproduced in collotype.

* * *

Next month will appear another new book by the late Basil King. Its title is *Adventures in Religion,* in which is set forth the clarifying of a father's beliefs through his recourse to the Bible and standard books in religion in order to adequately answer questions put to him by his twelve-year-old boy.

* * *

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

ADVENTURES OF ALICIA. *By Elizabeth Willis.* (*McC. & S.*) $1.00.

This new title in "The Boys' and Girls' Library," is set in Western Canada. At thirteen, a petted and pampered "poor little rich girl" she is suddenly thrown upon her own resources in the give-and-take atmosphere of a household of a big Western Canadian farm. The book is one of action, humor and good common sense.

* * *

$2,500 PRIZE NOVEL

Eli Millen's novel *Bethel,* which won *The Christian Herald's* $2,500 prize for the best novel interpreting the principles of Christianity to the modern world, will appear in September.

Canadian Authors Association

The Last Convention and the Next

The ink of our Halifax resolutions was hardly dry before preparations were afoot for next year's convention in Montreal, under Dr. W. D. Lighthall's presidency. It is hoped that every member with practical suggestions to make will send them to the secretary *now*, for discussion at the first meeting of the new Executive Committee, in mid-September.

One suggestion already received is that the convention should be held before the end of May—partly because the Royal Society meets then in the same city. Both organizations would benefit; and some of our members, including university professors, find a later date impossible, while others, free at the end of June, could not possibly come earlier. *What date suits the majority* of those who will really come if a time suiting them is chosen? No date suits everyone.

Great interest in the convention has already been expressed by leading Montrealers, including Sir Arthur Currie, who assures us of the hearty co-operation of McGill University.

The Copyright Situation

Those Halifax resolutions include one of importance on the Copyright situation, which now seems really hopeful, but demands incessant vigilance and activity if our hopes are not to be dashed again. The Association, after expressing its appreciation of the rescinding of Order-in-Council 893 of May, 1927, respectfully requested the Government of Canada to introduce, as early as possible next session, a Bill to harmonize our law with the Berne Convention as revised at the Rome Conference of 1928, and, further, to pass the statute required for Canada's adhesion to that revised convention. Mr. Ladner, M.P., was requested to introduce a Private Bill similar to that of 1927, and embodying the amendments agreed on by the C.A.A. Copyright Committee, and to press that Bill unless its suggested amendments are covered by the Government Bill.

Performing Rights

In view of the possibility of the reconstruction of the Canadian Performing Rights Society so as to give to our authors, composers and music publishers equal rights in such society with authors, composers and publishers of other countries, the Executive was empowered to appoint two or more authors or composers to act in such society on behalf of all members interested in musical copyrights and licenses.

Cairns and Other Memorials

The Association, highly valuing the work of the Historical Sites Board, and hearing with pleasure of the Board's decision to replace one of the inaccurate western inscriptions to which attention was directed last year, renewed its suggestion that a representative of the Prairie Provinces be added to the Board.

The advisability of erecting *memorials to deceased authors* was referred to the Executive Committee, which may therefore have a policy on this question to lay before the next convention.

Branch officers are besought therefore to collect, and send in as soon as possible, information of such memorials *already existing* in their respective territories, and of sites associated with deceased authors or artists which might well be marked.

Information for the Bulletin

A list of such sites already marked, if received in time, will appear in the *Bulletin*, now in active preparation.

Several Branch reports include lists of *books by Canadian authors* in the Branch territories, published during the past year. Branch officers who have not sent such information are requested kindly to do so now.

Will the Branch officers also be good enough to take active and careful steps to verify or *correct the names, initials and addresses* of Members and Associate Members given in last year's Bulletin and to report the names of any members who have died or resigned? Such information will be carefully collated with the lists in the books of the secretary and treasurer, and proofs of the resulting lists will be sent to the Branches.

By prompt co-operation the Branch officers can do much to prevent delay in publication of the Bulletin, and the sooner this is published the more useful it will be to all the members.

The Group System

The Halifax Convention requested the National and Branch Executives "to take special steps to add to the membership not only such qualified writers as still remain outside, but qualified men and women engaged in other forms of creative art," and, further, recommended that, "wherever practicable, working *groups of musicians, and of painters and illustrators*, be formed within the Association, on the lines of our present Short Story, Poetry and Drama Groups."

Dr. Hardy's annual report contained a further suggestion, for the development of sectional organizations within the general membership, as in Britain and the United States. The idea is that a Poetry Section, Fiction Section, Drama Section and so on should be formed, with membership restricted to "those who have received some considerable recognition in their work." There would be an addi-

tional fee, with additional services in return for this fee.

That suggestion will be discussed by the Executive, which will naturally welcome any carefully thought-out opinions on the subject which members have to offer.

At present, so far as Branch Annual Reports show, there are Poetry Groups in Victoria, Calgary and Montreal; Short Story Groups in Victoria, Vancouver and Montreal; and a Drama Group in Montreal. If other groups have been formed, the National Executive would like to hear of them.

The Location of Headquarters

The proposal that the Association should have power at its annual conference to extend the period of two years, to which the location of headquarters in Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto or Winnipeg is now limited, was referred to the Executive Committee with a request for some practicable plan to be laid before the convention next year.

The Collection of Fees

The convention was unable to agree to the proposal, from Victoria, that Branch treasurers should deduct capitation grant before forwarding fees to headquarters. It was pointed out that such a system had already been tried and found impracticable.

Authors and Publishers

Dr. Hardy reported at Halifax that so far only one case had been submitted to the "Adjustment Committee," formed during the year with Mr. Justice Surveyer as Chairman, assisted by Mr. J. F. Edgar as Honorary Counsel. This committee's functions are: (1) to get from the member reporting a grievance a complete outline of the case, and (2) if thought advisable, to ask counsel's suggestions as to procedure.

The establishment of this committee, in the convention's opinion, sufficiently answered the purpose of a suggestion from Calgary that the Association should appoint an accountant who, for a fixed fee, to be paid by the author, would audit a member's account with a publisher, paying particular attention to books sold by the publisher below cost.

Get Ready for Book Week

While the observance of Canadian Book Week last year was more successful than ever before, it is confidently hoped that all Branches will exercise the utmost ingenuity and energy to make next Book Week more successful still.

If every Branch will send in *early* intimation of its plans, and especially of new methods proposed, these can be made available and helpful to the rest of the Branches.

It may be taken for granted that our spokesmen, in their greatly needed task of calling attention to the real achievements of Canada in literature, will also help to dispel the illusion that the Association exists or desires to promote the sale of Canadian books regardless of their quality and value.

H. A. Kennedy,
National Secretary.
620 Transportation Bldg., Montreal.

Regina Visits Moose Jaw

We need reminding now and then that our Branch belongs to a whole region, not to a city, however great, whose name for convenience it may use. The Branch often labelled Regina does not forget that it belongs to all Saskatchewan. This summer its Regina members made a pilgrimage to the sister city of Moose Jaw, and held a regular meeting there, in the home of Dr. A. D. Graham of Moose Jaw College. Eleven members attended, including the President, Col. A. C. Garner. After the business, the members and guests were taken for a drive through the new Wild Animal Park, and were entertained at a riverside picnic.

This may remind us also that the same Branch includes Saskatoon; but maybe that city, with its flourishing university, will before long form a Branch for the northern part of the province.

Montreal, by the way, cannot forget that its Branch covers the eastern part of Quebec Province, including Sherbrooke and Lennoxville. A Branch meeting will probably be held soon at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, which is not only a beautiful riverside resort but, owing to MacDonald College, an important educational centre. Tom Moore's Ste. Anne's is only 20 miles from the heart of Montreal, and Moose Jaw is 42 miles from Regina.

The Vancouver Branch held its July meeting in the Pavilion of Stanley Park, which is one of the royal beauty spots of the Dominion and, like Moose Jaw, has its wild animals in captivity. Neither the scenery nor the fauns interfered with the intellectual programme carried out under Mrs. Winlow's chairmanship.

The Lampman Cairn

The Western Ontario Branch, of which Dr. Sherwood Fox is President, and Mrs. Ruth Holway Higgins is Secretary, is appointing an Organization Committee to carry out its plan of erecting a cairn in memory of Archibald Lampman, in the grounds of Morpeth Rectory, where the poet was born on Sunday morning, November 17, 1861. The financial objective is $1,000. The Toronto Branch of the C.A.A. has promised $25, and so has the Toronto Literature Club. Arthur Stringer has added $50. The co-operation of Trinity College, where Lampman was a student, is expected.

* * *

Vancouver

At the regular meeting of the Canadian Authors Association, British Columbia Branch, Mainland Section, held at "Southpines," the beautiful residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Fyfe Smith, Vancouver, Miss E. Fraser and Mr. Percy Gomery gave impressions of their attendance as delegates to the Halifax Convention. Guests at this meeting included Mr. J. O. Gibbs, of Australia. Mrs. E. Holt Murison read a sketch reminiscent of camping days with the late Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

WINGS IN LITERATURE

Editor, *The Canadian Bookman:*

The presence of an article in last issue *The Canadian Bookman,* in appreciation of our birds, by C. F. Lloyd, is a mark of definite progress in thought assets and sources of material for literature in Canada, or Canadian literary circles. I congratulate the author and the magazine.

Creative minds find these things which are uplifting, inspiring, cheering, lovely in form and action, beautiful alike to the carefree whistler of the morn and the lonely sorrower at eve. There is magic to draw the soul of any real pen, let it once dip, by accident or otherwise, into the liquid loveliness of birdland. The double boon of spirited cheer to the happy and spiritual comfort to the sad, all in one feathered sprite! What a source of magic "props" for any written setting!

One never can know all the birds or half there is to know of only a few. Therefore no author can reach the ultimate, outranking his fellows and impressing them with a false sense of their inferiority. I know a little about a great many birds, but the subject is beyond the power of any one man or set of men. He who goes afield for the first time to-day may "high hat" me over some rare and uncommon habit of a common sparrow he has seen, but let him look a little longer, seek a little deeper, go just a bit farther in birdland, and he will do so no more.

Frankly speaking, we are away behind in this bird matter. The Americans are ahead of us by years and miles, so to speak. Why? Because their creative minds, numerous enough to guide thought, have led the wealthy classes into bird minded channels. In Canada how can our new rich know they should acquire bird understanding and appreciation as one of the hall marks of culture, if our authors do not set the pace?

In the light of Mr. Lloyd's article, and this, my comment following it, a better understanding may be had of the importance of knowledge of our birds among our writers. Also, perhaps, a more comprehending view may be had of the value and meaning of Abbey Dawn, its service to Canada, its unique patronage, and why it is the dedicated inspiration of my Muse.

There are fifty-four gloriously lovely paintings of our Canadian birds, by Major Allan Brooks, D.S.O., of British Columbia, which may be seen any time in the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology, Toronto, and, so far, twelve have been reproduced in full color, a set of which I am sending to Mr. C. F. Lloyd. The Museum furnishes sets. These are some of the fruits of Abbey Dawn, where a further collection of poetical birdland themes, interpretations of poems, painted by Allan Brooks, may be seen, and where all creative minds will naturally feel at home.

WALLACE HAVELOCK ROBB,

Abbey Down, R.R.1, Kingston, Ont.

"INCONGRUOUS" CRITICISM

Editor, *Canadian Bookman*:

In the *Canadian Forum* for June, 1929, there appeared over the name of Mr. Watson Kirkconnell what can only be described as a most unfair and unjustifiable attack on a Canadian poet, Mr. Norman Gregor Guthrie. This attack was made in the guise of a review of Mr. Guthrie's latest book, *Flake and Petal,* together with Mr. Edwin A. Robinson's *Sonnets,* and was entitled "Poetic Contrasts."

"It may seem incongruous," wrote Mr. Kirkconnell, "to pair together these two volumes, one containing the collected sonnets of the greatest living American poet (*sic*), and the other some new verse by one of our minor Canadians." Such a comparison is incongruous indeed, and, if we accept the reviewer's appraisal of the relative standing of these two poets, grossly unfair. He here lauds Mr. Robinson in order to belittle Mr. Guthrie, a poet of very different pretensions, by comparing the "dexterous art" of the one, writing in a highly artificial medium, with the alleged "inferior craftsmanship" of the "freer forms of the Canadian poet." It is as though the wayward grace of the silver birch were dubbed inferior to the unnatural, though still ornamental, art of the close-clipped yew—a comparison foolish enough in itself. But Mr. Kirkconnell has done more than this, betraying in this invidious juxtaposition a lamentable lack of knowledge of the proper function of journalistic criticism.

We may now permit ourselves to forget Mr. Robinson, secure, and fortunately so, from Mr. Kirkconnell's variety of "criticism" on the American Olympus where he is gratuitously enthroned; and we may confine ourselves to the indictment against Mr. Guthrie, which, we find, falls into some five sections.

(1) "Mr. Guthrie is curiously monotonous." One gathers that the reader of his book must inevitably be bored. Drab monotony! The single-tonedness of gray, overcasting tireless but wearisome leagues of platitude, where the leaden feet drag heavily! Perhaps to Mr. Kirkconnell every garden border is the same border, all combinations of colors alike, each vista a replica of the last, no cloud-hung unlike another. To the eyes of the spiritually blind even nature's variety is monotonous; and it is precisely this variety of contrasted color out of doors, of blazing light in the snow-draped street giving place to the empurpled gloom of cathedrals, of vignettes brightly sketched *en passant,* of thought now simple, now profound, that fills Mr. Guthrie's reader with delight.

(2) Of the alleged inferior craftsmanship of the Canadian I forbear to write much. The opinion of most critics proclaims him a craftsman of no mean order. For the rest, suffice it to say that the poet himself knows best how far he has succeeded in expressing what he has to say, after which publication becomes a matter of conscientiousness. In consequence we may pick holes at leisure in the craftsmanship of any and every poet. The

matter is one of personal taste. Discernment, however, plays a most inconsiderable part, and in this respect Mr. Kirkconnell seems wanting. There are things in poetry which at first sight we account failures in achievement—slight roughnesses not smoothed away—which yet are an integral part of the design. Nor can we hope for anything better than the inadequate type of criticism represented by Mr. Kirkconnell's work, until critics cease from applying to poetry in general the rigid and narrow technical formulae regulating such verse forms as the sonnet, and acquire the grace, at least, to attempt to grasp why the poet does things as he does.

(3) "Nearly half the volume is written in some variant or other of the school-boy's jigging ballad measure." Twelve of Mr. Guthrie's forty-three poems in this book are composed in four-line stanzas. The rest are in a number of metres and rhyme-schemes of considerable variety. His rhythm is decisive, rapid, and full of vitality. It does not follow, however, that because it is not tortuous it is trivial; nor that its failure to adhere to the sonorous pedestrianism of the decasyllable condemns it to dance the educational jig.

(4) Mr. Guthrie's ideas are "uniformly commonplace, and his emotions are always tepid." Let us thank God for once for a poet whose head is not everlastingly in the clouds! Did Mr. Kirkconnell but know it, half the beauty revealed by art lies in new aspects of the commonplace. Mr. Guthrie in some ways has enlarged the field where the butterflies of bygone poets' fancies found nectar in the humble field flower. For this we are his eternal debtors. He has done so by taking us into a garden where every flower of the great variety blossoming there is associated with a person, an incident, a thought. He is not, as Mr. Kirkconnell states, "a descriptive poet with an affection for flowers"; he is something much more than this. The individualism of every flower poem is intense; the thought of each not always profound, but far indeed from commonplace—unless it be commonplace time and again to wed flowers to the changing realities of existence. Nor are his ideas trivial outside the flower poems. "Handel's Largo," "Insomnia," "Delphine," "The Spinning Song," "Impression of Notre Dame," to mention only these, belie the accusation. One does not return again and again to commonplace ideas as he does to "Delphine" with its delicate thought and its profoundly tender emotion.

"His emotions are always tepid." Compare with this the tribute paid Mr. Guthrie by Sir Andrew Macphail—as true of his fourth book as of his first—where he writes of a passion "almost Italian in its intensity." Not indeed that it is always so. Mr. Guthrie's emotion is properly human, and we find it here in all its gradations: robust in the "Ten Mile Walk in Winter"; flaming up hot in "For a Singer"—

> Your mouth! O flower incredible
> Alive with crimson song!

ecstatic in "Intoxication"; deeply touching in "Delphine"; tumescent in "Notre Dame"; full of sympathy in "Resurrection."

(5) Mr. Guthrie "postures in vain" for satire in "The Orchestra Leader." Strange that we find it impossible to agree with Mr. Kirkconnell about this vivid and delightful sketch of the simple, emotional, enthusiastic musician, who cared above all for "the something that sings to the heart" of the dancing lovers! But there! This is only one more example of Mr. Kirkconnell's insistence on thrusting his own notions to the fore—yet another sin against journalistic criticism. To suit his purpose, the poem must be satirical. Very well then! Write it down satire and failure to boot! Having condemned the book out of hand already, one more injustice will do no harm. Yet the method is hardly that of criticism.

Aside from this, I venture to offer him one or two useful hints for reviewing, if he must continue to review poetry. (1) Let him read the "blurb" on the jacket once, if necessary. This will help him to absorb some constructive ideas. (2) Let him omit (he safely may) the list of contents—the only thing he seems to have studied with more than a glance in Mr. Guthrie's case. (3) Let him read the book itself several times, intelligently, and if possible with some respect and feeling for the author. If he will not, then perforce we must neglect his criticism as valueless, pitying those deluded mortals who hearken to him. Turning to Mr. Guthrie, we may say to him in his own words:

> Let us go
> Into thy purple chambers
> And lose and leave behind
> The moribund procession
> Of blind who lead the blind.

JOHN LINNELL.

Rare American books from the library of Sutton's Hospital, Charterhouse, and originally forming part of the library of Daniel Wray, 1701-1783, trustee of the British Museum, and one of several credited with the authorship of the famous *Letters of Junius*, sold in London recently for considerable sums. A copy of the second issue of the first edition of W. Hubbard's *A Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England*, published in Boston, Mass., with a folding woodcut map of New England—the first map engraved in America—fetched £490. Another volume, published in Amsterdam in 1612, and containing the first printed account of Hudson's discoveries, fetched £350. Peter Martyr's *The Decades of the Newe Worlde, or West India*, published in 1555, brought £360, while Roger Williams' *A Key Into the Language of America*, dated 1643, sold for £180.

A PARAGRAPH SWITCHED

Readers will recall the letters in the July issue on "The National Consciousness Idea," and no doubt wondered at the inconsistency of the paragraph concluding Mr. Gareth Maybee's letter. This paragraph was really part of Mrs. Garland Foster's letter, but in making up the page it was lifted bodily from its rightful position and tacked on Mr. Maybee's letter. It is hoped that this will clear the air for all concerned.

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: : : THE COLLECTOR : : :

A book has recently appeared in England devoted to describing the "first issues" of certain first editions of present-day English writers who are most fancied by collectors, and it has occurred to its conductor that there may be readers of this department to whom some information of that sort concerning books by the more important of our Canadian writers would be of interest.

"First issues" are usually due to the publishers binding up only a portion of an edition of a book, and awaiting the development of a demand before proceeding to bind up the rest of the edition. Others are due to the necessity of correcting errors which have managed to elude detection or making some other change. So far as books of our Canadian writers are concerned, however, the chief cause of "first issues" lies in the practice of Canadian publishers, almost from time immemorial, in issuing books printed and published in England or the United States with a substituted title-page, or merely with a substituted imprint, and occasionally with a new binding as well, carrying their name. Ordinarily, the books so issued are made up by the original publishers, and shipped to Canada ready to be placed in the market here, but often the printing and binding necessary are done here, the books being shipped here in sheets for the purpose.

It would seem to most people, perhaps, that where books by Canadian writers, at least, are published abroad and editions for the Canadian market are shipped here, either ready to be put on sale or in sheets for binding, such editions should be regarded as the first, but such—except in very rare instances—is not the case, the rule being that the first edition is the original first edition wherever it was published. It is not always possible, however, to determine from internal evidence just where books issued under such circumstances had their original publication, and a few pointers in this connection are offered below, as well as a few about other Canadian "first issues."

The first book The Collector would mention is Isabella Valancy Crawford's *Old Spookses's Pass*. This little book, issued in Toronto in 1884, in an edition of 1,000 copies, is rare enough to-day; but in its first issue it is beyond all question one of the rarest of all books coming under the head of Canadian literature. This first issue is to be identified through being bound in blue-green paper boards, with the imprint: "Toronto: James Bain & Son, 1884," on the front cover as well as on the title-page, and carrying the advertisement of James Bain & Son on the back cover. Few people in Canada cared a rap about poetry—at any rate, Canadian poetry—at the time *Old Spookses' Pass* was published, and consequently only about fifty copies of the original edition of the little book are said to have been sold. Miss Crawford finally obtained the unsold copies, and re-issued them in a new cover of grey-blue paper boards, with a new title-page, omitting the publishers' imprint, and with press notices substituted for the publishers' advertisement on the back. Copies of this issue are to be found in light blue cloth, but they were issued much later.

The next book The Collector deems worthy of mention is *The Canadian Birthday Book* (Toronto, 1887), comprising poetical selections from Canadian writers, English and French, and compiled by "Seranus" (Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison), a most important volume, since it was the first to show that Canada had begun to develop an instructive native literature, and, in addition, contains some of the earliest work of such writers as Bliss Carman, Wilfred Campbell and Pauline Johnson, among others. It is to be found in a variety of bindings, representing apparently different issues, but the first issue is in brown cloth, with designs in gold on the front cover and on the spine, and with red edges.

Charles G. D. Roberts' second book of verse, *In Divers Tones* (Boston, 1886), is to be found in two styles of binding, one of smooth dark blue cloth, with design in gold across the top, and another in the lower right hand corner of the front cover, and also with design in gold on the spine, and the other of light blue or yellow cloth, with only one design in gold, namely, that across the top of the front cover. The one in dark blue cloth, which also carries a page of advertisements at the end, seems to be the prior issue. The Montreal issue of 1887, it may be said here, consists of the sheets of the Boston edition of the previous year, with a substituted title-page.

Archibald Lampman's first book, *Among the Millet* (Ottawa, 1888), had two issues, the first being in brown cloth, with the title on the spine, in small type and within ruled lines, reading: "Among the Millet. Archibald Lampman," while the second is in maroon or gray-blue cloth, lettered on the spine, in long type, "Among the Millet. Lampman."

Gilbert Parker's first book, *Pierre and His People* (London, 1892), has the distinction of having had several issues, each indicated by the advertisements at the end bearing various dates, the latest apparently being June, 1894. The first issue is to be identified by being in black buckram and with the advertisements bearing the date May, 1892.

Later Canadian Poems (Toronto, 1893), edited by J. E. Wetherell, not only, within

its limits, one of the best of Canadian poetical anthologies, but also more important to the collector of Canadian first editions than is generally realized, is to be found in several kinds of binding—cloth, paper boards, and stiff paper. That in cloth is the first edition, the others being only cheap re-issues, intended for school use. *Later Canadian Poems*, it may be stated here, was issued prior to Bliss Carman's *Low Tide on Grand Pré*, Charles G. D. Roberts' *Songs of the Common Day*, and D. C. Scott's *The Magic House*, which all appeared in the same year (1893), and contains poems published in all these volumes, as well as the first publication of poems by other writers, and hence takes rank as an important Canadian first edition.

The original edition of Bliss Carman's first book, *Low Tide on Grand Pré* (1893), carries the imprint of Charles L. Webster & Co., New York, but D. Nutt, of London, took a portion of the edition and issued it with his imprint, and in a new binding. The Nutt issue might be described as a large paper edition, as it was bound up with the edges, just as they left the press.

The original edition of Duncan Campbell Scott's first books, *The Magic House* (1893), was published in London by Methuen & Co., being issued in yellow buckram, but Durie & Son, of Ottawa, issued a portion of the edition with their imprint and bound in wine colored or brown buckram.

Charles G. D. Roberts' third book of poems, *Songs of the Common Day* (1893), also had its original publication in London, being issued by Longmans, Green & Co., and it likewise had a Canadian issue, which bore the imprint of Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

Bliss Carman's *Songs from Vagabondia* (1894), issued in association with Richard Hoxey, was originally published in Boston with the imprint reading: "Boston: Copeland and Day; London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane," but the copies issued in England have the imprint reversed, that is, with the name of Elkin Mathews, John Lane's preceding that of Copeland and Day.

The original edition of Carman's *Behind the Arras* (1895) carries the imprint: "Boston and New York: Lamson, Wolffe & Co.," and is in gray-green paper boards, but there is a later issue with "London: Elkin Mathews; Toronto: William Briggs," added to the original imprint, and the binding being grey-blue paper boards.

The Collector may return to this subject at some future time, but in the meantime he would welcome evidence that others are interested in Canadian first editions.

What is probably an English record for a George Washington letter was set at Sotheby's London auction rooms on July 24, when Peter Pearce's letter, written by Washington to John Paul Jones on July 22, 1787, mentioning the Count de Rochambeau, commander of the French military forces sent to America's aid in the Revolution, brought £920. A copy of the first edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* brought £1,220 at the same sale.

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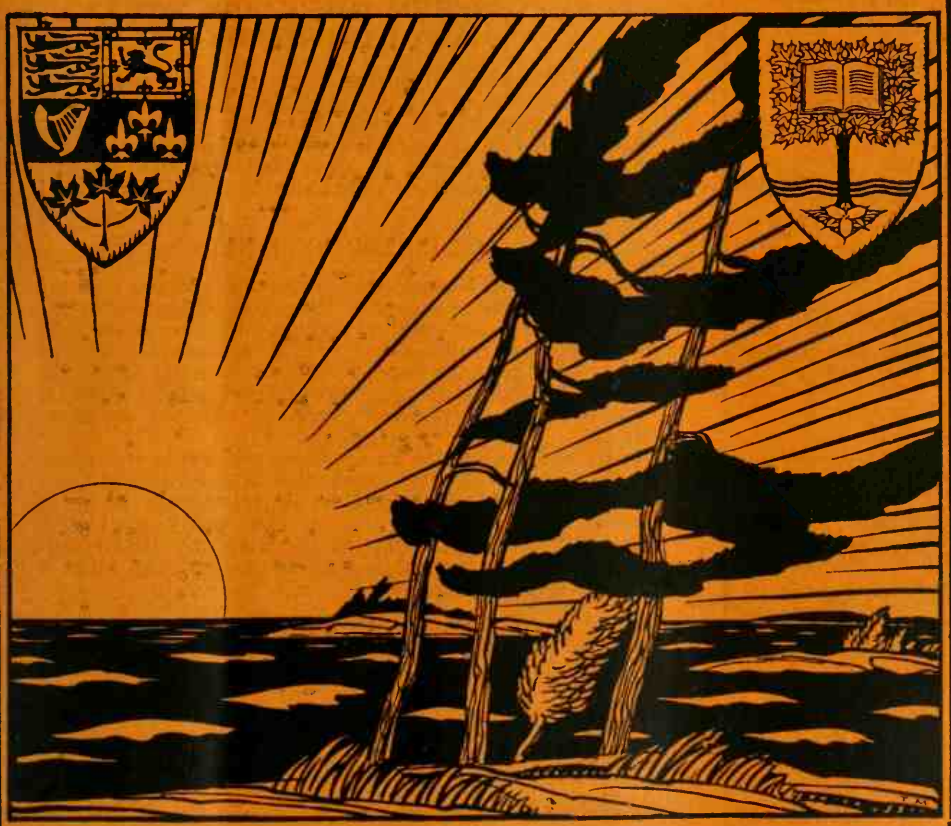

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Vol. XI., No. 10 TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1929 25c. a Copy $2.00 a Year

Memories of Pauline Johnson

By Frank Yeigh

SCARCELY a week passes that memories of Pauline Johnson are not awakened—memories that go back farther than one cares to admit. It is gratifying to know that she is not forgotten; indeed that she is more and more coming into her own as the voice of her red race as well as a poetic exponent of a virile Canadianism. The steady sale of her books, calling for repeated editions, and the study of her work in schools and clubs, are welcome tributes to her personality and the high quality of her literary output. Theodore Watts-Dunton's tribute is worth recalling: "Her death is not only a great loss to those who knew her and loved her; it is a great loss to Canadian Literature, and to the Canadian nation. I must think that she will hold a memorable place among poets, in virtue of the work she has left behind. I believe that Canada will in future times cherish her memory more and more, for of all Canadian poets she was the most distinctly a daughter of the soil, inasmuch as she inherited the blood of the great primeval race now so rapidly vanishing, and of the greater race that has supplanted it."

What memories of "Tekahionwake" were stirred as I made a pilgrimage to her nature-bordered shrine in Stanley Park, Vancouver!—memories of a slip of a girl in Brantford, my old home town, a dark-skinned, shy girl going to school. She probably kept secret that at this early period she was given to writing verses. One's school companions are apt to be a trifle critical of budding genius. But genius will out, and soon the slip of a girl began to recite her compositions in modest little gatherings, in churches and schools.

But her real debut came later and in an unpremeditated way. I was living in Toronto, and, as president of a young men's club, had the responsibility of arranging weekly meetings. The idea of an Authors' Evening suggested itself, with readings by real writers of their real compositions, and so it was arranged. Pauline was asked to come to Toronto for the affair. She wrote back, in great trepidation, that she had never recited outside of her own home and town circle, that she was scared to death at the thought of appearing before a high-brow Toronto gathering, and, most disconcerting of all, she hadn't a suitable dress to wear!

A crowded hall greeted the reciters, including some of the then famous ones. Rarely had a newcomer made such a hit as the Indian girl from Brantford. Perhaps it was partly the striking contrast of her manner and matter that woke up a somewhat somnolent audience, but they went wild with applause. The bashful and frightened Indian had captured the town.

A second recital was arranged, which repeated the success of her first appearance, and thereafter followed no less than sixteen years of travel and platform work, during which she visited England twice, besides covering Canada and Newfoundland and many American centres. During her Canadian tours she became a pioneer, penetrating far inland and northward and crossing the Rockies no less than nineteen times.

Other memories came to me at her boulder grave—of her charm and talents; of her winning personality, and of pride in her Indian father, Chief Johnson, of the Six Nations, through whom she was a descendant of a Blood Royal line that went back 400 years.

Memories of the Indian poetess abound in the West. Going back to her earlier visits to the prairies and the provinces, she might well be regarded as a relatively old-timer, and no one caught the spirit of the plains or the peaks more sympathetically. It was a rare treat to hear her vivid description of a trip in a Deadwood coach over the Fort McLeod trail—years before a motor kicked up the dust of the prairies. The Indian spirit in her revelled in the open spaces, the unmeasured sky line, the vast elbow-room in this western land of amplitude, just as it did on her trip up and down the Caribou trail, when the "X.Y." four- or six-in-hand coaches lumbered over steep hills and along precarious paths dug out of mountain sides, or halted in an irrigated oasis for rest and refreshment. Her Lilloet poem is a gem of verse, with its glowing pictures of the little town cuddled close to the banks of the upper Fraser.

She loved the baby cities of the west, when Regina and Calgary were almost in embryo, Saskatoon just planned on paper, and Edmonton more of a Hudson's Bay post than a provincial capital. The great West revealed itself to this Mohawk woman as a land of discovery, and she must have felt an instant blood kinship with the Cree and Blackfoot, Sarcee and Stony of the plains, as well as with the red folk of the Pacific Coast. All represented "human nature bound in red"; all belonged to the tribes of the original Canadians.

No less deep and abiding was her love for the home of her childhood, and anyone who has visited "Chiefswood," on the Six Nations' Reserve near Brantford, will not wonder at its spell. Though the old homestead shows signs of age, the bend of the Grand River hard by is still one of its chief beauty spots. Her canoe often rippled its surface and her feet penetrated the woodland paths that slope from its banks. Reflections of those halcyon days of her youth are to be heard in many a poem, and no others reveal more accurately her love of life and nature beauty.

During her final illness in a Vancouver hospital, a few ex-Brantfordites, living in Toronto, sent her a letter of sympathy, with a cheque. The reply was typical of her brave spirit and deep gratitude: "How can I thank you all for a letter and enclosure that shows so unchanged an interest in me during this long, long, tedious, irksome illness. It has swept me off my feet with gratitude, and I can only express my thanks by using the money as I know you would desire—to give myself what care and comfort my illness demands, with some little fresh-air pleasure thrown in now and again while our beautiful summer lasts. In my public life I must have builded better than I knew that my old townsmen should so regard and remember me. My heart is very, very full of feeling and my eyes moist as I write; the world has proved so full of goodness to me."

She sleeps in a far-away-from-home grave; a pinch of dust hidden under a pyramid of boulders out West where the pathway to the East begins. It matters little where the pinch of dust is deposited. Pauline Johnson belongs to Canada, not to the Mohawk Nation or the Six Nations' Reserve, or to a corner in Vancouver's Stanley Park.

I close with an extract from her poem on Joseph Brant, of which I have an autograph copy:

"Young Canada" with mighty force sweeps on,
To gain in power and strength before the dawn
That brings another era when the sun
Shall rise again, but only shine upon
Her Indian graves and Indian memories.
For as the carmine in the twilight skies
Will fade as night comes on, so fades the race
That unto Might and therefore Right gives place.
And as white clouds float hurriedly and high
Across the crimson of a sunset sky,
Altho' their depths are foamy as the snow,
Their beauty lies in their vermilion glow.
So, Canada, thy plumes were hardly won
Without allegiance from thy Indian son.
Thy glories, like the cloud, enhance their charm
With red reflections from the Mohawk's arm.
Then meet we as one common brotherhood
In peace and love, with purpose understood
To lift a lasting tribute to the name
Of Brant—who linked his own with Britain's fame.

Editor's Note

The foregoing replaces the regular "Who's Who in Canadian Literature" feature this month, Pauline Johnson having already been the subject of one of these sketches. It was contributed by Mr. M. O. Hammond, appearing along with a check-list of first editions, in the issue for February, 1926. It is felt, however, that readers will appreciate this interesting supplementary article by Mr. Frank Yeigh.

Wildflowers

By C. F. Lloyd

THERE are flowers in some part of God's garden during the whole year, so that while our planet swings through the twelve signs of the Zodiac one might, if one could travel swiftly and freely as the birds, pick wild posies, now in an English hedgerow and anon on the bleak prairies of the Northwest, now among the stern crags of the Falkland Islands and next month on the edge of the Sahara itself, now on the shores of the Aral Sea or at the North Cape and tomorrow on the upper slopes of the Andes. Only the tops of the highest mountains, the Poles and the deepest sea are beyond the bounds of this fair garden, and they are scarcely out of bounds either, for the Poles and the mountain tops have flower-like crystals of snow and blossoms of pure frost, more delicate than the finest jewellery, while the abysmal depths of Bronson's deep and that frightful chasm in the Pacific, off the coast of Japan, conceal from the prying eyes of men flower-like creatures which one hardly knows whether to assign to the animal or vegetable kingdom.

The gardener of this great garden is the Almighty Himself. He sends the gentle spring rains to wake the violets and daffodils of the north. He gives to the Victoria Regina its vast expanse of bloom and to the lotus of the Nile its tender beauty, as of summer dawn. The tiny edelweiss is His and the Alpine rose which I have seen growing, covered with bloom, on the very edge of the great Alestch glacier. He fashioned the giant tree fern of the tropic islands, the sturdy bracken of our woods, the bonny purple heather of Ben-More and the lace-like maidenhair of my own sweet Herefordshire lanes.

If I had abundant leisure and money, I would in time penetrate to all corners of God's garden, or at least to all that I could reach. I add that saving clause because I could no longer climb high among Alps or Andes, but wherever I could go I would, noting lovingly the form, color and perfume of all wild flowers, their situation and habits, their times of appearing and disappearing, and lovingly would I collect all old local legends concerning them, especially such as displayed a trace of beauty or originality of thought or a fine inventiveness. I would keep copious notes, take hundreds of photographs and at last in old-age come home to write a book about God's flowers, a book which I would dedicate to one who when she was on earth loved every one of them, was as frail and gentle as any flower herself and now blossoms in heaven. A book did I say? I would require for the work a longer earthly span than God gave Methuselah.

Most existing books about living things are detestable because they were written by people without a soul or sense save that mechanical sense that expresses itself in a long, hard Latin name, a bit of dry-as-dust description or a lifeless drawing. Only the great

imaginative artists, or those still rarer beings, scientists with the souls of artists, should write about livng things, flowers and birds and animals. Let dry-as-dust stick to automobiles, paving-stones, groceries and statistics, if he must write at all, and leave flowers and birds alone. White of Selborne would have handled English apple blossoms, violets and daffodils without knocking the bloom off them, but in our day we need a Fabre to describe the dog-rose and the crocus of our Western lanes as minutely, as lovingly and with as fine an imagination and sympathetic knowledge of their ways as the great Frenchman has displayed in his treatment of the pine processionary and the great peacock moth. The fascinating pages of Fabre's book opened for me a door leading into a whole new universe of living things of whose existence I had known nothing. It flung flying across my mind, like shadows racing over a June meadow, a myriad implications, dark hints of the goodness, wisdom and vastness of God, perhaps even of His purpose in creating this earth.

The first wild flower to appear in our bitter Northwest in spring is the gallant little crocus. I have found it braving the keen air as I crossed the prairie, still half covered with sodden, melting snow, late in March. Loveliest of all Western wild flowers, to me, is the dog-rose, or as some call it, the June rose. I used to gather great armfuls of its pale-pink blossoms from vacant lots in St. James and St. Vital to bring home to my friend who treasured them as though they were jewels, albeit her favorite flower of God's garden was the fringed gentian. Surely there must be wild flowers in heaven else how can such flower-loving souls be happy. I think that to appreciate either flowers or friends as they should be appreciated, one should be deprived of them now and then for a season. In the tropics where flowers bloom all the year round one does not love either wild or tame ones quite so well as one does in this grim country where one can enjoy them out-doors for only a few brief months. A season of austere privation followed by a season of enjoyment and hope fulfilled certainly enhances pleasure, perhaps is a necessary part of it.

All vandals who destroy wild flowers by pulling them up by the roots ought to be destroyed themselves, for they are robbing the grim earth, and men who live on it, of one of its few remaining graces and an innocent source of pleasure. Even that bold, gay nuisance, the dandelion, is welcome in our arid cities, but I intend to speak of him when I write of weeds.

Perhaps the loveliest thing about wild flowers is just that they are wild, that they have never been tamed, pruned, confined, commercialized by men. They fight bravely and unaided their own battles, looking to God, the great gardener, for the sun and rain to enable them for a few weeks to enjoy the free wind and the open sky. How joyously they spend every minute of their brief life cycle ere passing into the garnered sheaf of beauty that once was and now is not, save in memory of dead summers.

SONG OF ROON'S PEOPLE

Roon said: "There be gods of moving and gods of standing still, but I am the god of going."—Dunsany.

UNTO Roon, the god of going, he who moves the streams and seas,
He whose trumpet is the north wind, he whose spirit knows no ease,
To whom mountains are no barrier, and the seas are but a way,
Unto Roon, the god of going, lord of restless souls, we pray.

Greater is he than the home gods, who love sloth and take their ease
Where the firelight shadows flicker, where the glowing embers please;
He the god of upward striving, panting breast and straining limb,
We for whom no home hearth brightens, we may make our prayer to him.

Wider than the wide horizon far the realm of Roon extends,
And from many a lonely camp-fire incense unto him ascends;
Lord of hills and boundless oceans, vales where restless rivers flow,
Lord of questing, untamed spirits, go thou with us, as we go.

Unto Roon the song of going as a chant of praise ascends,
Half-choked sobs, and tears unbidden, mingled with reproach of friends;
Lord of spirit-stirring mountains, lord of winds and tameless sea,
Lord, too, of unconquered purpose, be thou wheresoe'er we be.

Jean Elizabeth Whitman

It is Reported

THAT—

—travelling libraries in circulation in Saskatchewan number 1,250 and comprise 62,500 books, continually renewed. The first book thus sent out, in 1914, is still in use, and in the fifteen years' journeyings of these books not one has been lost.

* * *

—Mr. C. S. Sanderson, the new assistant librarian of the Toronto Public Library, has had a distinguished career in library work, in the John Rylands' Library, Manchester, as lecturer in the London University, and in universities of the continent where library work is on the curriculum.

* * *

—acting upon a vote of subscribers to *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*, one of the excellent reference periodicals published by the H. W. Wilson Co., N.Y., *The Canadian Bookman* has been added to the indexing service beginning with the September, 1929, issue. The service is particularly valuable in connection with bibliographical data.

* * *

—Alice Caddy, who is responsible for the striking illustrations in Ben Lucien Burman's *Mississippi*, just published, is a Canadian, a native of Hamilton, where she studied at the Hamilton Art School and won a scholarship to the Art Students' League of New York. In private life the artist is Mrs. Ben Lucien Burman, which conveys something of the happy nature of the collaboration.

THE LITTLE MAID, MARY

By Constance Davies Woodrow

DARLING of my heart is the little maid, Mary,
All the moods of April in her lovely eyes of brown—
Wistful, shy, or tearful, mischievous, or happy,
Or very softly darkened with the shadow of a frown.

Like the Little People is the little maid, Mary,
Swift on loving ministries the long day through;
Sorrow flees before her, as frost before the sunlight,
For strangely sweet and tender are the things she finds to do.

Life, be very gentle with the little maid, Mary!
Let no cruel thorn surprise her little dancing feet!
Leave to her forever her faery world of dreaming!
Oh, shadow not her singing heart, so flower-like and sweet!

A MAN SCANS HIS PAST. *By Constantin-Weyer. Translated by Slater Brown. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited.* $2.50.

Reviewed by John W. Garvin

This is 'The Goncourt Prize' novel of France, for the present year. When the author was a young man of twenty-one, he came to this continent and lived the life of cowboy, lumberman and fur-trader for a period of twelve years. He roved, we are told, from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson Bay. At the close of the twelve years, he was owner of a stock farm in Manitoba. Then the Great War began, and he hurried home to enlist. He was repeatedly cited for bravery, particularly on the Macedonian Front, where a bursting shell wounded him in fifty-three places. While still disabled, he insisted on returning to the Front with the tanks and took part in several attacks. When the war ceased, he returned to Manitoba, only to find he had no longer a stock farm. Ruin had resulted from his long absence, and he was stranded without money and in a crippled condition. This was providential apparently, for he re-embarked for France and began his literary career.

Prize novels have often disappointed me, but this one does not, nor did Martha Ostenso's *Wild Geese*, nor Mazo de la Roche's *Jalna*. It is not, however, as great a novel as either of the latter two. It is told reminiscently in the first person, the easiest method of novel-writing, and is based, doubtless, on his many adventures in Western and Northern Canada.

Too many of the authors of Europe seem to have an utter contempt for women. I remember my intense indignation when, years ago, I finished reading Knut Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil*. The crude, illiterate peasant who went into the wilds and cleared and tilled a valuable farm, and reared a respectable family, was a genuine creation; but there wasn't a good woman in the book. Two of them were baby-murderers. This author's contempt for women is also manifest. The Irish girl who preferred the Frenchman, who is relating the story, to the Irishman, Archer, and cared for him enough to marry him, is made later to declare that the only man she ever loved was Archer, and to prove unfaithful to her husband. And her sister is represented as fickle and untrue to her absent lover. But it is well-known that Irish women rank among the purest and most loyal of their sex.

The most thrilling and pathetic story of the volume is the account of the death of Paul Durand in the freezing, tempestuous barren lands of the North, and of the return of his body, frozen in ice, on a dog sleigh.

The Doukhobors are much in the limelight these days in British Columbia, and the more turbulent of them may yet have to be deported. Constantin-Weyer refers to them in these words: "Under the stern eyes of the white-bearded patriarchs, young men with whips forced the women to toil in the fields. Religion forbade these Russians to overtax their beasts, but their mysticism did not deter them from brutality, nor from hurling obscene insults at their wives, their sisters, their daughters and their mothers. They so disgusted us that Napoleon and I agreed that it was regrettable a man's life was held so sacred in Canada. Indeed, the Sioux destroyed by the Anglo-Saxons possessed a higher form of civilization than these fanatics."

There are several pages of sarcastic comment on "Nature's kindness." The author had been observing life in a forest.

If finite creatures are part of a living Universe—Universal Life or Consciousness in constant evolution—as the most profound thinkers of the present day believe, then to sustain life they must kill and eat. There is nothing to live on but life. But this does not excuse man with his higher intelligence and freedom of will for his horrible cruelty—little removed from that of cannibalism—in slaughtering daily, for his sustenance, innumerable domestic animals and fowl. From such there should be sufficient food for his needs in milk, butter, cheese and eggs, when to these are added fish, grains, fruits, nuts and vegetables. As carnivora are invariably fierce, is it not probable that the devastating wars of mankind are traceable in large measure to flesh-eating? The most peace-loving nation in the world, and the only one that for thousands of years has exalted scholarship above militarism, is China. And by the Chinese there is little flesh eaten.

A Man Scans His Past has been well translated, and it is gratifying that another Frenchman has won distinction by portraying Canadian scenery, and relating experiences here, real or fictional. But it seems to me that this book, cleverly conceived and written as it is, will not take rank with *Maria Chapdelaine* as a classic. It deserves, however, wide reading. The author has excellent descriptive power and his tales of adventure hold the reader's undivided attention.

AN "ABO GIN"

COONARDOO. *By Katharine Susannah Prichard. Toronto: Jonathan Cape.*

Reviewed by John Armitage

Seldom have I found so much pleasure in reading a novel. *Coonardoo,* hidden behind a title which to the average person must be meaningless, is a mine of information and wealthy in rich enjoyment for the reader. Australia is made to live before one's vision—the flora and fauna of the back country; vivid glimpses of the cities, with all their pettiness, their glitter, and greatness too. Nor is the information confined to this, for Katharine Susannah Prichard is a ruthless psychologist. Neither is the enjoyment limited to any one of those emotions which the novelist uses to hold one's interest. She plays upon the harp of life with a master hand, touching the strings of love, hate, passion, anger, sorrows and pleasures, and again breaks into a paean with the sheer joy of living. Even the wealth of description, unlike much descriptive matter one reads, is almost thrilling, and certainly is entrancing. It flows into the story, carrying one to an inevitable climax of pure artistry. It is sad, this ending of *Coonardoo,* and one is left in doubt right to the last chapter, but, having reached it, the reader recognizes the ruthless truthfulness of its inspired creator.

Coonardoo is the name of an Australian aborigine girl, just an "abo gin", who lives most of her life on a cattle station (ranch) in the little known Australian Nor' West.

On these vast cattle stations, some of which run to hundreds of square miles in area, tribes of aborigines live and die: they are part of the life of the mighty cattle kingdoms, and still they manage to retain their own individuality and their own customs.

Coonardoo is reared by a woman station owner, whose husband has gone under in the fight for existence. Here it is heat and drought that take the place of snow and frost as the pioneers' antagonists in the battle for development of a new country. She is a long-sighted woman, this virile little lady, named by the blacks Mumae, who sets out to wring from untamed nature a home and future for her young son. She is a grim fighter, stern yet just, careful of the pence but never mean. She understands life, and death. For that reason she trains the "abo" girl, Coonardoo. It is in the drawing of this character of the mother that the author is perhaps at her best. This mother is unusual, but never impossible. It is for her fearless outlook on life that one likes her best. For her there are no rose-colored glasses. She sees things straight, as when, on her death-bed, she says:

"Tell you what I've found out . . . sex hunger's like any other. Satisfy it and you don't think about it. I mean . . . it won't get out of proportion. Work's the thing . . . not sex . . . . "

And the book is chock full of such common-sense flashes on life. Trader Horn is outdone, for the morals are not dangled at chapter ends: they are essential parts of a work of art, as they should be. There is no doddering sentimentality, nor any mere pandering to sensationalism. Rather is there that suggestive reticence in dramatic scenes, which, with the true artist, lends strength to a story. Colors are laid on boldly, but never garishly; contrasts are used not only effectively, but with meaning and sense of proportion.

With the death of "Mumae" commenced the struggle of her son, now grown to manhood. He becomes literally a lost soul. Contact with his own race is lost. He wanders about the vast bush, well-nigh demented, but always watched over by Coonardoo. In a moment of primal passion he takes Coonardoo, and finds release from the racking emotions which have been his physical undoing. This moment of swift passion remains to him only as a dim memory, for he is stricken with fever, nursed by Coonardoo, and taken to the coast, where he weds. He returns with a wife, to find that Coonardoo has borne him a son.

Hugh Watt has five daughters by this wife, who turns out a despicable character. She deserts her husband, and goes to live in the city. Again he falls on bad times—physically, mentally, and financially. His only real human contact is his half-caste, illegitimate son, for whom he has a passionate love—a love which is returned just as passionately.

Then his eldest daughter returns: a cigarette-smoking, outspoken flapper, the very spirit of the present generation. She applies to her father's problem the honest philosophy of the younger set, and thereby rescues him from a threatened descent into the abyss of "gone black."

This daughter takes to the country in a convincing manner, and she has her own romance, which is not quite so convincing, but is well-enough depicted.

Of the end of Coonardoo I shall not tell you. Her story and her end are typical of the fate of a colored race which is fast disappearing under the smothering cloak of a superimposed civilization. In the prose of *Coonardoo* Katharine Susannah Prichard has sung the saga of the Australian aborigine as Pauline Johnson sang that of the Canadian Indian in poetry.

Subsidiary characters are living entities, and they act naturally, which is more than can be said of many one meets in novels, so obviously are they puppets in the hands of their authors.

Coonardoo is a great book; in every sense of the word is it great. The fact that it was written by Katharine Susannah Prichard, and won the *Sydney Bulletin* prize contest for the best Australian novel in 1928, is sufficient warranty that it is a good literary production. But it is better than good. For an overseas edition one might suggest a more restrained use of native words. From the strength of the story nothing would be drawn, and it would read easier. However, the author has helped the careful reader out by appending a list of native words.

Coonardoo should be read by every Canadian. I know of no other piece of prose which presents so truthful and vivid a picture of the great sister dominion. But, apart from that, *Coonardoo* should bring hours of keen enjoyment to all who are fortunate enough to read it.

JALNA AGAIN

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA. *By Mazo de la Roche. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.* $2.00.

Reviewed by John W. Garvin

In *Jalna,* Miss de la Roche created a family —distinctive and unusual—and so vividly characterized each member as to make him or her unforgettable in the memory of the reader. With what interest and pleasure then acquaintanceship with this family is renewed in this volume. . . . A year and a half has passed and we see the natural changes which have taken place. The centenarian grandmother with her arrogant nature and biting tongue is still with us, until near the close of the book; and Boney, her parrot, repeats occasionally his Hindustani vocabulary. The naughty Pheasant is now the mother of a son whom she hopes will inherit grandmother's fortune, and has become so accomplished a horsewoman as to win prizes in the Coliseum. Piers is happy again and pursues his farming duties with enthusiasm and vigor. The lascivious poet, Eden, is unexpectedly found in a park in New York City, very ill with tuberculosis. He and his estranged wife, Alayne, are persuaded to return to Jalna and live in a hut in the woods. Here, in a few months, Eden recovers his health and is ready for fresh adventures. Meg is also a mother, and a happy housewife, until grandmother impulsively gives Pheasant a valuable ruby ring which she claims was promised to her. The elderly uncles with their cat and dog and European reminiscences, and their sister, Lady Buckley, who is enduring life at Jalna while her mother lives, are still filling niches in the old homestead. Renny, tribal chieftain, with his red hair and "Court" nose, remains the masterful and successful horseman, notwithstanding his persistent craving for Alayne. And that lovable young rascal, Wakefield, is found progressing wickedly as ever, and will surely inspire later another sequel in which he is the chief actor.

But the character of most prominence in *Whiteoaks of Jalna* is Finch, the hyper-sensitive, awkward lad who has such a craving for music and the artistic side of life. To his surprise he gets unlooked for sympathy from the grandmother. His meetings with her at midnight in her room, unknown to the other members of the family, lead in time to quite unforseen events. . . . Several new characters are introduced whose influences have unexpected results.

Miss de la Roche has a very keen sense of the ludicrous. Her humor is not as delicate as that of the late Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, but it raises a heartier laugh. Let me quote two samples: Renny has difficulty in getting his chilled motor started after the horse show, and Pheasant, anxious to get home to her baby, complains. Renny, exasperated, blurts out: "Look here, my gal, you must either give up riding in horse shows or having babies. They don't fit."

"But I've just begun both in the last year," she pleaded, "and they're equally fascinating, and Piers likes me to do both."

Finch growled, "Quote someone besides Piers for a change."

"But how can I? He's the only husband I've got."

The old grandmather hears loud laughter in the dining-room over a canary lottery ticket Finch had dropped, and determines to get out of bed to investigate. Little Wakefield has been sent to pacify her if she has been disturbed. She insists on getting up with his help, but he is not strong enough to lift her. Then he says:

"What about creeping, Gran?"

His grandmother threw him an infuriated look.

"Creep, eh? One of my family creep! A Court creep! A Court, let me tell you, never creeps or crawls, even before his Maker! He walks upright, even if he has to lean on someone else to do it. Let cowards creep—let snails creep—let snakes creep—" She looked about her wildly.

"What was I saying?"

"You were saying all the things you'd let creep, Granny. You'd just got to snakes."

"But what was I going to make a scene about?"

"About the canary, Gran."

"Ah, yes. We must attend to that. Try pushing me from behind, Wakefield. Mount the bed."

In *Jalna,* tragedy was the dominant note. In the sequel, comedy prevails. Hence the contrast between the books which may be regarded as two parts of a whole, is very marked and effective. . . . Again we are charmed by the author's beautiful nature descriptions, and by the deftness of her pen in vivid portrayal of events. One seldom meets with such delightful fiction.

* * *

A NEW LUCAS

WINDFALL'S EVE. *By E. V. Lucas.* (*R. P.*) $2.00.

For the first time in six years comes a novel by E. V. Lucas, and it is another easy-going chronicle of pleasant and odd people, young and old. The central figure is an elderly scholar who comes suddenly into excessive riches and is thus enabled to enjoy a sere and yellow holiday. Trust Lucas to make it entertaining!

* * *

OTHERS WHO RETURN: FIFTEEN DISTURBING TALES. *By H. R. Wakefield.* (*R. P.*) $2.

H. R. Wakefield is a writer widely known for his unique and charming ghost stories. This volume, his latest collection of stories, is peopled by ghosts that are distinctive in that they can make themselves felt in everyday, unartificial settings. Yet they bring a chill to the reader's spine that the conventional "hant" can only vainly envy. These are ghost stories pervaded by a delightful humor and unlike the conventional ghost story, an understanding of human nature that is most satisfying. This new volume further evidences the rare quality of Mr. Wakefield's imagination, and is packed even more closely with entertainment and eerie thrills.

What's In The New Books?

The Following are not Critical Reviews, but Brief Notices, Some of Which are by Publishers' Readers in Advance of Publication

CRISTINA AND I. *By Arthur Stringer.* (*McC. & S.*) $2.00.

Cristina is as new as sun-tan, yet as old as Mother Eve. She is the dauntless spirit of woman demanding answers to ancient enigmas. She is the restless and awakening woman of to-day, intractable, yet courageous, indulged, yet charming, sometimes willful and always provocative, finally questioning the meaning of life and love and groping for the road to happiness, not yet sure of the end she seeks, but most assuredly on her way. In a series of Socratic dialogues a novelist of note talks with a young woman of spirit and under the lightness of tone lurks true philosophy and under the wit lies unexpected wisdom. The ancient questions are answered in a new and arresting manner.

ARTHUR STRINGER
His new book, *Cristina and I*, is a man's book about women.

Here are a few aphorisms from *Cristina and I:*

There's still a strain of barbarism dormant in every woman.

Mating is like dinner-hour: the more fashionable you are the later it occurs.

Empty hands are the curse and menace of modern woman.

Woman is the perpetuator and to perpetuate she must normalize herself or be eliminated.

At a wedding mere man invariably looks like a cross between a shell-shocked undertaker and a court-prisoner awaiting sentence.

BETWEEN THE LINES. *By Stephen McKenna.* (*Dodd.*) $2.00.

The author chooses for his central figure a young married woman of the present-day English social set. Lola, wife of Sir Harrison Morchard, is beautiful, clever and in the prime of life; she has no real interest, no children, no companionship with her husband, a man much older than herself. Bored with this loveless existence and terrified at the prospect of her best years gone and her beauty and femininity wasted, she has reached what her friend, Clare Tollesbury, calls the "now-or-never" stage.

Haunted by the fear of growing old without experiencing romance, she suddenly finds herself in love with a man of her own age and set, Piers Shotton. There follow six breathless months of apprehensive happiness. Mrs. Kingthorpe, Lola's mother, does her utmost to stop the affair. Clare, her friend, has her own reasons for wanting Lola "saved." But in the end, the deciding factor turns out to be someone quite different who does not belong to the social whirl at all.

* * *

DONN BYRNE

FIELD OF HONOR. *By Donn Byrne.* (*McL.*) $2.50.

This is an epic of the Napoleonic Wars. Against the darkling background of the upheaval that was shaking Europe is hung one of the most beautiful romances Donn Byrne ever wrote—the love story of Jocelyn and Garrett Dillon. Now bright and idyllic—and who could write of love on magic summer evenings as could the creator of Marco Polo's *Golden Bells?*—now torn asunder by the blasts and bolts of war, their love is like a thread of gold running through a pattern of amazing change and varied color. Battles, sieges, intrigues, and escapes; clear, swift glimpses of Bonaparte, Castlereagh, Nelson, and myriad other meteoric names of history; London, Paris, burning Moscow, quiet Derrymore on Lough Neagh—a thousand faces, deeds, and scenes flash by with the fiery richness of style that is Donn Byrne's and no one's else.

* * *

A NOVEL OF MARRIAGE

SACRIFICE. *By Owen Johnson.* (*L. G.*) $2.

This novel takes up the cudgels for marriage, a convention somewhat harshly treated of late. Mr. Johnson propounds some fresh points of view on the state of divorce versus marriage. Complications arise when his heroine, Sabina, a most modern of the moderns, who has found divorce old-fashioned, rebels against a society which encourages it.

STRANGER FIDELITIES. *By Mathilde Eiker.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.50.

In this study of two fidelities Miss Eiker writes with power, ease, and shrewd sophistication the story of a woman who was true to two devotions. After ten years in America Marie-Helena had learned a strong fidelity to her prosperous and devoted ex-colonel husband —and yet in her continental heart she still cherished a stronger fidelity to an old lover, a soldier whom she knew in Paris in the mad days after the Armistice. When fate intervenes and his path crosses hers again she finds that thoughts and actions which once would have been simple and direct become amazingly complicated and difficult in the light of her adaptations to life. This story of a deep-rooted Frenchwoman has evoked a mellower, richer and more warmly human mood from Mathilde Eiker than those brilliant earlier novels—*The Lady of Stainless Raiment, Over the Boatside* and *Mrs. Mason's Daughters.*

* * *

THE DARK JOURNEY. *By Julian Green.* (*Mus.*) $2.50.

This is the novel that was awarded the $10,000 Harper Prize by this distinguished group of judges: John Erskine, Henry Seidel Canby, Ellen Glasgow, Carl Van Doren, Jessie Lynch Williams, and Stewart P. Williams.

A French provincial town is the scene for this drama of passion and introspection. The central character is Madame Londe, who runs the local restaurant, a creature obsessed by curiosity, who sits at her desk like a dark spider and manipulates the threads that draw people, one by one, to their destruction.

In the sterile, deadly society of the small town, Julian Green makes the story entirely credible. The very lucidity of his style, the almost uncanny sense of words, and the preciseness of observation, give the story an unusual majesty and power. Julian Green, whom Andre Maurois calls "The best of his generation," builds up a tragedy that is so dramatic in action and so heart-rending in its large sense of humanity that few will fail to recognize in it the work of real genius.

* * *

HANS FROST. *By Hugh Walpole.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.50.

Mr. Walpole chooses the London background of *The Duchess of Wrexe* and of *Wintersmoon* for this exquisitely-wrought novel, woven around a theme that has always attracted him, the necessity of independence to preserve the integrity of the human spirit. It is also the London of *Fortitude* and *The Green Mirror,* of Peter Westcott, Henry Trenchard and the tempestuous and fascinating Russians whom he knows so well. The rebellion of Hans Frost, the "grand old man of English letters," rebellion against the cotton wool of a well earned fame, against security and luxury and the certainty of an esteemed old age, a rebellion which only his dog and his young niece Nathalie understood, is a story rich with overtones. In style, in conception, and in its depth of understanding, *Hans Frost* will rank with the best of Mr. Walpole's novels.

SKETCH OF A SINNER. *By Frank Swinnerton.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.50.

Lydia, the sinner in Mr. Swinnerton's new novel, is his most brilliant portrait of a woman. Young, married to an older man whom she really loves, this gray-eyed, thoughtful, tenderly ironic woman has two lovers. The story of her strength, her goodness, her vitality, wit, and frailty makes an original and tremendously appealing novel. Mr. Swinnerton's most dramatic story since *Nocturne* and *Coquette.*

THE BIG SHOT. *By Frank L. Packard.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

Before Mr. Packard, famous author of *Jimmy Dale, Tiger Claws,* and many another thrilling tale, began this book he spent many weeks in the nethermost depths of the new crime world under the auspices of a noted detective. The company and the confidence of thieves, guerillas, racketeers, hi-jackers and con-men—1929 model—have given him a desperately exciting and absolutely authentic background for this new story. The story deals with a girl and her brother who were brought up differently by a queer trick of fate, she in honesty, he in the new crime. The same fate brings them face to face on opposite sides of that strange fence, the law.

* * *

FOR CHILDREN

THE BURGESS SEASHORE BOOK FOR CHILDREN. *By Thornton W. Burgess. Decorated cloth.* (*McC. & S.*) $3.00.

Danny Meadow Mouse met Jimmy Skunk, who offered to guide him and who told him about the Crabs that frightened Danny when they went sidewise and the Clams that gave Danny unexpected shower baths. But Jimmy himself didn't know as much about Clams as he should, and when he got his toe well pinched by one, it was Reddy Fox who told him about that strange nipper. In fact, the only one who really seemed to know all about the unfamiliar creatures that Danny and Jimmy and Reddy came across on the shore was Graywing Gull. The things that Graywing told them about just dozens of little water and shore creatures made Jimmy's eyes almost pop out of his head. This is the fourth volume in the series which the Bird Book, the Animal Book and the Flower Book have already made popular. Like the others, it is beautifully made and illustrated and all the information is scientifically correct.

* * *

A. A. MILNE

THE CHRISTOPHER ROBIN STORY BOOK. *By A. A. Milne.* (*McC. & S.*) $2.00.

The material in this book is taken from *When We Were Very Young, Now We Are Six, Winnie the Pooh,* and *The House at Pooh Corner,* and there is a new introduction by Mr. Milne. This will appeal to all lovers of Milne, as it contains the best of all his delightful prose and poetry for children. Ernest H. Shephard's pictures for the former books have been used in this compilation.

JUST OUT

The Stray Lamb, by Thorne Smith, author of *Topper*. A brand new kind of humorous novel.

* * *

Daniel Webster, by Allan L. Benson. An unpedantic biography of a great American.

* * *

The Human Side of Science, by Grove Wilson. A layman's idea of what the great Prometheans were really like, written by laymen.

* * *

Woman of Naples, by Miklos Suranyi. A story of the 15th century, by one of the outstanding novelists of present-day Hungary.

* * *

W. B. Trites, whose exquisite book, *The Gypsy*, created a stir a few years ago, lives at a romantic address in Nice, France. His book *Paterfamilias* is, he says, "the longest novel I have done, and it is the one I have worked longest on." *Paterfamilias* has been under way for seven years.

* * *

There is a new book by Konrad Bercovici, *The Crusades*, coming out this month.

Black Storm, by Thomas Hinkle, is a horse story, and a mighty good one. (McC. & S.) $2.00.

The Devil's Paradise, by Amy McLaren, is a love story that will linger in the memory of all who read it. (Stokes.) $2.00.

By Soochow Waters, by Louise Jordan Miln, is the story of a girl suddenly thrown into China and the Chinese.

There is a new Bindloss novel this year, *Larry of Lonesome Lake*, another vigorous story of the Canadian West. (Stokes.) $2.00.

Faith Baldwin's *The Incredible Year* tells of trustful youth in a sophisticated age. It is a love story by a writer who is a lover of the whirl of metropolitan life, describing the people she met and what she thought of it all. (Stokes.) $2.00.

The Bishop of London has written a new book which is just ready. The title is *Why I am a Christian*. (Cassell.) $1.00.

Sir Hugh Clifford's *Prisoners of the Forest* is a tale of the wilds of the Malay Peninsula, giving an unforgettable picture of the East that attracts and repels but never fails to fascinate the imaginative reader. (Mus.) $2.50.

Under the cloak of anonymity the author of *My Wives* tells the devastating story of his two wives and his Swiss peasant mistress. It is told with robust frankness and a disarming sense of humor. (Mus.) $2.00.

A Methodist Faun is the peculiar title of a new novel by Anne Parrish, and readers will rejoice to find this author in her most brilliant vein.

* * *

GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER

Winner of the 1914 Newbery Medal for his *Tales from Silver Lands*, Charles Joseph Finger has now been awarded the $2,000 Longmans Green Juvenile Fiction Prize for *Courageous Companions*, a tale of a young lad who sailed with Magellan on his first trip around the world.

Mr. Finger's life is as full of adventure as any 17th century explorer's. And fittingly enough, he was born in Willesden, England, on Christmas Day, 1871. He attended private schools and went to King's College, London, then studied music at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

Mr. Finger is one of those people possessed with inexhaustible vitality, who make innumerable friends, travel, succeed in their professions and keep many other irons in the fire as well.

It was Cunningham Grahame and W. H. Hudson who advised Mr. Finger to write about his adventures. In his youth, Charles Finger went over the same route that Osberne does in *Courageous Companions*.

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Canadian Authors Association

MEETING OF THE NEW EXECUTIVE

The Council has elected these thirteen of its members to form, with the four national officers, the Executive Committee: L. J. Burpee, Dr. C. M. Barbeau, Dr. F. O. Call, Prof. Pelham Edgar, J. M. Elson, J. M. Gibbon, M.O. Hammond, Dr. E. A. Hardy, Dr. G. H. Locke, L. de Montigny, Dr. C. G. D. Roberts, B. K. Sandwell and Dr. D. C. Scott.

This committee had its first meeting, a full morning and afternoon session, on September 21, in the Ritz Carlton Hotel, Montreal, with Dr. W. D. Lighthall, the new National President, in the chair. Messrs. Burpee, Edgar, Elson, Gibbon, Hammond, Hardy, de Montigny, Roberts and Sandwell were present, with H. A. Kennedy, the National Secretary, and Leslie Gordon Barnard, who was unanimously elected National Treasurer, Warwick Chipman, the treasurer elected at Halifax, having regretfully found himself unable to serve.

The many questions brought up were discussed with lively interest, but every resolution arrived at was carried unanimously.

Book Week, Nov. 3-10

Emphasis was laid on the high desirability of full co-operation with the libraries, and with the schools and colleges, as well as with clubs, churches and other institutions, besides the publishers and booksellers. Librarians and educators are as keenly concerned as we are to stimulate intellectual activity and culture. Many of them have done a great deal, even without our suggestion, to introduce Canadian readers to the really valuable books produced by their own country.

If there are any branch officers, or even unofficial members, who have not yet got in touch with all other forces in the community inspired by the same ideals, now is the time for them to do so.

Our Membership and Our Aims

A special committee was formed to consider questions of membership and to suggest fresh methods of adding all who may fitly be received. Wide-awake branch executives, however, will not wait for the committee's prompting.

In dealing with those literary craftsmen, sometimes encountered, who still hold aloof because in our ranks they might rub shoulders with men and women less qualified than themselves, let us point out that this is one strong reason why they should join. *Noblesse oblige.* We exist to help one another. In proportion to a man's sense of his own high capacity he should be conscious also of his high power and therefore duty to raise the common level by associating helpfully with the rank and file.

This is not, and was never meant to be, a close corporation or exclusive guild of the literary artists of Canada, though it does include most, and should include all of these. The C.A.A. has two important objects, which require such an organization for their attainment. One aim is to secure and then maintain economic justice, in the matter of copyright and otherwise, for our writers, composers, painters and other artists. Their creative work is at least as valuable to the country as the production of wheat or gold, or nickel or wood-pulp. Our second and more important aim is to raise the literary and sister arts in Canada to the highest standard of which they are capable. This is a noble aim. We invite and welcome to our ranks all who sincerely desire and will help us to attain it.

Copyright

The committee supplemented the Halifax resolution by the following, which has been sent to the Secretary of State: "That if the Government decides to hold a conference of parties interested in the proposed Copyright Bill this Association is prepared to send representatives."

The Halifax resolution, it will be remembered, asks the Federal Government to bring Canadian copyright legislation into harmony with the Berne Convention as revised by the International Conference at Rome last year. The resolution further asks Mr. Ladner, M.P., to press a Private Bill embodying the amendments agreed to by this Association unless these are covered by the Government Bill.

That resolution is being sent to every Senator and Member of Parliament. The branches, as well as individual members of the Association, should at the same time press our demand for justice on the legislators representing their particular provinces or districts.

Messrs. Burpee, de Montigny and Elson, with the four National Officers, were appointed a special Copyright Committee.

It cannot be too strongly impressed on our members that, as they were reminded last month, although the copyright situation is more hopeful than it was, *incessant vigilance and activity are necessary* if we are to overcome the combined forces of injustice and inertia.

Radio

At the same time legislators should be urged to support the very moderate request of another resolution adopted by our Executive Committee, to this effect: That in any law to regulate radio the writers and composers should be specifically protected against unauthorized broadcasting of their work, and should not be compelled to take expensive law suits to secure judicial declarations that their rights are maintainable under the existing laws.

The National Convention of 1930 in Montreal will be held, it was decided, at the end of June.

Mr. E. R. E. Chevrier, K.C., M.P., and Mr. L. J. Ladner, K.C., M.P., whose work to secure a just copyright law will always be gratefully remembered, were elected Honorary Counsel.

It is hoped that Mr. G. Herbert Thring, the veteran Secretary of the Society of Authors in England, will visit Canada in the near future and address our branches.

HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY,
National Secretary.
620 Transportation Bldg., Montreal.

MONTREAL BRANCH

Dinner to the New President

At a brilliant gathering in the Place Viger Hotel, on September 21, Dr. W. D. Lighthall was entertained by his fellow-Montrealers, French and English-speaking, on his election to the National presidency. The speakers were the Branch President, Howard Angus Kennedy, who occupied the chair; Mrs. Louise Morey Bowman, Branch Vice-President, who gave the toast of "Our Visitors"; Canon Chartier, Vice-Rector of Montreal University; Dr. C. G. D. Roberts; C. H. Cahan, K.C., M.P., B. K. Sandwell, who proposed Dr. Lighthall's health; and finally the National President himself.

The fine and lovable character, high public spirit, and wide versatility of the man were touched on without adulation, but with evidently deep sincerity. He was honored not only for his own writings, in poetry, fiction, philosophy and Canadian history, but for his anthologies, especially "Songs of the Great Dominion," which, as Dr. Roberts said, "first put Canada on the map of the literary world." Moreover, he has taken a full share of civic duty, as Mayor of Westmount and Chairman of the School Board and Public Library, as organizer of Canadian municipalities, and as citizen soldier. He was the first president of the Montreal Branch of the C.A.A.

A programme of Canadian music by two members of this branch, Mrs. Maud Steel Devlin and Charles P. Rice, was given by Mrs. William Ewing and Maurice Charbonneau, the composers themselves accompanying.

WINNIPEG BRANCH

Hector Charlesworth, Editor of the Toronto *Saturday Night*, was the guest of this branch on August 31, at its meeting in the Mikado Tea Rooms. He spoke enthusiastically of Western Canada, and mentioned that his grandfather had been at Winnipeg, then Fort Garry, as long ago as 1811. J. W. Dafoe, Editor of the Manitoba *Free Press*, also spoke; and Prof. A. W. Crawford, who presided, referred to Mr. Charlesworth and Mr. Dafoe as probably the greatest of living Canadian editors. Mr. Charlesworth congratulated Mr. Dafoe on his appointment in connection with the international relations of Canada.

VANCOUVER BRANCH

Five eminent westerners were the guests of the Vancouver Branch on Sept. 15, at a garden party for which Dean and Mrs. R. W. Brock kindly opened their home. Two university chancellors were among the visitors—E. W. Beatty of McGill and F. E. Meredith of Bishop's College, Lennoxville. The other three were Lord Shaughnessy, Dr. Charles F. Martin, Dean of the Medical Faculty in McGill, and Sir George Garneau. Archbishop de Pensier, Chief Justice Morrison, President Klinck of the University of British Columbia, Judge Howay and Mayor Malkin were among the local guests. The President, Mrs. Alice M. Winlow, gave the address of welcome.

CANADIAN LITERATURE CLUB

The Season's Programme

On October 7th the Canadian Literature Club begins its fifteenth season with a meeting in Castle Memorial Hall, McMaster University, Toronto. Meetings will be held there each Monday at 8.15 p.m., from October to May, inclusive.

The following attractive programme has been arranged under the presidency of Mr. John W. Garvin:

Oct. 7—President's Inaugural Address: Reminiscences of a Literary Editor.
John W. Garvin, B.A.

Nov. 4—Bliss Carman: Canada's Eminent Lyricist. *R. H. Hathaway.*
Leader of discussion: *Dr. C. G. D. Roberts.*

Dec. 2—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay: In Poetry, Playwriting and Fiction.
Lady Willison.
Leader of discussion: *Dr. E. A. Hardy.*

Jan. 6—Notable Books by Canadian Authors in 1928 and 1929.
M.O. Hammond and Albert E. S. Smythe.
Leader of discussion: *Donald G. French.*

Feb. 3—Some Characteristics of Poetry.
Prof. W. J. Alexander, B.A., Ph.D.
Leader of discussion: *Hugh S. Eayrs.*

Mar. 3—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall: In Lyrical Verse, Drama and Fiction.
Prof. Pelham Edgar, B.A., Ph.D.
Leader of discussion: *Jean Graham.*

Apr. 7—Recent Literature from our Sister Dominions.
John Armitage (Hin Me Geong).
Leader of discussion: *C. E. Henderson.*

May 5—(a) Poetry and Short Story Contests. (b) Distribution of Prizes. (c) Election of Officers and Executive Committee.

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THE WRITER'S CORNER

Conducted by Donald G. French

When is a Sonnet Not a Sonnet

IF WE agree with the theories and arguments of T. W. H. Crosland in his volume, *The English Sonnet*, we shall be inclined to say that the majority of so-called sonnets are not sonnets at all. Although Mr. Crosland writes almost with the zeal of a fanatic, there does not seem to be much ground for contradicting his assumptions. Certain it is that the English sonnet was founded on the Italian model of Petrarch and it is difficult to discover any gain in the deviations from his fixed form.

It is not possible to cover all the requirements of a sonnet by a dictionary definition. Some writers who try to do this realize only that a sonnet is a poem of fourteen lines. They may go even a little farther and recognize that it has two divisions of eight and six lines: even a little farther yet and follow a definite rhyme, scheme. Yet there are thousands of fourteen-line poems conforming to these requirements which are in no true sense real sonnets.

Here are the essentials of a true sonnet:

1. It is a poem of fourteen Iambic lines. That is, the sonnet line consists of ten syllables, divided into five groups, with the accent falling on the second syllable in the group:

Earth HATH / not AN / y THING / to SHOW / more FAIR.

2. It must be rhymed in two systems: the first eight lines, or Octet, rhyming the first, fourth, fifth and eighth lines together, and the second, third, sixth and seventh; the last six lines, or Sestet, rhymes the first, third and fifth lines together, and the second, fourth and sixth; or the first, second and third, with the fourth, fifth and sixth. Or we may express the rhyme-schemes by the following formulae: a-b-b-a, a-b-b-a; c-d-e, c-d-e; or, the second scheme for the sestet, c-d, c-d, c-d.

This division into Octet and Sestet is much more than a mere formal division, marked by differing rhyme-schemes. These two parts are in effect, two distinct poems, each complete in itself. The one, however, is a sort of complement of the other, a conclusion or summing up.

3. From the dual nature of the sonnet, it is imperative that a definite pause in structure and thought should come at the end of the eighth line, marked by a period, colon, or semicolon. Some poets have allowed this division to overrun to the middle of the first line of the Sestet, possibly with the idea of lessening the "break" between the two parts. This cannot be regarded as anything but a blemish, for, if the true sonnet structure be achieved, the Octet and the Sestet will be two units, but so blended in thought that there will be a unity of the whole as one poem—we might describe it in language that sounds more commercial than literary as a perfect "two-in-one" poem.

4. Perhaps it is in the handling of subject-matter most of all that the essence of the sonnet is overlooked. There are many quite beautiful poems written in this "sonnet form" which in substance disregard the real purpose of the sonnet. As a poem it is strictly a vehicle for the expression of reflective or meditative thought, and it is essentially emotional. Numerous so-called sonnets are simply still pictures or word-etchings of scenery or of persons; while it may be quite proper to use material of this sort in the Octet as a sort of background for reflection, it is sheer waste of literary effort to continue it through the Sestet. Far better to recast the whole poem in some other stanzaic form suited to the subject.

In a collection of "Canadian Sonnets" one finds quite a number of poems that fall rather short of conforming to the requirements set by Mr. Crosland (and to which we have subscribed). Here is one, however, which may be studied as a specimen showing proper rhyme-schemes, a definite pause between Octet and Sestet, two distinct and complementary poems of which the latter is reflective. It would be easy to point out embellishments and dramatic effects that rather detract from the chasteness of diction required in a sonnet, but we will leave this point for a later article.

ABSENCE

Dear grey-winged angel, with mouth set stern
And time-devouring eyes, the sweetest sweet
Of kisses when two severed lovers meet
Is thine; the cruellest ache in hearts that yearn,
The fears that freeze, the hopes that leap and burn,
Thine—thine! And thine the drum-and-trumpet beat
Of hearts that wait for unreturning feet
When comes at last the hour of their return.

Of love's fair ministers thou art chief.
To jaded souls, asleep beside their vows,
Thou givest hopes, keen joys and vague alarms;
Beneath thy touch the brown and yellow leaf
Turns to pink blossom, and the spring-bright boughs
Frame lovers running to each other's arms.

—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

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: : : THE COLLECTOR : : :

A Shaw Rarity

What is believed to be the only complete autograph manuscript in existence of a play by George Bernard Shaw has just come to America. It is the original script of Shaw's first play, *Widowers' Houses*, and was obtained in London recently by Gabriel Wells, New York bibliophile and rare book dealer. Shaw himself is declared to be responsible for the scarcity of his original playscripts, as he is said to destroy them after they have served their purpose. How the MS. of *Widowers' Houses* came to survive is not known. The MS. is written on ninety-one pages of a notebook 9 by 7 inches, and on forty-seven loose pages of notebook paper 4 by 6½ inches. Only one side of each page is used. The notebook is written in ink and corrected in indelible pencil, while the loose pages are written in indelible pencil and corrected in ink. In both sections the corrections are few.

* * *

The James B. Ford Library of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, in New York City, has recently come into possession, through gift of Mrs. James B. Clemens, of two rare and valuable early printed Canadian books. One is a Montaignais Prayer Book, printed in Montreal in 1767, and the first book printed in Canada in the Indian language; the other is a primer for Mohawk children, printed in Montreal in 1781. The Montagnais Prayer Book, a small quarto in the original calf binding, was originally issued for use in the Indian settlements along the Saguenay and the lower St. Lawrence, the translation being the work of the Rev. Jean Baptiste de la Brosse, the last Jesuit missionary on the Saguenay. Father de la Brosse, when located at Tadousac, then a centre for the fur trade and the oldest settlement in Canada, had 3,000 books of alphabets and 2,000 books of prayers and catechisms printed, and with them he "taught many savages to read, write and sing by note," while wintering at the mission house.

The primer for little Mohawks is one of four known volumes of the kind in existence, the author being Daniel Claus, former Iroquois leader in the French and Indian and the Revolutionary Wars. After retiring from the King's service, Claus printed a Mohawk prayer book, with this primer as an aid. A small square of ninety-seven pages, the primer consists of an alphabet, words of from one to twelve syllables, two catechisms, questions, prayers, a list of the books of the Bible, and Mohawk numerals. With its aid Mohawk children were to learn to spell and read their own language, as well as to become acquainted with the English tongue.

Greatest Music Collection

What is declared to be the greatest private music collection in the world has been donated by Edwin A. Fleisher, of Philadelphia, to the free library of that city. The collection, which in some phases is even more comprehensive than the music department of the library of Congress at Washington, contains 1,525 numbers for full orchestra, including many compositions now out of print; 899 numbers for string orchestra, 880 concertos for various instruments, and 4,329 chamber music numbers. In addition to this gift, Mr. Fleisher has placed in the music department 653 volumes of miniature scores which may be borrowed for home use, and 63 books on musical subjects which the library hitherto has been unable to obtain.

* * *

The record price of £1,470 for a first edition of Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield* was paid by Messrs. Quaritch, London dealers, at Sotheby's London auction rooms on July 15, exceeding by £270 the previous record, made at the Kern sale in New York. The firm of Maggs Bros. bought at the same sale a short Goldsmith letter, written to Mrs. Thrale, for £1,300, and also a first edition of *The Deserted Village* for £640. Two copies of the first edition of Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* brought £1,800 and £900 at the same sale, which was of the library of the late G. N. Panter, an Irishman.

* * *

Catalogue No. 9 (September) from Louis Laurin, Ottawa, contains, as usual with Laurin catalogues, many interesting and not a few important Canadiana and Americana. Other items which might be mentioned are Burpee's *Search for the Western Sea* (Toronto, 1908,), Crespel's *Voyages* (Frankfurt, 1752,), Gourlay's *General Introduction to Statistical Account of Upper Canada* (London, 1832,), Hennepin's *New Discovery* (London, 1699,), Hind's *Narrative of the Canadian Red River Expedition* (London, 1860,); a remarkable run of Joseph Howe's writings and speeches; a series of rare Hudson Bay items, Lahontan's *Nouveau Voyage* (La Haye, 1703,) the rare first issue of the first edition; complete sets of the Oregon and Northwest Mission Reports (Quebec, 1839-74,), and their sequal and continuation, *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi* (Montreal, 1877-1923); a goodly list of publications relating to the Selkirk Settlement, and Smith's *History of Canada* (Quebec, 1815,).

Enter the Rare Book Burglar!

According to a press cable despatch from London, thieves recently, under cover of a fog, got away with first edition folios 4, 5 and 6, dated 1596, of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, valued between £1,500 to £2,000, from Carmel-in-Furness Priory. They entered the vestry window and smashed the glass in which the folios were exhibited along with a copy of the "*Vinegar Bible*," dated 1716, and a medical work by Nicholas Nicholl, dated 1491 and printed in Venice, but only the Spenser relic was taken. This was bequeathed to the church in the seventeenth century by Thomas Preston, of Holker Hall, near Carmel.

* * *

Manitoba's provincial library is to receive the Lincoln collection from the library of the late Isaac Campbell, K.C., of Winnipeg, under his will, as filed in Surrogate Court recently. The collection comprises some 308 volumes.

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Vol. XI., No. 11 TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1929 25c. a Copy $2.00 a Year

Who's Who in Canadian Literature

ETHELWYN WETHERALD

By John Macklem

AMONG the poets whose work genuinely reflects Canadian life, particularly rural life in her native province, that of Ethelwyn Wetherald ranks high. This, however, is not to be understood as meaning that the appeal of her work is in any sense restricted to the narrow confines of any one section of her native land, nor to that country itself, because the characteristics of her poetry have universal significance, but there are poems of hers that are so absolutely indigenous to her own Ontario that this appealing element, together with almost flawless harmony and rhythm of her poetry, gives it a place in the hearts of her compatriots that makes her books worthy of an honored shelf in the library of Canadiana.

In thus stressing the merit of her poetry, no reflection is cast upon her prose, but her published work in that field has been so comparatively meagre that her claim to fame really rests upon achievements in the realm of poetry.

As an example of the fineness of expression in her most inspired moments there is reprinted here the beautiful poem:

Earth's Silences

How dear to hearts by hurtful noises scarred
The stillness of the many-leavèd trees,
The quiet of green hills, the million-starred
Tranquility of night, the endless seas
Of silence in deep wilds, where nature broods
In large, serene, uninterrupted moods.

Oh, but to work as orchards work—bring forth
Pink bloom, green bud, red fruit and yellow leaf,
As noiselessly as gold proclaims its worth,
Or as the pale blade turns to russet sheaf,
Or splendid sun goes down the glowing west,
Still as forgotten memories in the breast.

How without panting effort, painful word,
Comes the enchanting miracle of snow,
Making a sleeping ocean. None have heard
Its waves, its surf, its foam, its overflow;
For unto every heart, all hot and wild,
It seems to say, "Oh, hush thee! hush, my child!"

For depth of feeling, read:

THE WIND OF DEATH

The wind of death, that softly blows
  The last warm petal from the rose,
The last dry leaf from off the tree,
To-night has come to breathe on me.

There was a time I learned to hate
  As weaker mortals learn to love;
The passion held me fixed as fate,
Burned in my veins early and late;
  But now a wind falls from above—

The wind of death, that silently
Enshroudeth friend and enemy.

There was a time my soul was thrilled
  By keen ambition's whip and spur;
My master forced me where he willed,
And with his power my life was filled;
  But now the old-time pulses stir

How faintly in the wind of death,
That bloweth lightly as a breath.

And once, but once, at Love's dear feet
  I yielded strength and life and heart;
His look turned bitter into sweet,
His smile made all the world complete;
  The wind blows loves, like leaves, apart—

The wind of death, that tenderly
Is blowing 'twixt my love and me.

O wind of death, that darkly blows
Each separate ship of human woes
Far out on a mysterious sea,
I turn, I turn my face to thee!

What about the relinquishment of all the joys and beauties that so overshadow the sorrows of existence in such a blessed land as Canada? Many are they whose inmost souls quicken in reading:

AT WAKING

When I shall go to sleep and wake again
  At dawning in another world than this,
  What will atone to me for all I miss?
The light melodious footsteps of the rain,
The press of leaves against my window-pane,
  The sunset wistfulness and morning bliss,
  The moon's enchantment, and the twilight kiss
Of winds that wander with me through the lane.

Will not my soul remember evermore
The earthly winter's hunger for the spring,
The wet sweet cheek of April, and the rush
Of roses through the summer's open door;
The feelings that the scented woodlands bring
At evening with the singing of the thrush?

Legacies

Unto my friends I give my thoughts,
Unto my God my soul,
Unto my foe I leave my love—
These are of life the whole.

Nay, there is something—a trifle—left;
Who shall receive this dower?
See, Earth Mother, a handful of dust—
Turn it into a flower.

Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald is one of our very own poets. She was born in the picturesque little Ontario village of Rockwood, on April 26th, 1857, of English-Quaker parents.

Noted among the Ontario schools of the 19th century was the Rockwood Academy, founded by the poet's father, the late Rev. William Wetherald. To his love for good English, spoken and written, and to his careful teaching, is attributable much of the merit of the work of his talented daughter.

After leaving her father's school Miss Wetherald pursued her studies at the Friends' Boarding School, Union Springs, N.Y., and at Pickering College, Ontario.

Her passion for writing led her into journalism and for a number of years she conducted the Woman's Department in the Toronto "Globe," using the pseudonym "Bel Thistlewaite."

Her first work to appear in book form was the novel "An Algonquin Maiden," in the writing of which she collaborated with G. Mercer Adam.

Her first book of poems did not appear until 1895, "The House of Trees and Other Poems." Others followed in 1902, 1904, 1907 and in 1921 came a book of verse for children, "Tree Top Morning."

Miss Wetherald has for many years lived at her present home at Fenwick in the beautiful Niagara Peninsula, that "Garden of Canada," and most fitting has it been that she should be so surrounded by natural beauty in the retreat from which she has poured out her soul in song.

Check List

1887—*An Algonquin Maiden.*
1895—*The House of Trees and Other Poems.*
1902—*Tangled in Stars* (Poems)
1904—*The Radiant Road* (Poems).
1907—*The Last Robin: Lyrics and Sonnets.*
1921—*Tree Top Morning* (Poems for Children).

Smoke

By C. F. Lloyd

WHO was the discoverer of the uses of fire, is a question for the historians to settle, perhaps the prehistorians. It must have been at an early period, long before the advent of Cadmus of Thebes with his alphabet, or even the Egyptians with their picture writing, that man learned to make sparks by rotating two smooth sticks one against the other till they grew hot, or striking flame out of a flint into dry shavings, so producing the red cock, fire, whose plumage has thrown a lurid glare across all the pages of history and whose crowing can still make our hearts miss a beat and then throb wildly with excitement or fear. There may be, probably is, some kernel of solid fact in that fine old Ionian fable which describes Prometheus as bringing the sacred fire from heaven. Well might the gods punish the daring thief for stealing one of their most powerful instruments. He who is master of fire may supply himself and others with warmth, cook food, smelt metals, consume forests and cities, drive machinery, destroy his enemies, offer acceptable sacrifice to the gods, convey messages, make himself in some measure independent of the sun and moon. Can a god do more than this? No wonder that the Parsees worshipped fire, the sun, the source of light and heat, and that they kept burning in their temples an undying fire, symbolic of the creative power and beauty of Ormuzd. The Romans too had a sacred fire which might not go out, a fire sacred to Vesta, tended by virgins who if they stained the white robe of their chastity by any impurity of conduct suffered a horrible and lingering death in expiation of their sin.

Great is fire the destroyer, the avenger, the good servant and comforter of men. But before ever the bright flame spurts from the wood or the peat or the coal, its coming is heralded by the dark, subtle spirit of smoke, its constant attendant, the impure side, or part, as it were of its own, "bright effluence of bright essence uncreate." All that cannot be translated into the clear flame passes away at first visibly, later invisibly, into the high, pure regions of air, to be redeposited and recombined with the world of life and growth and change. Who knows by what subtle chemistry the black column pouring from a locomotive or a factory chimney, choking passing men and animals, poisoning for the moment a whole countryside, becomes in a short time green of the leaf, rich brown of root and branch, blue of the violet, gold of the dandelion, pink of a child's cheek? Was it not the great Liebeg who first proved that nothing in the world of matter is ever lost, that all things are perpetually passing into other things? You do more when stoking a fire than merely produce light and heat, or even power.

There probably never was such a thing as a smokeless earth since this old planet first went rocketing through space. Even before man appeared there were volcanoes, lakes of fire, and lightning fell from heaven consuming forests and the subtle smoke spirit rolled over land and sea, darkening the sun, choking life with its fetid breath. It can be horrible enough at times, this dark spirit. When it hangs low on dull, muggy November days, filling the streets; when it breaks out through the joints of the stove or furnace while you are lighting the fire, setting your eyes and throat smarting, making you cough, it is distressing enough and at times no doubt helps to bring consumption and worse ailments than consumption, in its train. I am much mistaken if coal smoke, or gas, or both together, have not something to do with establishing in the human body that deadliest, most mysterious of diseases, Addison's anemia.

When the smoke rolls from a burning home it is ugly enough, but when it waves over a hundred square miles the dread signal that a whole city is in the grip of the fire bird, the red cock of the Polish peasants, then it is a thing of terror indeed, fit to chill the blood of the bravest. What a pall must have hung over Sodom and Gomorrah, and burning Nineveh and Babylon, given to the Mede, and Jerusalem seven times devoted to the flames, and Rome burned by the Gauls, then by her own mad emperor and, last of all, by the Goths. One recalls the great fire of Constantinople, when the ferocious Blues and Greens were striving each to master the other, burning London so graphically described by Pepys, and Moscow with the sombre gray eyes of Napoleon looking on, and Chicago. So great a part has this dark side of a bright spirit played in human history that one might write an epic of man's life on the planet, calling it Flame and Smoke. Over a myriad funeral pyres and battlefields has the dark smoke banner waved sullenly, from the pyre which was to have consumed Croesus to the last poor bundle of faggots, dearly bought, with which a pious son of India strives to discharge the final duty he owes to his father on the banks of the Ganges.

Every reader of Dickens must recall vividly the long, black serpent that went trailing away from the Gradgrind factory chimney, darkening the whole landscape, a snaky demon, the very spirit of Hard-times made manifest. It taints every page of that queer, hard book, gets into the reader's lungs and eyes and chokes him as it must surely have choked the Gradgrind operatives. It is, I fancy, the very material out of which that industrious female demon, Mrs. Sparsit, was made. Certainly she is as unpleasant as smoke, as subtle and has as fine a knack of insinuating herself up back stairs and into keyholes and cupboards and all other unlikely places. There is a good deal of smoke in Dickens, as there is a good deal of everything else connected with humanity, including good eating and drinking and hearty laughter. The fog that obscures the entrance to Bleak House, in the heart of which sits my Lord Chancellor, giving

judgment, in poor Miss Flyte's phrase, on the day of judgment, is largely composed of smoke. A right thick, oily, merry goblin of a smoke column must have come curling out of the kitchen chimney at old Wardle's when the Christmas pudding was a-boiling and the flip and dog's-nose were being concocted in the parlor.

"Come, thick night, and pall me in the dunnest smoke of hell," says Lady Macbeth. Hell smoke may be all very well for concealing such a cold-blooded piece of rascality as the murder of Duncan; but give me the blue peat smoke from an Irish cabin or the wood smoke from a generous English country house or even a Canadian farm house. There is always something about the smoke from a domestic hearth that associates itself in my mind with ideas of peace, security, love, warm hands flung out to greet me at the end of a long day's work, a cosy armchair, a good dinner and a book. Even now I look back as I go down the street of a morning to see whether a blue wisp of smoke is rising from the chimney of what was once home. Ah, how I miss that smoke as I come home at night.

I recall watching from the deck of a Greek steamer, as we crawled lazily through the Mediterranean, the tall smoke column, straight as a palm tree and spreading fan-wise at the top, like a palm, rising through the nearly windless air from the summit of Mount Aetna. No wonder the ancients thought that majestic burning mountain the prison of a giant. The tall column of smoke from a factory may become a thing of beauty and a joy forever, to paraphrase Keats, when seen at early morning or towards sunset penetrated by the level rays, turned by that subtle magician, light, into a glowing shaft of delicate rose and silver, its summit a fine spray of gold vanishing ghostlike into the intense blue of the evening sky.

As a child I loved climbing far up the grassy slopes of the Malvern hills to count the smokes rising from the near and distant farm-houses. There were scores of these delicate smoke columns, each with a distinct character of its own. I loved too watching from my nursery windows the smoke rising from the fire kindled by the young people on St. John's eve. What primitive memories stirred along the courses of my blood at sight of that rush of smoke and sparks into the darkness of the midsummer night? We are all more than half Pagan yet.

One might write a book about the beauty of smoke alone, to say nothing of its other aspects. How pleasant it is on the ocean, especially after a great storm, to see the blue drift of a steamer's smoke in the distance. How sociable it seems, that fading steamer, warming one back to life out of the frost of terror and threatening death.

Nicest smoke of all I think is the delicate blue-gray spiral ascending from the generous brown bowl of a friend's pipe as you and he sit talking over old times or the merits of the latest good book beside the hearth in winter, or on the verandah on a summer evening. What

an aid to philosophy and right thinking a good pipe is. In its smoke all doubts, all troubles, all misgivings vanish. Passion subsides in the glow of the fragrant tobacco and leaves you at peace. May the smoke from my friend's pipe ascend to heaven forever and grow richer every year, an acceptable sacrifice to tickle the nostrils of the god of peace and contentment.

* * *

VICTORIOUS WINGS

To Arthur Hunt Chute

HE HAS laid him down
Like a bird whose wings are broken,
He who ran with the clouds
In his restless mirth,
From the trails of the sky, his last farewell unspoken,
From the gates of the dawn
He has come to the arms of earth:
He has laid him down in the quiet earth for solace—
Heart that was won to the ways adventure led—
When we shall hear in the dusk far voices call us,
He will not stir
He will not come—he is dead!

He has laid him down
In the arms of the Old Brown Mother,
Icarus, of the frail,
Too daring wings,
Lover of life, great hearted, eager brother
Of men who go to the deeps
Where the storm wind sings.
Fever of sea and the beckoning road is ended,
Far from the mist he lies, contented, low,
His shattered wings, to the skies he once ascended,
Will go not more—
His wings have failed him?—No!

His wings were a dream
And the hope of the young heart daring
Deeps of the dark and the shadowy heights
With a song,
Free of the bonds of the wise
And pledged to faring
The open ways of the world
The ways of the strong:
His wings were a flame in the night where Death came swarming,
Rising in silence and drawing him back to the sod . . . .
Victorious wings! They burst the gates of morning
And sent him forth
Adventuring—to God!

Juanita O'Connor

* * *

Editor's Note—Arthur Hunt Chute, novelist, was a native of King's County, Nova Scotia. He served with the Canadian forces overseas in the Great War, returning with the rank of major. He was one of three men killed when a Western Canada Airways plane crashed into Lake Winnipeg, 130 miles north of Winnipeg, on September 22nd last.

It is Reported THAT—

—a new volume of poems by Annie Charlotte Dalton, *The Amber-Riders*, is expected to appear before Christmas, under the Ryerson imprint. The edition will be autographed and limited to 250 copies.

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—another volume of poems by Dr. Alexander Louis Fraser has just appeared under the title of *People of the Street*, in which are included several which had their first publication in *The Canadian Bookman*.

* * *

—Captain Percy F. Godenrath, of Ottawa, well known print connoisseur, has been at the new Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, for some considerable period examining the great collection of old water-color drawings and prints relating to the early history of Canada. He has returned home to Ottawa and is now engaged cataloguing the collection, which numbers well over 1,200 pieces. Outside of the Dominion Archives it is the largest semi-public collection in Canada, and through the remarkable energy and enthusiasm of President W. H. Coverdale, of the Canada Steamship Lines Limited, was assembled in less than six months. When recently in Europe Captain Godenrath was married to Miss Mary McCarthy, a well known member of the Cornhill Dramatic Society, London.

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—Ernest Thompson Seton has been honored by the College of the Y.M.C.A., at Springfield, Mass., by the conferring of the degree of Master of Humanics.

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—many follow-up Book Week contacts are being made. On November 15th Miss Lily E. F. Barry, of Montreal, is to speak on "Canadian Poets," at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, followed by a similar address at the new Loretto Academy, North Toronto.

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—Walter McRaye's book, *Town Hall Tonight*, is to appear this month. It affords a rich fund of interesting and entertaining platform experiences of a traveller, writer and entertainer familiar to audiences throughout Canada for more than a score of years.

* * *

CHARLOTTE GORDON PASSES

The death occurred in Calgary, on October 28th, of Mrs. Charlotte Gordon, widely known author, following a brief illness. She was among those who attended the recent convention of the Canadian Authors Association at Halifax, and just a month previous to her death had presented her report of that convention to the Calgary Branch of the C.A.A., at a monthly meeting held at the home of the Rev. Dr. Kerby. Her passing is a loss that will be keenly felt by her confreres of the writing craft of Canada.

CANADIAN LITERATURE CLUB

The opening meeting of the Canadian Literature Club, of Toronto, held on the evening of the 7th of October in Castle Memorial Hall, McMaster University, was largely attended. Mr. John W. Garvin, B.A., President of the club, presided, and gave his inaugural address: "Reminiscences of a Literary Editor." The address was replete with human interest and hitherto untold facts about well-known authors. How he became particularly interested in Canadian literature in the fall of 1895 was humorously told. The story of his discovery of the outstanding quality of the poetry of Isabella Valancy Crawford, the events that led up to his becoming her literary executor, and the collection and publication of the 1905 edition of her verse, was dramatically related. Full credit was given to Ethelwyn Wetherald for her excellent Introduction.

Mr. Garvin referred warmly to the friendship that existed between him and the late Albert Durrant Watson, whom he regards as the most Christlike man he has ever known, and to the congenial comradeship between them and the now distinguished rector of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, New York City, the Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood.

The story of how his anthology, *Canadian Poets*, was initiated, written and compiled, was a revelation indeed, for it originated in a certain request by a man now serving a penitentiary sentence. Thirty of the articles appeared in a medical journal, before the publishing house of McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart sought them and others from the same pen for publication in book form. Such confidence had the publishers in their merit that they printed 5,000 copies in the first edition, and they were rewarded by not a copy remaining unsold.

Mr. Garvin concluded his reminscences by reading a synopsis of "a fast and furious" controversy he had in the summer of 1917 with a Montreal poet and critic. The synopsis was entitled *The Battle of the Critics*. The literary editor of the *Globe* wished to publish it, but the doughty challenger in Montreal refused permission. The arguments were keen, cojent and original, and creditable indeed to both champions.

The Club's Creed

We believe there is already an existing body of Canadian Literature.

We believe the best Canadian writings should be read and studied by our citizens for their instruction and inspiration.

We believe no nation can be ranked as truly great which has not originated and developed a significant literature, and hence that both the writing and the reading of Canadian literature should be given every encouragement.

UNDER THE STUDIO LIGHT. *By J. W. L. Forster. Toronto: Macmillan.* $4.00.
Reviewed by John M. Elson

Many books that come from the press are like growth in a garden. They blossom briefly in season, then wither and pass into oblivion. *Under the Studio Light* is a healthy exception. It is now sometime since it was issued, and the nature of things would have paid it the honor of a review much before this, but, though it has not been previously introduced through these columns, as it should have been, often have I turned to it and read with pleasure and value.

In fact there are few volumes of recent appearance from Canadian pens that have as much to commend them to those who like substance, as this work by Mr. Forster. The reason is this: he writes in a most interesting style, spiced with humor, combines the talents of a renowned portrait painter with those of a potential *litterateur* and copiously sprinkles through the chapters most fascinating reminiscences of famous personalities. It does not take a discriminating reader long to discover that there is a richly stored, cultured and orderly mind behind his pen.

I feel, with genuine sincerity, that the author has done a praiseworthy thing in leaving to posterity this assembly of verbal sketches, chit-chat, bright stories and keen observations about public figures whose names are so firmly woven into the warp and woof of our national life. Too often, when great men die only the more formal and substantial facts relative to their careers remain on record. The little, intimate, humanizing features that make them vital while they live are lost under the destructive dusts of years. It is the raconteur, like Mr. Forster, who still gives pulse to memory.

As with most books of this kind, *Under the Studio Light* is partly autobiographical. The artist sketches his own life from childhood forward and then uses this background to throw men and women whom he has painted into bold relief. Were the artist less distinguished, this method would be open to argument, but in the field of art Mr. Forster is as celebrated as most of those whose heads he has perpetuated on canvas. So, for students of people and events, we have a peer and his peers all in one well-lighted gallery.

The significance of this result may best be appreciated by recalling the names of a few of the celebrated whom "J. W. L. F." has had under his eye and brush. Dr. Willet G. Miller, the eminent geologist; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Sir James Whitney, Sir John Thompson, Sir William Meredith, Sir George Ross, Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie, Sir John Eaton and many others in all walks of life, to say nothing of figures in the United States, and of such notables in the literary world as the late Bliss Carman, Pauline Johnson, Goldwin Smith, William Kirby, Dr. Chas. G. D. Roberts and Dr. Durrant Watson. In fact the list of Mr. Forster's subjects is so long that it reads like an index of Biographia. One who does so many of the great must have climbed to high peaks in his own profession.

Personally I have taken keen delight in dipping time and again into this book. My opinions, as a reviewer, have had ample time to become well seasoned, and if I were speaking to an audience of young Canadians I would strongly recommend them to get this volume and keep it beside them. They would learn through it to become more deeply interested in those stalwart leaders whose achievements have become so much a part of the history of this country.

* * *

KINSMEN. *By Percival J. Cooney. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, Limited.* $2.50.
Reviewed by John W. Garvin

The author was born at Peterboro', Ontario, in 1871. When he was quite young, the family moved to Arnprior, Ont. In his youth, while a student at the High School, he earned wages, during the midsummer holidays, working in a mill-yard. He became a teacher in his 20th year, and taught, for the most part, grandchildren of the men who had fought and beaten the Highland Chieftain, McNab, when he, as their hereditary chief, determined to despoil them of their property rights in the new land. Later, he was a clerk in a winter lumber camp up the Ottawa River. Here he met French-Canadians, and learned to speak their patois. For one year he attended Ottawa University, and afterwards taught a year in a Government Industrial School for Indians on Grand Manitoulin Island. In 1895 he migrated to the United States, locating first at St. Louis. Later he moved to Butte, Montana; Deadwood, South Dakota; and finally to California in 1908. His employment was teaching and newspaper work. In 1914 he published his first novel, *Dons of the Old Pueblo*, which was well received.

Kinsmen was published first in 1916 by S. B. Gundy, of Toronto, but because of World War conditions, had a restricted sale. The present edition, however, should have a much more extended market.

It is a novel of originality and power, based on historical fact. The Laird of McNab, a Highland Chieftain of large stature and dominant will, secured from the Government of Upper Canada, in the 20's of last century, a township on the Ottawa River in which is located the present town of Arnprior, and brought over to the New World his whole clan. The land was divided among them and the Laird let them infer that they were his tenants as of old and that the pine timber belonged to him. The leases did not so state and a number voiced their dissatisfaction. These were treated as rebels and were subjected to persecutions of a drastic nature. Deadly feuds and bloodshed resulted, but in time Canadian law and justice triumphed . . . That "true love never runs smooth" is fully exemplified, but in the end the blight of misunderstanding is removed and happiness restored.

Canadian critics of repute have long advised young authors to reveal their native land in their writings, and for some time this has been done more and more satisfactorily. Canada is rich in material, historical, legendary, and of the current life of such a melting pot, and it can be so presented as to have a universal appeal . . . Mr. Cooney has given us a splendid example of the desired revealment in *Kinsmen*, and as he is a native of Ontario we may expect him to further examine our early records, and again instruct and entertain us. As a writer of historical novels he should achieve distinction.

* * *

OUR AFRICAN WINTER. *By A. Conan Doyle. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.* $2.00.
Reviewed by John W. Garvin

Dr. Conan Doyle has long been known as a popular novelist, and it is probable that a number of his novels will endure in English literature. He has a remarkably original and constructive imagination. But this book is not fiction. The author and his family—wife, daughter (nicknamed Billy) and two tall, athletic sons, Malcolm and Denis—went to South Africa, Rhodesia and Kenya last winter to spread the light of Spiritualism, "the new revelation," and this book relates their travels and experiences, and gives the writer many opportunities for instructive comment.

The most interesting novel I have read with its scenes and activities in the lost continent, Atlantis, was written by Dr. Doyle two or three years ago. Its name has slipped my memory. But it is recalled by his comment on Madeira. We are told that at one side of the island there is a sheer cliff with a perpendicular drop of 2,000 feet, which extends for several thousand feet also beneath the water. It is at the exact place where the priests of Hieropolis told Solon the old continent used to be. There is clear evidence of tremendous volcanic action, and it seems that the highest sea-cliff in the world could only have been produced by the breaking off of a continent.

We learn that "Cape Town is the most marvellous place for wildflowers" and that "the groves of silver trees, which grow nowhere else in the world, will not bear transplanting."

In Bloemfontein, Doyle met Frank Edwards, a Welshman and a Wesleyan clergyman, who fought in the Great War as a private, who told him that on one occasion at the Front, his dead mother appeared to him in a vision and led him by the hand out of his dugout, which fell in immediately afterwards . . . . At Natal, "a staid and sober citizen of good repute" related to him this psychic incident: his daughter, a young girl, was assaulted by a Kaffir lad, on her way to school, when a dog, half Airedale, half Irish Terrier, suddenly appeared, attacked the boy and saw the child safe home. The whole family "patted its head and fondled it. Then before their eyes it dematerialized." To Doyle the only explanation is that the child was mediumistic and was saved by a control who worked the materialization. He declares there are no miracles. All such manifestations are produced by natural laws, not yet fully understood. He believes that Christ's message, obscured for centuries by dogma and ritualism, was the same as he and other spiritualists are teaching to-day—"namely, that man retains his personality after death in a world not unlike this one, and that his condition there depends upon his actions."

We gather from this volume that harmonious friendly relations do not yet exist in South Africa, between the majority of the Boers and the English. But inferring from our own Canadian history, is it not too soon to expect it?

Many readers will remember the suicide, years ago, of Barney Barnato, the diamond king, which was a mystery. Of the cause, this strange story was told the author by a level-headed lawyer: Barnato had a bitter quarrel with a partner, the latter being the injured party. In his fierce anger the partner swore that when he died, Barnato would die also. The lawyer heard him repeat the threat several times. Years later he passed, and at that very hour Barney Barnato threw himself overboard from the ship on which he was a passenger for England.

Our African Winter contains much instructive information about the countries visited, of their racial and economic conditions and difficulties, and of the progress made since the Boer War.

* * *

THE LAMP. *By Edna Harrison. London: Stockwell.* 1s.

Although published in London, this is a little book of verse by a Canadian poet whose work is not unfamiliar to readers of *The Canadian Bookman*, by reason of one of the poems in this collection, "Derelict," having appeared in this magazine.

There are several other poems in somewhat similar vein, and one or two with fine imagery, notable among these being "Darkness," while others are brightened by touches of delightful humor.

UNSOUGHT ADVENTURE. *By Howard Angus Kennedy. Montreal: Louis Carrier & Company, Limited.* $2.00.

This is a new departure for the versatile Mr. Kennedy—farmer, journalist, historian, novelist, and teller of fairy tales. Taking advantage of the present vogue for mystery stories he has succeeded in creating a "thriller" as enjoyable as it is unusual.

John Galt, an invalid who believes his days to be numbered, has invited his English cousins, Isobel and Jack Galt, to share his lonely home in New York. He and Isobel are in love with each other, but neither will let the other know this. When the story opens, John finds himself in need of money, chiefly owing to Cousin Jack's parasitic tendencies, and has decided to sell his books, including an autographed Gutenberg Bible with a remarkable history. The ne'er-do-well cousin, learning of the Bible's existence and its great value, decides to steal the sealed parcel that contains it. Impersonating John, he approaches Sam Johnson, a bookseller with a fine reputation for honesty, with a view to having him dispose of it later. After showing the Bible to the bookseller, he wraps it up again and seals the parcel with the Galt crest. It is then left in the bookseller's care, or so the reader and the bookseller believe. But Jack thinks that the Bible is still in his own possession, and that he is taking it to London in his bag, for he has played a trick on Sam Johnson. At the same time, Isobel Galt believes that the Bible is still in the house. Here is a mystery which the reader is unable to solve prematurely.

The scene now shifts to Quebec, where John Galt is revisiting Felice, a French-Canadian woman who, as a girl, had mothered him after his own mother had deserted him. Here, his mother returns into his life, not as his mother, but as the beautiful and coquettish Mrs. Van Ruysen. Knowing nothing whatever of the terrible barrier between them, they are on the brink of a passionate love affair.

While romance and a search for health detain John Galt in Quebec, the Gutenberg Bible has cast its sinister influence over the lives of his cousin Jack and the bookseller, causing the gradual disintegration of the characters of both.

A long train of thrilling and unsought adventures leads to an unexpected and dramatic *dénouement.*

* * *

AN UNUSUAL BOOK

Unusual interest attaches to a new book which has just appeared in Toronto, because of the fact that at least half of this large book was actually set up by the author himself; and in addition to being his own illustrator, he is his own publisher. What will astonish his fellow-writers is that he has created, illustrated, and published this remarkable volume, not with a view to making money, but because he believed he had discovered something worth sharing with his fellow-men. The edition is limited to 1,000 copies and the type was distributed immediately after the printing of the book.

The author is Dr. Meinrad Zehnder and the title of his book is *Universe and Reality: Or Proportion of Spirit and Letter.* Dr. Zehnder, born in Switzerland, in 1887, was educated at the Universities of Geneva, Lausanne, Munich, Berlin, Zurich, Vienna and London. For some years prior to 1926, he practised medicine in Klingnau, in the Canton of Argovy, Switzerland. In that year, he emigrated to Canada, and here, with less than one year's study of English at his command, embarked on a literary career, being impelled to set down original philosophical discoveries. The result of his three years' labors is an illustrated volume of 768 pages. Despite the slightly Germanic English, the work is profoundly interesting to the philosophically-minded. Music, painting, sculpture, architecture, psychology, sex, and religion are but a few of the many subjects with which Dr. Zehnder deals.

* * *

ADVENTURES IN RELIGION. *By Basil King.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.50.

This is an account of the adventures of an intelligent father, who had no particular religious beliefs, but could not honestly give evasive and irresponsible answers to his children. He turned in despair to the standard books on religion and to his long unopened Bible in an effort to give sensible guidance to his twelve-year-old son. In explaining his boy's questions, the father gradually clarified his own beliefs, and the mother too, dissatisfied with her hazy ideas, developed from these discussions a thoughtful basis for the direction of her life. Basil King is the author of *The Conquest of Fear,* which has brought helpful guidance to over 80,000 readers.

* * *

THESE BE YOUR GODS. *By Leslie Roberts.* (*Mus.*) $2.50.

In *These Be Your Gods* you will find intimate studies of such figures on the national canvas as the Prince of Wales, the Governor-General, the leaders of the two great Canadian political parties, bankers, railway presidents, our ambassadors abroad and merchant princes, seen through the looking glass of a writer who finds the great no better than the rank and file on Main Street, and certainly no worse.

* * *

BRIEFER MENTION

Marriage for Two, by Arthur Somers Roche, is a swift moving romance of a New York millionaire, who, on the rebound from the breaking of his engagement, helps a starving girl back to health, marries her to spite the other woman, and then falls in love with her. (McL.) $2.00.

Publication of the *Complete Stalky & Co.,* which was to have appeared this season, has been postponed until next spring.

Prisoners of the Forest, by Sir Hugh Clifford, gives another unforgetable picture of Malaya. The author has traversed the streams and jungles of Malaya for over a score of years. He knows his background. (Mus.) $2.00.

What's In The New Books?

The Following are not Critical Reviews, but Brief Notices, Some of Which are by Publishers' Readers in Advance of Publication

THE GOOD COMPANIONS. *By J. B. Priestly.* (*Mus.*) $3 (*or* 2 *Vols. boxed* $4).

Mr. Priestly has brought together under very amusing circumstances a most diverting group whose personal affairs, private lives and daily adventures become amazingly and inextricably interwoven. To take a Yorkshire laborer, a maiden lady of thirty-seven summers and genteel rural upbringing, and a madcap Cambridge school teacher with a musical bent, bring them together in a station restaurant, and throw them in with a provincial vaudeville troupe means at once a very lively situation. The three main characters, all for different reasons, have taken to the road in search of adventure. Strange things befall the vagabonds, ridiculous, amusing, and not a little touching, and perhaps the strangest of all is the meeting with the members of the "profession." They refinance the disbanding show and under a new name, "The Good Companions," the company tours the provincial towns and miraculously makes a success. There are dark moments, romance, tears and temper. But the Good Companions live up to their name and carry through with a flourish.

* * *

SAILORS OF FORTUNE. *By William McFee* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

Tales of sailors afloat and ashore; in the Caribbean, the Mediterranean and their ports of romance. The opening story, a novelette which is hitherto unpublished, was suggested by the tragedy of the *Vestris* and it has amazingly succeeded in reconstructing the drama and psychology of that disaster. As in *Pilgrims of Adversity, Captain Macedoine's Daughter* and *Casuals of the Sea,* McFee writes of the grimy, oil-splashed young engineers and the hard bitten first and second mates who groom the leviathans of the sea.

* * *

ANOTHER DAY. *By Jeffrey Farnol.* (*R. P.*) $2.00.

This narrative opens with the song of a lark carolling joyously high over the Sussex Downs, whereupon lay young Keith Chisholm flat on his back. Sitting up wearily at last, he glanced down at a crumpled letter bearing neither date nor address, but these words in bold, hasty scrawl:

"There are sins I can forgive and have forgiven you, but murder is not one of them. Your allowance shall be paid as usual so long as you keep clear of the States and forget you were ever the son of Wilbur I. Chisholm."

Keith Dallas Chisholm, Mr. Farnol's young American hero, believing with his millionaire father that he is guilty of killing the man he hated, has fled to England where he encounters a very small but friendly damsel, Patience, and her sister, Josepha. He is torn between a desire not to lose sight of his goddess and the guilty thought that there is blood on his hand. This novel has a more modern setting than is usual with this author.

* * *

TROUSERS OF TAFFETA. *By Margaret Wilson.* (*Mus.*) $2.00.

With the first pages of this sympathetic and beautiful story, Margaret Wilson leads us with glamorous fascination into the strange world in which the child wives of India live out their colorful and often tragic existences. For years Mrs. Wilson has lived in this world behind the scenes, and it is through her eyes that we come to know the beautiful Bilkis, the fine old Rani, and Taj who, no longer young, had her glorious baby at last. "It is not a treatise about India, nor the Panjab, the City of Taffeta Trousers, I don't even say it is true. I do say that what I have related I saw happen, and I have described it as accurately as I could."

* * *

THE SEIGNEUR D'HABERVILLE. (*A Story of the Conquest of Canada.*) *By Philippe Aubert de Gaspé. Translated by Mrs. Georgiana M. Pennée. Edited with an Introduction by T. G. Marquis.* (*Mus.*) $2.

De Gaspé's great novel has been called "a national epic." Its main interest is in the Conquest of Canada and the strongest chapters are those dealing with the Battle of the Plains of Abraham and the Battle of Ste. Feoge. The author has given an exhaustive account of New France at the most critical period in its history. Nothing is neglected. The manners and customs of seigneurs and habitants are so vividly detailed that the reader is irresistibly borne back to that picturesque time and in imagination lives their lives.

There are in the story, many delightful bits of folklore—legends of a simple, pious people: many quaint, rude songs, sung at feasts, in the fields, by soldiers in their wilderness forays, and by voyageurs on the long journeys to the far north. For the most part, the singers of these songs have passed away, but they are immortalized in this noble story. Simplicity and truth are its predominating qualities. It is a plain, unvarnished tale by one who knew, one to whom the legends and songs were familiar from his childhood, and who had heard, and, indeed, joined in the singing of those rollicking or pathetic ballads. No other Canadian work, French or English, has so fully, so faithfully, reproduced the past.

A Variety of People. *By Don Marquis.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

Here is the Old Soak himself; and Tim O'Meara, whose ancestor was the greatest diplomat of all Ireland; Queen Elizabeth on one of her spacious days when she had a date with Queen Mary; and several blithe new characters, including a Greek boy, the fat lady of the circus, the man who was at one with nature, a horrid burglar, and the old fellow who came to New York to get himself "all refined and cultured up." Like any assembled collection of Don Marquis's stories, these are "gorgeous whopping yarns, richly embroidered with humor and philosophy."

* * *

Burning Beauty. *By Temple Bailey.* (*C. C. Co.*) $2.00.

Virginia Oliphant sacrifices her own happiness for her brother, until a disastrous love affair brings the boy to a realization of his selfishness, when she is at last free to marry the man of her choice.

* * *

The Man Who Pretended. *By W. B. Maxwell.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

Here Mr. Maxwell writes the story of a man who made himself over according to the picture of his own imagination. Oswald Raike was at heart a coward. His inclination was to go around an obstacle rather than face it. Inwardly he shrank from personal contacts. Yet he faced trying situations with a gallant exterior, performed prodigies of valor and suffered always in his inner self for his ideal of the man whom he wanted to be. Money, position, love, his most precious desires, all were sacrificed for the sake of that valorous spirit which he really did not possess. It is a fascinating tale which turns one's feeling of exasperation to an affectionate admiration for this strange man who makes himself over in his own image, a novel which will rank with the best of Mr. Maxwell's books.

* * *

South From Hudson Bay. *By E. C. Brill.* (*R. P.*) $2.00.

This is a thrilling tale of the coming of the settlers from France and Switzerland to the wilderness of the prairie country and the Red River District. Three boys, two of them having made the dangerous voyage by boat from Hudson Bay to the Settlements of the Red River and the third, who lived in that section, find themselves entangled in the fate of the little colony. The crops have failed, winter is at hand and the people face starvation. The three boys set out on snowshoes to hunt game. Their adventures are desperate and varied. The accuracy of the author's knowledge of this region and the people who lived there has been praised by many who have made a study of that particular time in the history of our country.

* * *

My Wives. *Anon.* (*Mus.*) $2.00.

The experiences related here are too true to be fiction and too laughable to be weighted with a moral. Get this!

ADVENTURE AND EXCITEMENT

The Maracot Deep and Other Stories. *By Arthur Conan Doyle.* (*D. D. G.*) $2.00.

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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Canadian Authors Association

BRANCH REPORTS

Calgary Branch

The Calgary Branch held its first monthly meeting of the season at the home of Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Kerby, on September 17. Mrs. A. J. Gordon gave an entertaining account of the Annual Convention at Halifax. Musical numbers were contributed by Mrs. Evelyn Going Webster and Mrs. Mae Studer Campbell, with Mrs. Philip Boese as accompanist.

The October meeting took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McDonald, on the 8th. Addresses were given on "The Ethics of Journalism," by W. Wodell, and "Feature Writing," by Mrs. Elizabeth Bailey Price, who gave useful hints on the finding of material. At both meetings the chair was occupied by the president, W. H. Andrews.

On October 22 the Poetry Group met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Catley, when W. S. McDonald spoke on "Some Fixed Forms of Verse," with special reference to the work of Austin Dobson.

Mrs. H. B. Hill strongly recommended the study of I. A. Richards' book, "Practical Criticism." She also gave an interesting account of the poetical work of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

* * *

Victoria and Islands Branch

The annual out-of-doors meeting was held at Saseenos, the lovely home of the President, Alfred Carmichael. Sea bathing and sailing occupied the party for some time, and led up quite fitly to the business meeting, at which the League of Western Writers was the chief subject discussed. Donald A. Fraser and Mrs. Mary Rathom were welcomed home after their trip to the opposite edge of the Dominion for the Annual Convention.

The first meeting of the fall session was held at the home of Mrs. Margaret Bjornsfeldt. The delegates to the convention at Halifax, Mrs. Marion Isabel Angus, Mrs. Rathom and Donald Fraser, gave their impressions of the fellow-craftsmen they had met, and of the East in general.

The October meeting was held on October 10 in the library of Victoria College. A composite review of Trans-Canadian Travel, past and present, furnished the programme. Alfred Carmichael dealt with the *Wanderings of an Artist Among the Indians*, by Paul Kane, who took the old fur-traders' route from the lakes to the Pacific. C. C. Pemberton, the convener, reviewed Grant's *From Ocean to Ocean;* Mrs. Rathom spoke of Lord Dufferin's journey; Donald Fraser summed up W. S. Caine's experiences; and Mrs. Frances Ebbs-Canavan took up T. W. Wilby's *Motor Tour Through Canada.*

Toronto Branch

The October meeting of the Canadian Authors Association (Toronto Branch) was featured by a series of talks on Vacation Memories, that of the artist-author, J. W. L. Forster, being especially interesting because of his most entertaining and informative reminiscences of a round-the-world journey from which he had but recently returned to his home in Toronto.

As this issue of *The Canadian Bookman* was being made up, the Branch was actively preparing its Book Week programme in co-operation with the Canadian Literature Club, a joint meeting with that organization being a high light. Addresses by such notables as Dr. Robert Norwood of New York, Dr. C. G. D. Roberts, and Ralph Connor are on the programme.

CANADIAN BOOK WEEK

This issue of *The Canadian Bookman* was being completed just before the opening of the Canadian Book Week. Accounts will be given in next month's issue of activities in different Canadian cities in connection with the Week.

* * *

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THE WRITER'S CORNER

Conducted by Donald G. French

More About the Sonnet

WHEN we agree that the subject matter of the sonnet must be emotional and reflective we go a long way toward fixing definitely many points about its structure, its diction, and its form.

Not only must the sonnet follow a very definite rhyme-scheme, but the writer of sonnets must strive for dignity and chasteness in the rhymes employed. We question whether or not double rhymes can ever be used successfully in the true sonnet. They belong rather to light, topical poems; and as for the admission of such grotesque combinations as the "hen-pecked-you-all" and "intellectual" of Browning, into a sonnet, anyone can readily realize the absurdity of producing such effects in the serious sonnet atmosphere.

But, we go even further. We object to overworked and hackneyed rhymes such as "see," "bee," (or "be"), "me"; and "day," "may," "play." Words ending in "ty," "ly," and "cy," are to be avoided.

The whole point of the matter is that the rhymes must not be obvious and obtrusive. Rhymes there must be, but the chief object of the unusual rhyme-scheme of the sonnet is to subordinate the sound-effects of the rhyme and let them become mere undertones to the thought and the emotion.

Rhymed couplets do not, therefore, belong to the sonnet form, although they are employed in the conclusion of the Shakesperian sonnet and are used frequently by other accredited sonnet writers. We cannot, in spite of their use by such masters, agree that they belong to the true sonnet. It is not the chiming of the rhymes of the concluding lines of a sonnet that should remain as our final mental impression of a sonnet; it is the climax of the mood or thought.

To carry the same rhymes through the octet and the sestet of a sonnet is, again, to overdo and stress the mere sound effects.

The diction of a sonnet should be precise, clear, and unambiguous; it should be free from "conceits" or over-embellishment of any kind. Dramatic and exclamatory phrases are to be avoided; interrogation should be used rarely, if ever; quotations from other poems are inadmissible. Slang, foreign phrases, and the like are to be avoided. In short, a sonnet should be, in diction, a literary "gem of purest ray serene."

As an example of a well-constructed sonnet we quote from Keats:

On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

* * *

A Critic's Musings

I wonder—

Why so many writers of "Western" stories seem to think it necessary to use a "roughneck" style and make their pages lurid with profanity or inane with inept dalogue.

Why so many would-be novelists have the idea that because they weave into their story true experiences of their own it should make an effective tale, regardless of any underlying motivation or theme.

Why the beginner in short story writing so often sets out to depict background and characters sufficient for a full-length novel and does not realize that mere characters, incident, dialogue, and background are not all that is required to produce an effective short story.

* * *

Have You Any Questions?

Readers of *The Canadian Bookman* are invited to send in questions which they would like answered in this department or suggestions as to subjects they would like discussed.

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THE curators of the wonderful law library in the one-time tradesmen's workshop now known as the Supreme Court of Canada, according to the Ottawa *Citizen*, live in perpetual fear that, being inadequately protected, it may some day become a prey to flames, since if the old non-fireproof building once took fire, small hope could be entertained of saving its contents. These include one of the oldest law books in the world, printed by Richard Townley, Lancashire, and containing the statutes from the time of Edward I to the twenty-ninth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, with part of the old-fashioned lock still on the outside of the wood and leather cover. There are also a few other priceless volumes, notably of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, among them John Selden's *Mare Nostrum*, printed in Holland in 1740, when Holland was enjoying its brief supremacy on the high seas. John Calvin's dictionary of 1679, ancient Dutch law books, yards of shelves of French books printed by authority of one of the Louis, Belgian statutes, and hundreds of other century-old books that are irreplaceable are also contained in this old building which one careless match would reduce to ashes.

* * *

One of the most noteworthy auctions of Mozart manuscripts ever held took place in Berlin on October 12, when a collection of thirty-nine Mozart writings were sold, realizing a total of 81,000 marks (about $19,540). The most valuable item was Mozart's personally compiled index of his works during the period 1784 to 1791, with dates, orchestrations and thematic introductions, but this was not sold. The manuscript of the F major string quartet brought 8,010 marks (about $1,922).

* * *

The announcement comes from New York that the Anderson Galleries, Inc., world famous as an auction house for books and art, has been merged with the American Art Association, and is to become a part of the latter's establishment, the imposing edifice of the Anderson Galleries, Inc., at Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, being abandoned. The Anderson Art Galleries were founded in 1900 by John Anderson, Jr., in opposition to Bangs & Co., who had been in business since 1837. Three years later it took over Bangs & Co.'s business, and in 1905 became the Anderson Galleries, Inc., under the presidency of Mitchell Kennerley, who has now retired from the book and art auction field to go back into the publishing business. The American Art Association, which now becomes perhaps the world's greatest auction house, was founded in 1833 by James F. Sutton and Norman G. Kirby. It is now presided over by Courtland F. Bishop, who purchased the business in 1923.

* * *

An interesting and important collection of Canadiana, comprising books, portraits, maps and autograph letters, has been recently presented to the library of the University of Toronto by Henry Sproatt, the well-known Toronto architect. Among the books is one containing the speech of Sir John Graves Simcoe at the opening of the legislature of Upper Canada, printed by Louis Roy in 1793, and the first example of typography in that part of Canada. The collection also includes a proclamation made at Newark in 1795 to people desirous of settling in the crown lands. The letters are from Sir Isaac Brock, William Lyon Mackenzie, Col. John Butler of Butler's Rangers; Sir Alexander Mackenzie, discoverer of the Mackenzie River; Capt. Joseph Brant, Chieftain of the Six Nations Indians; Sir John Macdonald, Bishop Strachan and other outstanding men in Canadian history.

* * *

An imperfect and battered old Testament in an American Indian language, translated by John Eliot, early missionary among the Indians in New England, and printed by Samuel Green, of Cambridge, Mass., in 1661, is stated to have been discovered recently packed away on a musty shelf in Exeter Cathedral at Exeter, England. If the date given is correct, the find is a most important one, as nothing seems to have been known heretofore of an edition of Eliot's translation of the Old Testament earlier than 1663. Eliot, in 1681, published a translation of the New Testament in the Indian language, which hitherto has been regarded as the first book printed in this language, and the first Bible printed in America. The question to be solved now is whether the recently discovered Old Testament preceded the New Testament dated in the same year.

* * *

It is announced from London that the world's biggest book, the preparation of which has taken ten years, and has cost £200,000, is shortly to go to press, this being the British Museum's general catalogue of printed books. Universities and colleges are expected to purchase a third of the edition, which is limited to 650 copies. The British Museum's first catalogue took eighteen years to produce in more than 600 parts. The Vatican library and the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris also are issuing new catalogues.

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A Monthly Journal devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts ✠ *2.00 a year 25c a copy*

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Vol. XI., No. 12 TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1929 25c. a Copy $2.00 a Year

Who's Who in Canadian Literature

MRS. L. ADAMS BECK (E. BARRINGTON)

By William McRae Fawcett

A STRIKING evidence of the writing power of the subject of this sketch is the fact that she succeeded as Mrs. L. Adams Beck and as E. Barrington before the reading world realized that the two names belonged to one person. Perhaps it would be more proper to say that the reading world realized two persons in one, for who would think of allying those sombre, mystical, Buddhistic Beck books with the sparkling Barrington romances? Each set works to the exclusion of the other, and does so in such a unified manner that it seems that only two separate sets of brain cells could have produced them.

Mrs. Beck is the daughter of late Admiral John Moresby and the grand-daughter of late Admiral-of-the-Fleet Sir Fairfax Moresby, G.C.B. Before taking up her residence in Vancouver and Victoria, she lived for many years in the East, during which time she travelled leisurely in Egypt, India, Japan, and particularly in little-known Tibet. At this time she occupied herself almost wholly with a diligent study of the manners and customs of the people.

Before 1925 few people knew anything concerning the life of this lady. She seemed to come suddenly from nowhere and, paradoxically enough, to continue to live nowhere. When it became known that she was both E. Barrington and Mrs. L. Adams Beck, the curiosity of many flared up and an investigation was determinedly begun.

Her little hide-away home near Vancouver appeared quite indigenous, but viewed from the inside, it was part and parcel of Asia, with its golden-colored rooms, its Japanese paintings, its oriental drapings and inscriptions, its Chinese cups and trinkets. Verily, mystery has claimed her for its own.

Before 1919, she had not written a line for publication. She had undertaken a journey westward from England with the intention of revisiting her beloved Orient and, after travelling slowly over Canada, had stopped at a Victoria hotel, when she received her first inspiration to write. She was sitting in the hotel lobby, at the time, and the orchestra was playing. Babbling voices and a chorus of musical notes, now strident, now mellow, exerted a new power over her. They

were offering her a story and seemed to urge her, as if by so many words, to write it down. She did and the result was a short-story that became a magazine success. Similar ones followed. They were published later in a collection, "The Ninth Vibration."

For three years she wrote short articles and stories for magazines and, then, in 1922, seriously entered the novel field. In seven years she has published better than two novels a year.

As Mrs. L. Adams Beck, she takes the reader over the Pacific to the strange faiths and peoples of Asia. There she opens doors that have seldom been opened and displays Oriental treasures with a realism that could only come from an accurate knowledge. The plots and characters are often of her own invention.

The Barrington romances all display a simple method. A well-known historical figure is chosen around whom an interesting story is woven, based mainly on biographical data. Thus, "The Exquisite Perdita" reveals the strange, eventful life of the beautiful and eventful life of the beautiful and famous actress, Perdita Robinson, who became mistress to George IV in his youth and had much cause to regret it. Many celebrated figures of the eighteenth century move through its pages. The facts and their issues in the lives of Byron, Napoleon, and Marie Antoinette are set down in "Glorious Apollo," "The Thunderer," and "The Empress of Hearts," respectively.

It is not everyone that can write as fast and as much as this writer, especially without ever wearying of it. In this respect, some of her own statements are interesting:

"I write with the quickest speed my hand will allow. Thus, 'Glorious Apollo' was begun on the twenty-third of November, 1924, and finished on the twenty-sixth of December, 1924, taking just over a month."

And again—

"There is no weariness of mind in writing any of my books. I never know weariness either of mind or of body and I attribute this to the fact that I have learned from high Oriental thought that the body has its share in mental and spiritual training, and must itself be trained. I eat only twice a day and rise very early and take a long walk before breakfast. These are my ways of securing universal vigor of mind and body, and I am glad to see the medical profession swaying toward a wisdom taught for ages by the higher Oriental thought."

Oriental thought has had a great influence on her writing. We see it especially in the Beck books with their strange incidents, characters, settings, and their minute considerations of the marvels of Asia.

For her, Western explanations of life and death are inadequate. They have allowed the spread of materialism and appear incapable of forestalling some unimaginable catastrophe. Only by turning to Eastern thought, especially that concerning the evolutionary life of the soul, can the danger be averted. She believes that there is a great supernatural law and that the supernormal sphere is the

natural sphere of those who have attained the necessary knowledge.

It is most likely that this belief led her to adopt a theory of writing which admits both fact and imagination. The two seem present in each of her works whether it be by Beck or Barrington.

Thus, in "How Great is the Glory of Kwannon," the story is not unlike those in "Arabian Nights," but it portrays the essentials of Buddhistic thought. In "The Exquisite Perdita," the historical, biographical facts are made coherent and attractive by a manufacture of speech and action. She "clothes the truth with speech and action." One of her prefaces, in admitting a deliberate admixture of fact and romance, says:

"These lives are all but stories in a printed book, and a heroine of Jane Austen's is as real as Stella (the Esther Johnson loved by Dean Swift)."

CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS

Mrs. L. Adams Beck—
The Ninth Vibration, 1922.
Dreams and Delights, 1922.
The Key of Dreams, 1922.
The Perfume of the Rainbow, 1923.
The Treasure of Ho, 1925.
The Way of the Stars, 1925.
The Splendour of Asia, 1926.
The Story of Oriental Philosophy, 1928.
The Garden of Vision, 1929.

E. Barrington (nom de plume)—
The Ladies, 1922.
The Chaste Diana, 1923.
The Gallants, 1924.
The Divine Lady, 1924.
Glorious Apollo, 1925
The Exquisite Perdita, 1926.
The House of Fulfillment (*The Romance of a Soul*).
The Thunderer, 1927.
The Empress of Hearts, 1928.
The Laughing Queen, 1929.

L. Moresby (nom de plume)—
The Glory of Egypt, 1926.

* * *

The Spirit

BY MARY D. GRAESSER

WITH silent feet I came at last—
My light, cold fingers touched her hair,
But sighing hopelessly she passed
Among the trees and wandered there.

I stirred the leaves of brown and red,
I brushed a bough against her gown,
And then about her bended head
I shook the rowan berries down.

She only raised the eyes I knew,
And said it was the wind that blew.

The Spirit of Water

By C. F. Lloyd

THERE is a spirit in everything, a divine, impalpable essence that breathes through and informs the gross material substance, making it a power of light or darkness, of fruitfulness or destruction, though indeed the brighest spirit may appear at times a destructive demon. The fire that warms your shins on a winter evening will if given too loose a rein burn up you and your house together. The water with which you refresh your plants may sometime or other flood your garden and drown you. Catastrophe ever follows excess, due order and degree are everything. No doubt there was a good deal of garbage in Sodom and Gomorrah that was all the better for being burned up, but unfortunately the fire spread rapidly and burned up most of the good things with the bad. A Mississippi flood will destroy a thousand farms but the flooded fields are richer when the water subsides than they were before it came. I confess I have grown to regard nearly all evil, except the moral kind, as good misplaced or in excess of present requirements.

One of the delightful things I noticed about Rome when I grew old enough to think and compare objects, as I did on my third or fourth visit, was the presence everywhere and at all hours of running water. One is never far from a fountain in Rome—and what a gracious, graceful, laughing, life-giving, life-suggesting thing a fountain is. There is no forty-below-zero weather in Rome, though take my word for it, it can be cold enough at times to make your teeth chatter. But hot or cold, the fountains of Rome continue to play, they never grow silent, becoming mere empty basins of cold, gray stone into which rusty pipes open, as ours do about half of every year. Almost the first sound that strikes your ear when you leave the Roman railway station to drive to your hotel or pension is the musical splash and murmur of a fountain. That sound is never much beyond earshot while you remain. It is the sound I always associate with Rome as I associate the cries of newsboys with London and the dashing about of cabs, they are certainly taxis now, with Paris.

Rome might surely be called the city of laughing water, for almost all her thousand fountains are cheerful and one or two of them, notably the big one in St. Peter's square, are hilarious. They exemplify splendidly what a leaping, golden, sun-kissing spirit this spirit of water is. It is the untamable spirit. Even when confined to dull pipes of lead or baked clay and compelled to creep along under ground it is ever active, ever chafing at the restraint, ever seeking wildly for an outlet, no matter how small. Let it but find the tiniest crack in its prison wall and in an instant it is through, it has widened the breach, burst the barrier, flung off the fetters and is away through the earth till it bursts again into the clear air and

sunlight either as a petty, troublesome jet, a pretty brook or a destructive flood. Let there be no crack in the prison wall at all, the subtle spirit will in time dissolve it and burst out. You cannot crib, cabin and confine it for long. Like that brave, questing spirit of man it so much resembles, it must and will be free or perish. Free, it gives life to everything it touches, parched tongue or parched ground. Stagnant, it grows foul, stinking, pestilential, destroying life, poisoning the air. Beware how you attempt to confine either of these bright, beautiful spirits, they will break out and overwhelm you or give you malaria or worse. Control them properly and in due measure, yes, that is another matter. To make the river slip between green banks instead of allowing it to spread all over the surrounding country that is good, but see that the channel be wide and deep enough for your next flood. To restrain the natural lawlessness of the spirit of man, that is good too, but don't attempt to suppress it utterly, try rather to direct it into a fresh channel down which it may roll grandly to the sea, or as sure as there is a God, it will break out and destroy all you have. But I grow too didactic.

All my life long I have felt and acknowledged kinship with the divine and most subtle spirit of water. To be sure I do not want to move about in a perpetual rain-storm or stand immersed up to the neck in a lake; none the less I enjoy being on or near water, the sea by preference, but in default of great Neptune's ocean, a river, a lake, a pond or even a tiny brooklet. On the arid plains of the West the mere sight of water should evoke a blessing while even a passing shower is welcome. To live in a nearly waterless country would be to me a foretaste of eternal punishment, the torment of Dante's hell.

I remember walking all one long summer day through the hills in a wild district of central Ontario and having in my ears throughout the whole of my journey the musical tinkle of water flowing rapidly over gravel and in and out among rocks. I know of no more delicious sound in nature than running water makes. It soothes irritated nerves more than the sound of bells at sunset. It lifts the heart even better than sunlight or a great wind. When I started fresh from a little country flag-station in the morning, the sound of the tumbling brook came to me through a thick grove of pines. All through the hot, windy forenoon the delicate sound was with me and now and then I would catch sight of the joyous spirit whose voice it was, or rather the body in which that spirit was housed, tumbling down a tiny channel worn in the rocks beside the road. When I sat down under a great oak at noon to eat my meagre lunch of bread and cheese the water glanced by at my feet and a tin mug full of it, cold as ice, pure as crystal, sweetened my crust and cooled my throat. For an hour after lunch I slept stretched out on the grass, lulled by the tinkle of the hurrying brook and when I resumed my journey it went along with me through the hot reaches of the afternoon. Night overtook me while I was still on the road and

the stars were bright, cold and infinitely distant above the dark tree tops when I came to my friend's house. But even as I mounted the steps of the stoop I could still hear the splash and tinkle of falling water. It mingled with my friend's hearty greeting, the barking of his dog, his soft-voiced little wife's welcome, and when I snuggled down among the lavender-scented sheets for a good night's rest, it was with me still. Excellent as my holiday was in other respects, kind as were my friends, and they were more than kind, it was, I think, the sound of the falling water that more than anything else washed the grime, the dust, the hideous ugliness and brutality of the city out of my tired brain and flesh, restoring me to something like sanity. Did any specialist in nervous diseases ever try what the sound of running water would do towards healing his patients? It might be worth trying.

Do you know whence came the rain that fell on your lawn? The glancing globes of light that moisten the dry earth around your geraniums, have been borne on the strong wings of the south-east wind from where?—some southern river, some tropical swamp, perchance from the famed Serpentine or a Roman fountain. Impossible, I hear you say. What, are not those gambolling flocks of heaven—"shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind,"—all the way from one pole to the other, from the equator to the poles and back and round the earth from east to west? That majestic mountain of purple vapor that catches and holds for a moment the fire of sunset, where will it be at sunrise to-morrow?—drenching some garden in Quebec or Vancouver or casting a cool band of delightful shade on the parched surface of a Louisiana cotton field. The spirit of water is as swift, as tireless, as uncontrollable, as subtle, as splendid in its sweep as your own swift-formed, world-ranging throught that flies from the stone age to the last election or from heaven to hell while your watch ticks twice. The water that ran over the edge of my glass into the sink five minutes ago will find its way to the river to be drawn up by the sun and hurled southward to refresh some poor Darky's melon patch.

Whatever is fruitful or life-giving, like water or thought, seeks to move freely, swiftly, buoyantly, to eschew rest, to delight in change. Only death is stagnant, motionless, content to remain in one place and one condition always.

* * *

The Rising Moon

By John Robert Herbin

A high, bare bluff looms up
From out a cold, blue sea;
On top, in silhouette,
A tree waits patiently.

Behind, the rising moon,
A huge, red, grinning face,
Laughs at the naked tree,
And climbs through starlit space.

Cape Trinity

By Alice Elizabeth Wilson

O THREEFOLD rock whose mighty form abides
In deep, dark waters of the Saguenay,
Cathedral of the hills whose burnished sides
Reflect the glory of the sun by day
And nightly gleam with silver from the moon,
Within whose hidden depths an organ stands
With gaping pipes full set to echo tune
To thunder's roar or siren's taunt demands.

The Sculptor's hand has carved you to remain
A monument to time, revered by all
Who come like pilgrims to a shrine to gain
Redemption from the dull, drab scenes which call
Them with a worldly lure to empty arms
And blind their eyes to nature's countless charms.

* * *

The Grey Tent

By Mary A. Knight

GREY was the tent in which he dwelt,
Unlovely to the sight;
So drab a home could scarcely hold
Aught that would yield delight.
A passing wind the curtain drew
Or, chance, a hand within;
Beauty and love and light were there—
Had always been.

Silent, the grey tent seemed to stand
Throughout the vocal day,
But when the myriad tongues were hushed
Along the world's highway,
Such wild, sweet music came and went,
Men caught their breath to hear;
And yet that music all day long
Had sounded clear.

* * *

The Humming Bird

By Florence Westacott

TINIEST winged creature! quivering web of light,
Bright Psyche of the blossoms, rainbow-hued,
So dazzingly pulsating that the sight
Your living form has never clearly viewed,
Nor hand can limn you right, swift vibrant gem,
Thus marvellously flashing stem to stem.

A vagrant from another world you seem,
Glimpsed but an instant hanging on some flower,
Silent mysterious—gone, a waking dream—
Frail miracle of life, flitting your hour.

It is Reported THAT—

—Hugh Walpole, the English author, is to visit Toronto early in the New Year to speak on "Art in the Modern Novel."

* * *

—following the presentation of John Galsworthy's *Loyalties*, the season's programme at Hart House Theatre, Toronto, will include a Christmas pantomine, an American play and a Canadian play.

* * *

—during December, at the Art Gallery, Toronto, there will be an exhibition of paintings from the National Loan Trust Collection, London; Paintings and Etchings of Sweden and Paris by Frank and Caroline Armington; and a collection of modern French paintings.

* * *

—Mrs. John Garvin (Katherine Hale) in the last of her series of talks at the Heliconian Club, Toronto, on "Modern Literature," discussed Canada's place in the modern movement, saying that we had passed through the stage of imitation and were beginning to build. She spoke of the background of legendary things of unique value; of the deposit of Indian superstition and of the early French religious fervor, out of which to build a spiritual house in any form of art.

* * *

—two prizes of $100 each for essays of from 5,000 to 7,500 words, are included in the Willingdon Arts Competition for 1930: (1) A prize of $100 for an essay, in English, on one of the following subjects: Historical—Frontenac in Canada. Imaginative—On Giving Advice. Literary Critical—An Examination of Dr. Samuel Johnson's Critique of Poetry (the Lives of the Poets and References in Boswell's Life) and an Application of His Criteria to Present Day English Poetry.

(2) A prize of $100 for an essay, in French, on one of the three following subjects: Composition Historique—L'oeuvre de Frontenac au Canada. Essai—L'art de donner des conseils. Critique Litteraire—Comparer la période litteraire franco-canadienne de 1860 avec la période actuelle.

Full data to be obtained from James F. Crowdy, Governor-General's office, East Block, Ottawa.

* * *

—Morley Callaghan has spoken! With the supreme assurance of youth, dissociating himself from any such mundane organization as that of the Canadian Authors Association, he is said to have made a pronouncement in Book Week, that Toronto is guilty of literary intolerance rooted in "the overwhelming mediocrity of its citizens." Incidentally, he took a fling at those Toronto booksellers who presumed to exercise a censorship of the books sold in their stores. . . . "A bookseller," he said, oracularly, "is just a merchant, a shopkeeper, the same as a grocer or any other retail dealer. Yet there seems to be a superstition peculiar to the trade that to handle books invests a man with a sort of oracular eminence and superiority, an elevating intellectual ascendency. As though it were their sacred duty to the state and to the welfare of society, Toronto booksellers in the main arrogate to themselves the functions of literary dietitians or cultural mentors to the community."

* * *

RAINBOW CLUB REVIEWS

For originality of conception and genuine interest created in connection with Canadian Book Week, it would be hard to find anything to excel the Rainbow Club's Book Review page in the Halifax *Evening Mail*, conducted under the auspices of "Farmer Smith," (Miss Laura P. Carten.)

Contributors include senior, intermediate and junior members of the Rainbow Club—intermediates are 13 to 17 years; juniors, 9 to 12 years.

With fine courage, Kathleen Smith, the winner of the first prize in the senior group, dares to condemn Robert Norwood's new book and in such a manner as to compel the admiration of even its illustrious author.

Two others that show great promise are Margaret McCausland, Oxford, N.S., who reviewed *Whiteoaks of Jalna*, and Frances Huntley, Parrsboro, N.S., who reviewed *Red Gold*, by Charlotte Gordon. These two reviewers were jointly awarded first prize in the intermediate group.

The winner of first prize in the junior group was Louise Sanford, Wolfville, N.S., who reviewed *Magic for Marigold*, by L. M. Montgomery.

* * *

ART IN SKYSCRAPERS

Art in architecture as exemplified in new buildings in Toronto includes even skyscrapers, which to most people's sensibilities have been hideous, rectangular monsters without the least semblance of beauty. The artistic lines and decorative features of the latest of these, the building now being completed at the south-west corner of Bay and Adelaide Streets, are so pleasing that it is a common sight to see people stop to admire these characteristics.

In the case of another of the newest of these tall structures, the Concourse Building, a block further west on Adelaide Street, through the influence of Mr. Henry Falk, the stone pillars of the building carry quotations from eight Canadian poets: Bliss Carman, Wilson Macdonald, Katherine Hale, Charles G. D. Roberts, Archibald Lampman, Duncan Campbell Scott, George Frederick Cameron and Theodore Rand.

* * *

A SUGGESTION

Toronto, Nov. 22, 1929

Editor, *The Canadian Bookman:*

There is one thing I would personally like to see added to your excellent little magazine—a department for literary contests, somewhat after the manner of the English *Bookman*. Such contests are always "good fun," besides being mentally stimulating, and I think you would find they would create an added and more active interest in your publication.

Anne Merrill

THE MAN WHO DARED TO BE GOD. *By Robert Norwood. New York: Scribner's Sons.* $2.50.

THE OCTAGON CRYSTAL. *By Pearl Foley. Publishers: Louis Carrier & Co., Montreal and New York.* $2.00.

THE GOLDEN HIGHLANDER. *By Theodore Goodridge Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co., Inc.* $2.00.

THE UNCERTAIN TRUMPET. *By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.* $2.00.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON. *By Martha Ostenso. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* $2.00.

THE SEVEN TORCHES OF CHARACTER. *By Basil King. Garden City, Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy.*

AMERICAN LITERATURE: AN INTERPRETATIVE SURVEY. *By Ernest Erwin Leisy. New York City: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.*

* * * * * *

Review Comments by John W. Garvin

Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood is Rector of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, New York City. This is one of the wealthiest and most influential of the churches of this continent, and its influence for good under the guidance of its eminent Rector is steadily widening its borders. . . . Robert Norwood was born a poet as well as a preacher, and indeed, since his college days, those twin gifts have been so interrelated that he has been dubbed by one critic as "the poet preacher and the preacher poet." . . . Norwood has seven books of notable verse to his credit, and three volumes of equally notable prose. *The Witch of Endor*, a remarkable poetic drama, is probably his supreme effort in poetry, and *The Man Who Dared to be God* in prose.

There have been many lives of Jesus written, but never one before so sympathetic, noble and beautiful as this. Only a man who loved Christ with an absorbing passion, and God as the Eternal Father of us all, could have conceived it; and only a master of the written word could have penned it. It bears the stamp of inspiration and has the flavor of a classic. Every intelligent Canadian should become familiar with *The Witch of Endor* and *The Man Who Dared to be God*, and know in some measure this brilliant son of Canada.

* * * * * *

Miss Foley has a special gift as a writer of mystery (not detective) stories. Her imaginative flow of thought glides like a smoothly-flowing stream with an occasional rapid; and the interest never flags, but quickens as the reader progresses from chapter to chapter, until it reaches a gripping and astonishing climax. . . . Chief Red Hawk, the last of the Narragansett Indian Tribe, reminds us of Tecumseh, as to strength and nobility of character, but his nephew, a well educated half-breed, is cunning and evil-minded—the villain of the story. The mystery is centred in Forrest Selwyn and her octagon crystal, the latter apparently a piece of worthless glass, to which she has clung from early childhood with stubborn pertinacity. But the bauble has a past, involving British aristocrats of early New England days, and certain Narragansett chiefs.

There is true love in the book, which has much difficulty in running smooth; but in the end right triumphs and happiness ensues. . . . It gives me pleasure to commend this original and very entertaining mystery novel.

* * * * * *

Captain Roberts is to be heartily congratulated on his latest novel. It is excellent, and his best, it seems to me. . . . A few weeks ago I reviewed *Kinsmen*, by Percival C. Cooney, with unusual pleasure, and for similar reasons the pleasure is now repeated. Both stories centre in a Highland clan or group, who emigrated to the New World—one to Upper Canada and the other to New Brunswick—in the 20's of last century, and each story by its romantic realism holds the reader enthralled. . . . By all means let us have more romantic novels, based on real pioneer life. The chief character in Captain Roberts' book is a dashing and chivalrous young Highland chieftain whose manliness and cleverness prevail against an unscrupulous land agent, and prevent untold hardships and possible death.

* * * * * *

Since *If Winter Comes* won for A. S. M. Hutchinson, Editor of *The Graphic*, fame and fortune, *The Uncertain Trumpet*, of his published works, pleases me most. The title is taken from these words in the New Testament: "For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle." The chief character is David Quest, a young vicar, who preached this message with power: "The sins of the flesh, evil as they are, abominable as they can be, are as nothing compared with the sins of the spirit, with meanness, with selfishness, with bitterness—in a word, in the Prayer Book's words, with envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness." . . . There are other fine characterizations. The scene is an English hunting coun-

try where the poor foxes are kept in a constant state of hell by the Flogg-Wallopers, of Wallop Hall, Great Gallop, who care for nothing in life but hunting and a plentiful supply of drink and food. They ride hard and curse vigorously. Hutchinson's humor bubbles afresh every few pages to the delight of the reader. The whole drama with its occasional comedy is most entertaining and profitable reading.

* * * * * *

Ten or eleven years ago Douglas Durkin, poet and novelist, 'phoned me from the Prince George Hotel and requested that I take luncheon with him and his most talented pupil, Miss Martha Ostenso. I accepted with pleasure. Durkin's books were familiar to me, and I had seen a poem by Miss Ostenso in *The Canadian Magazine*. I found the latter a young lady of medium size, sweet-faced and demure in manner. She had little to say, but when she spoke there was evidence of a keen intelligence. . . . When Martha Ostenso's first novel, *Wild Geese*, won a $13,500 prize in an international competition, I was much interested and read the book with avidity. It was a genuine creation which gripped and held the reader. None of her subsequent novels has attracted me to the same degree, but she is well established today as a novelist of creative power and worth. . . . *The Young May Moon* is Miss Ostenso's latest novel. It is a story of village life, and an unfortunate marriage which might have been fortunate had the young couple not been constrained to live with a strong-willed, interfering mother-in-law. The embittered wife resolves on separation and runs away, only to return in a few hours. But in those few hours the hypersensitive husband commits suicide in such a manner as to make it appear accidental. Only one person, a doctor, knows or suspects that the wife's conduct had anything to do with her husband's death, and the secret is kept. The author knows how to make the best of such a beginning and spins a tale of much psychological insight into human nature and much imaginative foresight.

* * * * * *

The late lamented Basil King was and is one of Canada's writers of genuine distinction. *High Heart* brought him widest fame as a novelist. For the magazine serial rights alone, he received $20,000. *The Conquest of Fear*, of his non-fiction works, had probably the largest sale and greatest influence for good. *The Seven Torches of Character* is psychological in thought, but so clearly expressed that its teaching can reach the heart of any reader and inspire it to higher and nobler effort. This book should be widely read.

* * * * * *

Prof. Leisy's interpretative survey of American Literature has interested me. It is not only comprehensive, there is an attempt made to group writers by movements and influences, and this is instructive. . . . I was not aware before that the most widely popular poem of the Puritans was *The Day of Doom* (1662), by Michael Wigglesworth, well-named "The Doggerel Dante of the New England meeting-house." Lowell says that this wretched production of two hundred stanzas was "the solace of every fireside, the flicker of the pine-knots by which it was conned, perhaps adding a livelier relish to its premonitions of eternal combustion." For a century those doggerel two hundred stanzas almost rivalled in popularity the Bible and the Catechism. Little wonder that such benighted creatures burned poor old women as witches and were the living embodiment of intolerance. . . . The contents of the book are divided into 'The Puritan Tradition,' 'The Pioneer Spirit,' 'The Romantic Impulse,' 'The American Scene' (since 1860), and quite a lengthy Appendix. . . . This book will prove helpful to any student of American Literature.

* * *

FORTUNE TURNS HER WHEEL. *By Virna Sheard. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, Limited.* $2.00.

This is a tale of old London—London of the time of Queen Elizabeth and her luxurious court. The story centres mainly around the handsome Richard Davenport, keeper of the toll-house at the northern tower of London Bridge, and his beautiful daughter, Joyce. The London Bridge of Davenport's time was in a state of decay; its narrow arches and worn foundations were badly in need of restoration. In this dark, forbidding, rickety old house by the north tower, hemmed in by taverns and various rendezvous for sailors and watermen, the child Joyce spent her time watching the surging throngs as they came and went across the historic bridge. Later she was sent to a school conducted by the nuns for instruction in the gentle arts, and, in order that she should lack none of the fine accomplishments of the gentry of her time, her ne'er-do-well father insisted that she also be taught music and the court dances. Thus the child grew in grace and loveliness until at sixteen she was a sweet and joyous creature, utterly unsuited to take her place as her father's housekeeper. This she did nobly, however, and her youthful laughter filled the old house as she went about her daily duties.

It was a drab, uneventful life for the girl until that memorable day when she went with her father to watch a masked juggler at the end of the bridge. One glance from her clear, starry eyes had so upset him that his hand lost its cleverness and the knife in falling cut his cheek. Joyce held out her little kerchief to staunch the wound. He pressed it to his cheek and thanked her prettily. Then followed two happy weeks of stolen meetings at the casement window while old Silas watched at his post. Richard Davenport would have her marry into the gentry, and the clever juggler entered not into his calculations. Her father's anger when he discovers the juggler has been paying court to his beautiful daughter, in addition to his greatly augmented gambling debts, determines him on a new course of action and he straightway arranges a marriage between Joyce and his wealthy neighbor who keeps the bear garden, a common, repulsive creature whom Joyce detests.

The events following this decision lead

quickly from Joyce's attempted suicide and later rescue by a ferryman, to her flight and subsequent arrival at the palace where she threw herself on the mercy of Queen Elizabeth, by virtue of the thumb ring given her as a child when Her Majesty crossed the bridge one day with her train of courtiers. Disaster follows in the death of her handsome father, but before he breathes his last he has private audience with the Queen which clears up many questions regarding his daughter. Joyce is established as lady-in-waiting and becomes the confidant of the Queen. Years slip by, masquerades and court gayeties pall on Joyce but she retains her sweet girlish charm and shows increasing loveliness with the passage of time. The juggler in his brown jersey disappears, except from her thoughts. Elizabeth's court moves from palace to palace according to her whim or fancy; the Spanish Armada is fought and beaten, and England celebrates the event by festivities of all kinds —balls, masquerades, theatricals. And at last Fortune turns her wheel for the charming heroine.

It is a clean, wholesome tale full of romance and the fascination of Elizabethan days. Detail is somewhat lacking, but the interest is held from beginning to end. There may be some trivial discrepancies, such as the fact that Ben Jonson's comedy *Every Man in His Humour* was first acted in 1598, which was about ten years after the defeat of the Armada, but what matters so long as we are given a picture of London as it was at that time. Good Queen Bess is pleasingly portrayed, illuminating touches showing her loyalty, her dignity and statecraft.

A. S. M.

* * *

MODERN CHINA

A Review by John Armitage

IN *The Legacy of Sun Yat-sen,* (Louis Carrier) the author, Gustav Amann, clarifies a somewhat obscured period in current history. Originally written in German, the translation is made by Frederick Philip Grove. A translator's note, a preface by the author, and "a word of criticism" by Engelbert Krebs precede the history, which is the record of a little understood and momentous upheaval of thought, accompanied by a startling revolt against age-old custom. Some of the ground has been covered before, but not all of it. With the possible exception of Paul Linebarger in his *Sun Yat-sen and the Chinese Republic,* no other historian has treated this very significant phase of world history with such sympathy and understanding. Nor is the author's sympathy marred by bias. He speaks fearlessly, but his conclusions are fair and his opinions well considered.

The development of Chinese civilization is traced back to the days when "the ancient Romans imported silk, fur and iron of a peculiar excellence from China." This as a very necessary introduction to the period when Sun Yat-sen commenced his life work.

In this introduction the author presents not only the life, customs and conditions prevailing in China but allows us to see the very soul of the nation—the kindly and tolerant soul of China which was Confucius.

Trade between China and Europe dates back to A.D. 168 and right up to the time when Marco Polo was received at the court of Kublai Khan at Peking about A.D. 1270, it remained unrestricted. There were settlements of Mohammedans, Jews and Christians in China. But when the Dominicans and Franciscans arrived they joined issue on the Chinese name of God. A violent quarrel ensued, and the Emperor K'ang Hsi sent the fathers home. Christianity became discredited and the westerners were dubbed barbarians. China clung to the Confucian doctrine of forbearance.

This doctrine of forbearance was unavailing against the persistent intrusion of the western will-to-power. Once again representatives of the western nations came, not as peaceful traders wishing to engage in mutual barter, but as mercantile buccaneers, rifle in hand and bayonet on rifle, imposing upon China not only an economic thrall, but destroying her beloved arts. War was made on China upon the flimsiest of pretexts, or none at all, until the kindly forbearance of Confucianism gave place to a hatred of the western oppressor. This anti-foreign feeling was at the bottom of the Taiping Rebellion (1850-64), and later found direct expression in the Boxer uprising (1900).

But even at the time of the Boxer uprising Sun Yat-sen's message had been given to China. His was a doctrine of national liberation. The author makes us live through all the bitter struggle and cheerful courage of Chinese nationalism, with Sun Yat-sen as the symbol, the spirit of that Nationalism.

The close student of China might disagree with the author on certain details, as when he ascribes the success of Chiang Kai-shek's military campaigns to his Russian advisors, forgetting that Chiang-Kai-shek is the greatest military leader in the Far East. But, after all, these are but minor details. In his picture of the New China he uses a free brush, sweeping away many misconceptions.

One cannot help but wonder just what useful purpose is accomplished by the inclusion of "a word of criticism." Some of the suggestions contained therein are likely to prejudice the reader, and may give offence to the Chinese. A work such as Gustav Amann's requires no excuse.

In his Translator's Note, the translator hastens to inform us that he does not "identify himself with any views propounded in the present volume." This sounds rather like a left-handed compliment to the author. There are no "views propounded" which might cause the most cautious any concern, for the views expressed are generally accepted to-day, though they were by no means popular a decade ago. There are some elementary mistakes, but the keen student will not be hindered thereby, nor is it reasonable to assume that these are mistakes made by the author. While one judges that the work of actual translation has been faithfully if somewhat laboriously done, it seems to lack sympathy.

YOUTH AND OTHER POEMS. *By John Linnell. Toronto: Macmillan's.* $1.50.

This book is a noteworthy contribution to the rapidly growing body of high-class Canadian verse. But is it correct to speak of this collection of poetry as Canadian? Mr. Linnell has been in Canada for only two years, and most of the poems in this volume were written between the years 1922 and 1928, while he was still living in England. However, he has made Canada his country by adoption, and he has made his appeal with his first volume of verse from a Canadian publishing house; no doubt when he next appears before his public his verse will possess Canadian color and atmosphere. What he has given us is of such a high order that he should be encouraged to continue his creative work.

Mr. Linnell is an Oxford man and the spirit of Oxford pervades his verse—high art, scholarship, and a combined philosophical and poetical method of viewing nature, man, and the infinite. No doubt the average reader, who delights in lilting lyrics and poetical moonshine, when he takes up *Youth and Other Poems* will be repelled by the seeming obscurities of much of the verse. The words "seeming obscurities" are used advisedly. Much of the obscurity vanishes if the proper key is used to unlock the secrets of the poet. That key is contained in the word Mysticism. Mr. Linnell is from beginning to end possessed of that indefinable phase of feeling termed Mysticism; he powerfully endeavors to grasp in nature and man "the divine essence or ultimate reality of things." Of mystical poets it has been said: "By the rhythm and glamor of their verse, by its peculiar quality of suggesting infinitely more than it ever says directly, by its very elasticity, they struggle to give what hints they may of the reality that is eternally underlying all things." These words are applicable, in a marked degree, to Mr. Linnell's verse. They will help unlock the poetical secrets in such poems as "The Diviner," "The Rapture," the powerful sonnet sequence with which the volume closes, and "To a Dweller in a World Unknown." An extract from the last mentioned will serve to illustrate the mystical tone and color of the poet's work:

"You in your world perhaps sit just as I,
Million miles distant. And to us your planet
Is but conjectured, since the mystery
Of space is such that only thought can span it,
And that uncertainly; thought, the undefined
But sole assured reality, which alone
Can outspace all void infinitude and bind
The boundless with a concept; and condone
Our life's whole impotence by an act of mind.

"Yet nothing's lost. The atoms of the perished
Live on transformed, and life we grasp today
Sprang from like transitory stuff, was nourished
By predecessors crumbled into clay.
Selection breeds advancement; generation,
Starting from midway of its father's course,
O'ertakes its forbear at the final station,
Passing with torch still flaming, and young force
Still undiminished for a new creation."

Throughout this study the poet is in pursuit of Reality; endeavoring to grasp as far as the human mind with its limitations can "the immense Eternal," infinite space and time.

While the great majority of the poems have this mystical-philosophical tone, there are a number that cannot but have a strong appeal to any intelligent reader. The poem "Youth" is a delightful study of youth:

". . . . forever plucking, ever reaching
With a reach exceeding the grasp which yet shall be."

A youthful poet himself, Mr. Linnell admirably and profoundly presents abstract youth with its aims and aspirations. The poem closes with the striking lines:

"I hold the power's not living can o'erwhelm
The hope and ever-surging strength of youth,
For youth's a state, with which the richest realm
Shares not an equal glory. Though the truth
Unfold yet deeper mystery to the questing,
Youth will not falter, timeless, thrusting on,
Careless of bones about the place of resting,
While flowers may mark where later feet have gone."

"Spring Solitude," a delightful, lyrical-dramatic poem, depicts the spiritual attitude of "young Bartimaeus, lately given sight." The world that suddenly was revealed to him enthralled his being: in external nature—in the flowers of the field, in the faces of girls and boys, in the sun on the mountain-side, he saw the garment of God.

"In the sunset West
He drank gold glory in,
And with the boisterous gale
On mountain crest,
Shouted to see the cloud-ships onward sail."

Even more powerful are the dramatic monologues, "St. John the Baptist," and "Cain." As they are read the reader cannot but be reminded of the great master of this type of verse, Browning. They admirably interpret life, and are at once objective and subjective—revealing the inner workings of the minds of the individuals portrayed, and the sympathetic soul of their creator.

T. G. Marquis.

Book Week From Sea to Sea

Canadian Authors Association Reports Fine Work by the Branches

A REALLY notable celebration, from sea to sea—this fairly sums up the reports received at Headquarters on Canadian Book Week in the Branches.

More organized effort was made at some centres than at others, but nearly all report considerable activity, which seems to have been well and wisely directed. Some of the smaller Branches made up in skill and enthusiasm for any numerical deficiency in the membership. The degree of public interest aroused during Book Week itself, and the year-round result in appreciation of the value of literature to Canadian life, are naturally in proportion to the degree of pains and brains devoted to the enterprise in each locality.

Such public gatherings as the two largest Branches hold, in Toronto and Montreal, and speeches at club meetings reported in the press, with editorial articles, and exhibitions in libraries and stores, do good by catching the eye of the indifferent and rekindling a spark of interest in things Canadian above the bread-and-butter line. A richer harvest of results, however, may be expected from the fertile seed sown in the virgin soil of young impressionable minds by teachers in schools and librarians in contact with juvenile readers. It is good, therefore, to find that most of our Branch executives realize the value of this particular form of seed-sowing and have taken steps to encourage it.

From short reports sent in by Branch officers we draw the following notes—which, however, do not profess to mention every variety of action at every centre:

Toronto

In the Queen City, our Branch united with the Canadian Literature Club of Toronto for a mass meeting on Tuesday, November 5th, in the University Convocation Hall. The chairman was John W. Garvin, President of the Club, and the vice-chairman, Dr. E. A. Hardy, Branch President of the Association. Miss Marshall Saunders told "How *Beautiful Joe* Came to be Written, and Other Secrets." An address from Dr. C. W. Gordon, "Ralph Connor," was followed by Katherine Hale's readings from her own poems, after an introduction by Dr. C. G. D. Roberts. Dr. E. J. Pratt told the story of "The Roosevelt and the Antinoe," and read extracts from his latest epic. There was a large crowd, and the first part of the programme was sent out on the air by Station CFRB.

Another large audience assembled next day in the Art Gallery, where a reception was given by the Women Teachers' Association. Nine selected speakers addressed in all over 10,000 young people during the week, in 20 secondary schools. On the Monday evening the Canadian Literature Club devoted its programme to Bliss Carman.

The press, especially the *Globe*, *Mail and Empire*, and *Saturday Night*, gave prominence to the celebration and its objects. At Hamilton, the *Spectator* and the *Herald* took similar action.

Montreal

In Montreal, the mother city of the C.A.A., the week opened with a full house of keenly interested folk in Morgan's store for an oral review of Canadian books of the year, on Saturday, Nov. 2nd, and closed with a second review of the same kind on the following Saturday at James A. Ogilvy's, their beautiful Tudor Hall being crowded. In all about 45 books were reviewed by twenty members of the Branch. Wednesday afternoon was devoted to Canadian music in the same hall, which has a fine organ; but a literary interlude was furnished by Canon Chartier, Vice-Rector of the Université de Montréal, and Howard Kennedy as Branch President. The hall was more than crowded, as many being turned away as could be seated. An overflow audience, as well as radio listeners in general, got the programme over the air through Marconi Station CFCF.

The Women's Art Society, Kiwanis, Lions, Kinsmen, Catholic Women Teachers, and Baron de Hirsch Book Club, were also addressed by members of the Association.

Letters describing the aims of Book Week, from the Presidents of the Branch and the French Section respectively, were sent out with commendatory epistles from the Protestant and Catholic School Boards to all schools under their control.

The week was heralded by two remarkable series of articles and reviews in the *Gazette* and *Star*, both of which devoted quite exceptional space to this feature.

Ottawa

The Ottawa Branch also devoted special attention to schools, offering prizes for essays by the pupils, on Canadian historical characters. Singularly enough, while this plan was welcomed by the Separate School Board, the Public School Board refused participation.

The Branch held a noteworthy meeting in the Little Theatre as guests of the Drama League, Dr. Duncan Campbell Scott presiding. An address by the Branch President, Louvigny de Montigny, was followed by readings from their own works by the Hon. Martin Burrell and several other authors.

Other organizations were most cordial, those welcoming C.A.A. speakers including the Canadian Club, Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Gyro, Century, Women's Canadian, and Women's Press Clubs.

The essay prizes were presented on Nov. 21st in the National Museum, when also the Ottawa play, *L'Art de Parler*, by Antonin Proulx, and the last act of Madge Macbeth's *What Doctors Can Do*, were performed.

Nova Scotia

This Branch, now no longer named after the capital alone, distinguished itself, and opened many Haligonian eyes, by decorating the city with posters, large and small, designed and painted at the Nova Scotia College of Art, under Miss Elizabeth Nutt's direction, advising citizens to read Canadian books.

Dr. MacMechan, the retiring President of the Branch, opened a series of radio talks with an address on Canadian authors.

Numerous articles by members appeared in the press. Miss Laura Carten, conductor of the Rainbow Club in the *Herald*, who does conspicuous service to Canadian literature throughout the year, covered a large part of the field during the week.

St. John

This, our youngest Branch, held a meeting open to the public in the rooms of the Natural History Association. The President, A. M. Belding, emphasized the breadth of our objects, "to place good literature in the hands of the Canadian public." Readings from the works of local authors followed; and the speakers included a visitor from the Montreal Branch, Mrs. Bertha Price, of Sherbrooke.

Both the *Telegraph-Journal* and the *Times-Globe* published a number of articles on aspects and aims of the celebration.

Victoria and Islands

From sea to sea! At the western end of the Dominion, a special committee of the Branch had been at work among those most able to help; and, as one result, the Superintendent of Schools had asked all Principals to call special attention to Canadian literature.

The local papers were inactive; but special displays of Canadian books were arranged at Spencer and Henderson stores.

Vancouver

At Vancouver, the Mainland Branch received much encouragement. The papers gave Book Week wide publicity. Many of the teachers are known to have called their pupils' attention to their country's literary harvest, and one, Miss Kate Eastman, is mentioned as having given a lesson or address on some phase of the subject every day during the week.

Six periods of radio broadcasting were granted by the C.N.R. and the Sprott-Shaw Schools for addresses on Canadian poetry, history and fiction. At a meeting of the Branch, to which non-members were admitted, in the Hotel Vancouver, on Nov. 6th, the President, Mrs. Winlow, gave a Book Week address.

Calgary

The chief event arranged by the Calgary Branch, under the presidency of W. H. Andrews, was a dinner at the Alhambra Rooms of the Eaton store, on Friday the 15th. An address by E. A. Corbett, of the Alberta University's Extension Department, on French-Canadian folk songs and legends, was musically illustrated by local performers. Mrs. Nellie McClung was also among the speakers.

Edmonton

The Edmonton Branch for the first time arranged an essay competition, with the help of both the newspapers. The *Journal* and *Bulletin* gave prizes of $10 each, for the High and Public Schools respectively, the Branch itself giving second prizes of $5 each. The prize essays, on "Why Should We Read Canadian Books?" were published in the papers mentioned. Llanarthney School for Girls held a competition of its own.

All the schools were asked by the Superintendent to give special attention to Canadian literature, in every grade. The importance of this native literature was emphasized at the Public Library, and window displays were made by three of the stores.

Saskatchewan

Energetic spade work by this Branch, with Col. A. C. Garner as President, had excellent results. Organizations all over the province were reached through influential channels. At Regina, addresses on Canadian literature were given at every school in the city. An editorial in *The Saskatchewan Teacher*, which goes to every teacher at work in the province, recommends that attention should be paid to this national subject not only in Book Week but throughout the year.

The press was very helpful. The *Regina Leader* not only published editorials but gave space for daily articles by our members on literary subjects.

A committee of Moose Jew members organized the celebration in that city and district, where they hope presently to have a Branch of their own.

At La Fleche, the Girls' Guild gave a Book Week entertainment for the fourth year in succession.

Winnipeg

At the centre of the Dominion, Winnipeg Branch took steps to cultivate a field which had already proved most appreciative and fruitful, that of the Provincial Teachers' Conventions. Here the Branch Secretary, E. K. Marshall, is also Secretary of the Manitoba Teachers' Federation. He and Dr. Allison in several addresses reached about 1,700 teachers, and through them many thousands of young Canadians of the most varied origins, emphasizing the glories of English literature and the fine contribution made to it by Canadian writers.

The newspapers devoted special articles to the celebration, and marked attention was called to Canadian books by the Hudson's Bay, Eaton's and Russell Lang stores.

Dr. Archibald McMechan, who has done so much for the Halifax (now Nova Scotia) Branch, has been elected Honorary President. He is succeeded as President by E. Chesley Allen, whose outstanding services were noticed by every delegate to the Halifax Convention. At a meeting of the Branch in Mr. Allen's house on Nov. 15th it was decided to take the provincial title, and a complete constitution was adopted. A report on the Halifax Convention

was read, from Mrs. Howard, of Toronto. Two poems and a short story, by anonymous members, were presented by readers chosen by the President.

The Montreal Branch held a reception in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel on Nov. 25th, when Vachel Lindsay, the American poet, author of *General Booth Enters Heaven*, etc., was the guest of honor.

At the first meeting of the Edmonton Branch for the season, the President, W. V. Newson, spoke on "The Fixation of a Canadian Type of Literature."

At a meeting of the Saskatchewan Branch in Regina on Oct. 26th, it was suggested that the Provincial Government's set of slides and lectures illustrating the work of Canadian authors should be made available for use throughout the winter by organizations interested in literature. Mrs. W. G. Ross and Mrs. M. B. Weekes presented papers on the Halifax Convention. A committee was appointed to plan a Book Week Poster Contest for next year. Mrs. Grace Shierholtz having moved to Trail, B.C., Mrs. Weekes, the Secretary, was appointed Secretary-Treasurer.

The Calgary Branch has lost a most ardent and popular member by the death of Mrs. Charlotte Gordon, whose western novel, *Red Gold*, was published last year.

The Lampman Memorial Cairn will be erected next spring on the north-west corner of the rectory grounds at Morpeth, Ont., where the poet was born. It will be of split native field stone, surrounded by railing and curb. The memorial committee at London will shortly issue its appeal for the necessary funds, which should be speedily secured.

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THE WRITER'S CORNER

Conducted by Donald G. French

How to Publish a Book

YOU have written a book; or, rather, you have completed a manuscript and desire to have it issued in book form. What are you to do?

The natural step to take is to send it to a publisher. No matter if you live next door, do not, I pray you, *take* your MS. to the publisher or to the publisher's editor and expect him to give you a decision "while you wait." But, before sending your manuscript be certain that it is as presentable as you can make it. Here are some simple but necessary instructions regarding MSS., that editors will probably need to keep on repeating until the end of time:

Manuscripts should be:

1. Typewritten.
2. Double spaced.
3. On a medium weight, bond paper, white.
4. Never use a flimsy tissue, and avoid colored paper.
5. Size of paper should be 8½ by 11 inches. Why the prevailing idea among beginners is that they should use the long, unwieldy sheet, properly named "foolscap," I do not know. It is awkward in every way and was evidently invented by the devil for the use of lawyers.
6. Your name and address should appear on the first and last pages of the MS.
7. Page the sheets consecutively throughout, not by chapters.
8. Estimate carefully the number of words and put this at the top of the first page. (In estimating, count short sentences in dialogue as a full line.)
9. Punctuate carefully. In fact, prepare your manuscript carefully in every detail exactly as it is to be printed. Remember that the compositor's time for typographical corrections costs the publisher $2.00 an hour.
10. KEEP A CARBON COPY of every MS. you send out. Accidents may happen.

Having prepared your MS. carefully according to these instructions, send it to the publisher, together with sufficient postage for its return—and wait a reasonable time for the publisher's decision.

If the publisher accepts your MS. he will, usually, undertake to do so on a royalty basis, that is, you will receive a percentage on all copies of the book sold, reports being made to you at stated times twice yearly. Certain classes of MS. may be purchased by the publisher for a price mutually agreed upon with the author.

In general, the details of manufacture of the book, the matter of illustrations, if any; size, style, binding and the like can be left to the publisher.

The young author is usually unduly concerned about copyright. Under existing copyright laws, all material is, in effect, copyrighted as soon as produced. The registration of one's copyright is merely the recording of one's ownership.

There is sometimes, too, undue concern as to the danger of some one using or adopting the ideas in a manuscript. In fifteen years' connection with the publishing business of Canada, I have never met an authenticated case of such literary piracy.

Briefly: If the author can produce material the publisher wants, the problem of publication will present very little difficulty.

There are, however, many details with which the author is unfamiliar and upon which he may desire enlightenment. Questions will be welcomed.

A Critic's Musings

I wonder—

Why so many authors send in MSS. about the middle of November and expect to see the book in the book stores for Christmas buying. Do they not realize that the publisher's list is planned from six months to a year ahead and that books for retail selling at Christmas are usually sold by the publisher's traveller to the dealer any time from the first of August (or earlier)? Now is the time to get ready and submit your MS. for the next-Christmas book.

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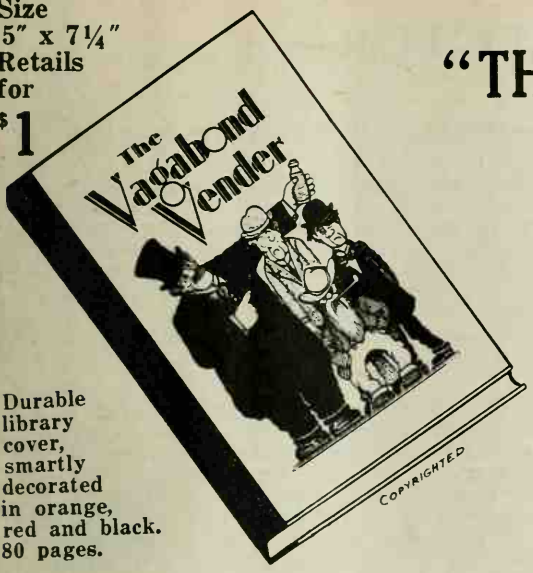

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: : : THE COLLECTOR : : :

The Pynson Printers, New York City, announce the forthcoming publication of a new quarterly for book collectors. The first number, under the title of *The Colophon*, is to be ready for mailing next February. Primarily concerned with first editions, fine printing, manuscripts and subjects related to collected and collectable books, the periodical, according to the publishers' announcement, will be an example of the highest craftsmanship in the work of printer and illustrator. It will be limited to 2,000 copies, and the subscription price is $10.

* * *

A four-and-a-half-page autograph copy of Oliver Goldsmith's *The Haunch of Venison*, was sold for £4,800 at Sotheby's auction rooms in London on November 14, to Gabriel Wells, the New York book dealer. This manuscript is one of the seven or eight by Goldsmith which are alone known to exist, and was probably written for Sir Joshua Reynolds. Mr. Wells also paid £1,810 (a record price) for a letter of Robert Burns to John Logan of Afton, dated August 7, 1789, written on five-quarto pages and containing the famous satirical verses entitled "The Kirk's Alarm." Maggs Bros., of London, paid £1,850 for an autograph manuscript of Charles Dickens' *The Schoolboy's Story*, dated 1853 and written on ten octavo pages. Other interesting items sold included the manuscript of Washington Irving's *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, which brought £610.

* * *

Nearly 500 pounds sterling was realized at an auction sale of Sotheby's on November 13 of a collection of approximately 40 autograph letters and postcards and notes written by George Bernard Shaw. Most of the correspondence was addressed to J. E. Vendronne, under whose management some of Shaw's most famous plays were first produced. A series of 19 letters written by Rudyard Kipling to Fleet Engineer W. J. Harding, of the Royal Navy, on the speed trials of destroyers, fetched £92. The amazing sum of £245 was paid for the original manuscript of Sir Conon Doyle's *The Adventure of the Speckled Band*, while the manuscript of the same author's *A Lost World*, brought £160. Some first editions of works by Sir James Barrie realized record prices. Gabriel Wells, New York, gave £120 for *A Window in Thrums*, while five other Barrie books brought a total of £457. A collection of first editions of H. G. Wells' works brought a total of £146, the highest price, namely, £10, being realized for *The Island of Doctor Moreau*. Wells' books, it might be added here, are from all appearances, due for a boom such as those of Galsworthy, Barrie and Shaw have been enjoying of late.

* * *

Gabriel Wells, New York, paid $2,700 at Sotheby's on November 10 for forty-two lines of Oliver Goldsmith's writing, this being the manuscript of the prologue for Joseph Cradock's play *Zobeide*, which was produced at the Covent Garden Theatre in December, 1771. Mr. Wells, who only a week before, paid £4,800 for the manuscript of Goldsmith's *Haunch of Venison*, also purchased at this sale for £120 a letter written in 1788 by James Boswell to the Bishop of Dromore, mentioning Johnson's name. U.S. collectors are now concentrating on Boswell's letters, and apparently are reckless of cost.

* * *

The chief event of the League of Nations' Union dinner in London on November 15, in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Union's foundation, apart from a speech by Gen. Jan Smutz, ex-premier of South Africa, was the auctioning of the original manuscript of Robert Sheriff's famous war play, *Journey's End*, for the benefit of the Union's funds. The manuscript was knocked down finally to Sir Walter Lawrence for £2,500. He will present it to the nation. Sir James Barrie started the bidding at £500, and an offer was also received by long distance telephone from the United States, but proved insufficient.

* * *

The New York Public Library announces that it has received as a gift from Edward S. Harkness "one of the most important collections of manuscripts in the history of printing in the Western Hemisphere, which has ever come to light." The collection consists of two distinct parts, one having to do with printing in North America, and more particularly the contribution made thereto by Benjamin Franklin, and the other relating to printing in South America. The latter group contains documents and letters relative to the introduction of printing into South America, giving hitherto unknown information regarding the establishment of the first printing press in Lima in 1584. These manuscripts definitely place the beginning of type founding in America more than a hundred years earlier than its hitherto supposed origin.

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Who's Who in Canadian Literature

MONSEIGNEUR CAMILLE ROY

BY GEORGES BUGNET

The Man

MONSEIGNEUR Camille Roy is the Rector of Laval University, in the oldest Canadian city, Quebec. In spite of some current eugenic theories, which do not seem to work among Canadians of French descent, Camille Roy was born in a rather prolific family of "habitants." His parents never boasted much worldly wealth, yet of his seventeen or eighteen brothers and sisters, quite a few have gained distinction. I may recall that one of them was the late Archbishop of Quebec.

Camille Roy, although his hair is grey, is still in the prime of his manhood. Fairly tall, strongly built, with a kindly face but with piercing eyes behind his glasses, he is a good type of healthy French stock.

The Author

Monseigneur Roy has reached his outstanding position as a writer mainly by his books of literary criticism. I wonder if any other Canadian author could show an output at once as profitable and as perfect. By masterly example as well as by judicious criticism, he has become the guiding genius of French-Canadian letters.

If anything can be brought against him, one could only say that he is too Canadian, and, more particularly, too entirely French-Canadian, very strict regarding morals and religion, although without narrowness.

He is one of the few literary critics in our country who dare pass a full and impartial sentence on a book and say plainly: "This is a poor, or a bad book." But then, he proves it, and conclusively. It does not matter in the least whether the criticised author be a personal friend or a personal foe, a well-known writer or a beginner, a priest or a layman. They all receive impartial praise or condemnation. So sound is his judgment, so subtle his taste, that I do not recall one instance where he had to revise his verdict.

To-day, in Canadian literature written in French, his word is law. Many, in the younger school, owe him a great deal of their success, because while condemning he always gives wise, helpful advice; when praising, he is at once moderate and generous.

This very soundness of judgment is the outstanding quality of his writings. Every sentence is marked by sureness of thought and adequate expression. He cannot be classed among those brilliant artists who entrance one for hours by sheer play of wit and imagination, pretty sayings, and vivid flashes of intellect, and who, after the display is over, leave one nothing but pleasant recollections. His is a style that carves strong ideas in solid, ponderous marble, delicately and lovingly chiselled to the most minute detail. The work, once finished, will endure for generations to come, not simply to be admired but to give food for thought.

I do not think Monseigneur Roy ever wrote for pleasure. Art for art's sake is scorned by this serious-minded priest, this worshipper of intellectual power. Not that he nurses any grievance

against imaginative writers, but he believes that the power of reason was given to man to use—profitably. Works in which sentiment or mere sensation predominate, to the detriment of ideas, often get on his nerves. He admires them, of course, as much as anybody may, but they do not draw his sympathy, unless they can win him over by evident sincerity. Even Albert Lozeau could not find grace in his eyes. To deserve his unstinted approbation, a writer should have an abundance of the three great gifts: ideas, imagination, feeling; he should be something of a Dante, or rather a Pascal. I am afraid Monseigneur Camille Roy is still looking for his paragon in Canadian letters.

Such an exacting master is exactly, in my opinion, what we, to-day, need in Canada.

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Essais sur la Littérature Canadienne. 1907.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

We hope that our subscribers will welcome the inclusion of French-Canadian authors in this series and that it will awaken such interest as to lead to more English translations of the best works of Canadian authors published in the French language.

* * *

VIRNA SHEARD

BY DONALD G. FRENCH

VIRNA SHEARD did not begin to write until she was twenty-seven years of age and the mother of three small sons. Then, quite by chance, she wrote a little poem called "His Idea." The favorable opinion of her mother induced her to send her verses to the "St. Nicholas" magazine. Not only was it accepted, but Tudor Jenks, the editor, accompanied his acceptance with a letter encouraging the new writer to continue. This incident started Mrs. Sheard on the road to authorship and she has now to her credit several published volumes in fiction and verse, in addition to numerous contributions to leading magazines.

Her second venture was a poem "To Li Hung Chang," written on the occasion of the visit of the great Chinaman to Toronto. This appeared in the "Mail and Empire" and was reprinted in many Canadian and United States papers. This definite encouragement led the way to quite prolific production of verse and short stories. One year Mrs. Sheard won the "Globe" $100 prize for the best short story. This story, entitled "The Disobedience of Betty," was a tale of the days of Charles II.

Virna Sheard is a versatile writer of poetry. Her work is tuneful and full of color. There is an abundant delight in the joys of nature, the flowers and the woods; but there is, above all, an understanding sympathy with the moods and thoughts of her fellow-mortals; there is an insight which interprets and recaptures the figures and incidents of bygone days. And with all there is an unerring felicity in the choice of words.

Her poem, "In Solitude," is a favorite with the anthologists—it appeared first in "Scribners' Magazine."

IN SOLITUDE

He is not all alone whose ship is sailing
Over the mystery of an unknown sea,
For some great Love with faithfulness unfailing
Will light the stars to bear him company.

Out in the silence of the mountain passes,
The heart makes peace and liberty its own,—
The wind that blows across the scented grasses
Bringing the balm of sleep—comes not alone.

Beneath the vast illimitable spaces,
Where God has set His jewels in array,
A man may pitch his tent in desert places,
Yet know that heaven is not so far away.

But in the city—in the lighted city—
Where gilded spires point toward the sky,
And fluttering rags and hunger ask for pity,
Grey Loneliness in cloth-of-gold goes by.

Two poems, which have been widely reprinted, are characteristic of the author's understanding and human sympathy,—"Postmen," and "Jockeys." Her "At Midnight" enjoys the distinction of being the most widely copied of all her poems:

AT MIDNIGHT

Turn Thou the key upon our thoughts, dear Lord,
And let us sleep;
Give us our portion of forgetfulness,
Silent and deep.

Lay Thou Thy quiet hand upon our eyes,
To close their sight;
Shut out the shining of the moon, and stars,
And candle-light.

Keep back the phantoms and the visions sad,—
The shades of grey,—
The fancies that so haunt the little hours
Before the day.

Quiet the time-worn questions that are all
Unanswered yet;
Take from the spent and troubled souls of us
Their vain regret.

And lead us far into Thy silent land,
That we may go,
Like children out across the field o' dreams
Where poppies blow.

So all Thy saints—and all Thy sinners, too,—
Wilt Thou not keep,
Since not alone unto Thy well-beloved
Thou givest sleep?

Her most ambitious piece of fiction is "When Fortune Turns Her Wheel," a romance of London Bridge in the days of Elizabeth. In this she recreates very effectively the colorful atmosphere of the past, and her characters are vivid and real. With a minimum of archaic vocabulary she achieves a fine harmony of style with subject matter.

Virginia (Virna) Stanton Sheard was born in Cobourg, Ontario. Her father was Eldridge Stanton (later of Toronto). The founder of the Stanton family in America was Thomas Stanton who settled in Virginia in 1635 and took up lands there. Having acquired the Indian language he was appointed by Charles I "court interpreter for the Indians," and often visited England on their behalf. Later the family moved to the New England States and after the American Revolution they came to Canada, settling at Cobourg in 1780. The Loyalist traditions of the family were well sustained during the Great War by Mrs. Sheard's four sons, three of them serving overseas, and one being attached to the Medical Service of the Flying Corps in Canada.

VIRNA SHEARD

CHECK LIST OF BOOKS

Trevelyan's Little Daughters. A children's story. Illustrated by Reginald Birch. F. A. Stokes: New York. William Briggs: Toronto. 1898.

A Maid of Many Moods. A novelette. James Pott & Sons: New York. Copp, Clark Co., Toronto. 1902.

By the Queen's Grace. A historical novel. F. A. Stokes, New York. William Briggs, Toronto. 1904.

The Man at Lone Lake. A novel of Canada. Serialized in the *Canadian Courier*. Cassell & Co., London. 1912.

The Miracle. Poems. J. M. Dent & Sons, London. 1913.

Carry On. Poems. Daughters of the Empire, Toronto. 1917.

The Golden Apple Tree. A book of fairy tales, bridging the gap between the usual fairy tale and the novel. Illustrated by Norman Price. James McCann & Co., New York. 1920.

The Ballad of the Quest. Poems. James McCann & Co., New York. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. 1926.

Candle-Flame. Poems. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. 1926.

Fortune Turns Her Wheel. A novel of Elizabeth's time. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. 1929.

Mozart

By Alexander Louis Fraser

THEY listened to his music, clapped their hands,
—The stupid world did what it did before—
But what a blot against Vienna stands,
That he was cold and needy at her door!
Oh, where can irony like this be found,
That Penury should ask for him a plot?
Alone, Confusion laid him in the ground,
And—in the rain—the place was clean forgot!

What though thereafter fruitless search was made,
And the careless sexton knew not of his worth?
There is a shrine where such as he are laid,
Safe, independent of the shifting earth;
So, if you'd know to-day where Mozart sleeps,
Go, listen as a raptured audience weeps!

* * *

"En Passant"

By G. Adelle Skov

I WOULD not that the morning sun should rise
When I am bidding earth a last adieu,
'Twere tragic that my swiftly dimming eyes
Should miss day's new-born fragrance, and the dew.

Nor yet at noon, when the sun's warming ray
Shines on the busy world, the hurrying throng,
And there is work to do; but this I pray:
That I may say farewell at evensong.

When the sun sinks behind the fiery rim,
When cool, calm shadows of the evening creep,
And I have done my task as pleaseth Him,
Then let me face the west, and sink to sleep.

* * *

The House of Mourning

By Marie Zibeth Colman

SORROW hath set a seal upon this house,
And Death invested it with dignity.
The men that pass tread lightly here, and feel
A weight of awe not understood, as though
The muted grief that stands with folded wings
Upon our threshold, laid upon their brows
The icy hand that clutches at our hearts.

ART NOTES

By Jeanne Adeney

In December the Toronto Art Gallery exhibited the work of Frank Armington and of his wife, Caroline Armington. The Armingtons were born in Ontario and studied art in Toronto. As students, however, they went to Paris where they married and have spent the greater part of their time since 1905.

Mr. Armington's early training was academic according to the standards of thirty years ago, but true to the experience of most real artists, he found little satisfaction in a method of painting handed to him ready made. He became a "modern," threw over his academic technique and eventually found himself through impressionism. His present canvases are full of color and movement. How admirable are the little Seine tugs with their drifting smoke! He does well to paint in cities, his Swedish pictures of rock and water are not so convincing. They lack the integrity of similar subjects painted by our Canadian artists, tending to prettiness rather than grandeur. Mrs. Armington devotes herself to etching and has produced many lovely corners of the old world. She draws well, and her etchings of cathedrals and castles are remarkably true, considering that she has never studied architecture. Both the Armingtons are prodigious workers, practically all the present show having been produced in 1928-29. Both have won official recognition abroad.

It is interesting to speculate on the development of these two artists had they remained in Canada. So contrasted is their work to that of the Group of Seven, that they find it hard to understand the painting of these artists, which to them seems cold and inhospitable. They wonder why the Group of Seven cannot see the charm in some of the older districts of Toronto. It is just such districts, which are more or less the same the world over (even in Mr. Armington's Stockholm pictures) that our Canadian artists wish to avoid, painting instead aspects of our country which differentiate it from any other country on earth. The Armingtons consider modern Canadian pictures poor advertising, giving Europe the idea of a country bleak and desolate. Many of us believe that if the present standard of excellence in painting is maintained, they will soon be very good advertising for Canadian art and artists.

In fact, one suspects that Mr. Armington, a modern in his youth, is in danger of becoming an academic impressionist. He was moderately interested in the contemporary French exhibition at the gallery, but suspects men like Modigliani of being fakes. That may be, but Modigliani is accepted in Europe as a great painter. The French exhibition contained a fine landscape by Van Gogh, the interesting "Louisette," by Jaques Villon and the excellent "Chess Player," by Marcel Duchamp. In this picture so much is suggested in the attitudes of the four persons. The two men are absorbed in the game as only men become absorbed, and the women (as women will) await the attention of the men. One superficially watches the game, while the other has flung herself idly on the grass.

The galleries also contained a charming group of pictures by Dutch and Flemish masters of the seventeenth century. "Child Holding an Apple," by Caesar Van Everdingen, is as appealing as if it were painted yesterday. Grapes and tulips were appreciated three hundred years ago even as now. The perfection of the fruit painted by Jan David De Heem, and of the flowers by Jan Van Huysum is amazing. We may wonder at so many becalmed ships on china seas, or landscapes with a foreground of figures and animals—very often painted by another artist! But we cannot fail to be charmed with the studies of animal heads by Nicolas Berghem, or the tan and black terrier by Adriaen Van De Velde.

* * *

Art

By Elinor Lennen

ART is a whip of dreams.
Its many thongs lash many sorts of men
And goad them to the tasks
They cannot leave, and yet cannot fulfill,
As slaves so born to tyranny
They covet bondage, since they know
Their only freedom is in yielding to the lash,
Which, though it bruise their bodies,
Gives their spirits immortality,
A kinship to Creation, forming worlds from voids.

It is Reported THAT—

—two prizes of $1,000 and $500 are to be awarded in the order of merit by the University of Toronto Drama Society, for the best one-act plays with settings in Northern Ontario.

* * *

—the Ryerson Press, who last year brought out *Later Poems and New Villanelles,* by "Seranus" (Mrs. S. Frances Harrison), which was reviewed some months ago in *The Canadian Bookman,* has taken over the sale of her previous book, *Songs of Love and Labor.* Both these collections are available in 60c. editions.

* * *

—H. Gerald Wade, in addressing the Aurora Council at Winnipeg in December on *The Christmas Carol,* brought out the fact that the *Carol* was celebrating its 83rd birthday. He told of what a literary "bombshell" it was when it first appeared, and traced the untold good to mankind that had followed its advent.

* * *

—among the poets invited to give readings of their own work at the forthcoming annual dinner, in New York, of the Poetry Society of America, is Katherine Hale (Mrs. John Garvin), of Toronto.

* * *

—Prof. Watson Kirkconnell has translated many gems of Magyar verse now appearing in a series in *The Canadian Magyar News,* of Winnipeg, reproduced in that journal in both languages. These translations are to be collected and published in book form as *The North American Book of Magyar Verse.* This follows the appearance of *The North American Book of Icelandic Verse,* by the same translator.

* * *

—over 700 members of the Winnipeg Dickens' Fellowship enjoyed "an evening with Dickens," with H. G. Wade as lecturer in theatre "A," Manitoba University, on the occasion of the regular December meeting. Among the pictures thrown on the screen were some of Inspector Francis Jefrey Dickens, the novelist's third son, who for many years was a distinguished officer in the Royal North West Mounted Police, and was stationed in Winnipeg for some time.

* * *

—Wilson Macdonald read a number of his unpublished poems at the North Toronto Collegiate Institute in December, including stanzas from "The Songs of the Undertow," which made a hit with the audience. These poems will appear in his next book. The programme was under the auspices of the Literary and Dramatic Society of the school and many of the pupils assisted in the entertainment, being responsible for fine presentations of the poet's work, including a choral number by twenty young ladies in Indian costume seated around a camp fire.

CANADIAN LITERARY LORE

Early Canadian literature and Christmas music featured the December meeting of the Canadian Authors Association (Toronto branch). Mr. Albert Smythe, now editor of *The Hamilton Herald,* was over from the Ambitious City and his reminiscences were in a kindly and humorous vein, with some sane remarks on the mission of the critic, stressing the necessity for patient and painstaking diagnosis rather than vainglorious scholastic display and a superior attitude to authors in embryo. He argued that the proper direction of the critic's art tended to bring forward writers of genius who would otherwise remain obscure.

Mr. Percy Ghent was not present, but his paper on "Early Canadian Writers" was an exhaustive effort worthy of a more extended public than the half hundred people who heard it. This applies also to the thoroughly interesting and entertaining paper by Mrs. Gertrude Pringle, full of the literary lore of bygone days in Canada.

Mr. Owen Staples was present with his octette of carol singers, and this feature alone was sufficient to make this meeting of the Branch a memorable one.

* * *

O CANADA!

The Canadian Literature Club, of Toronto, at its December 2nd meeting, began the singing regularly at the club's meetings of the first stanza of "O Canada," in both French and English. The words are those of Hon. Judge Routhier and the English translation is by John W. Garvin, completed after having submitted the first draft to seven of Canada's leading poets and critics. The translation was made in order to have a singable English version, and the Canadian Literature Club is hoping that its innovation will spread over the country "to spread greater unity between our two peoples." It is pointed out that those of non-Christian faiths may substitute "flag" for "cross" in the fourth line of the translation. Following are both the French and the English versions of the first stanza:

O Canada!

O Canada! Terre de nos aieux,
Ton front est ceint de fleurons glorieux!
Car ton bras sait proter l'epee,
Il sait porter la croix!
Ton histoire est une epopee
Des plus brillants exploits,
Et la valeur, de foi trempee,
Protegera nos foyers et nos droits.

O Canada, our fair ancestral land!
Around thy brow soft glows a starry band.
Thy loyal arm the sword can wield,
The cross it bears on high:
Thy deeds of valour are a shield
To guard and glorify.
Imbued by faith with guiding lights,
Thy valour guards our hearths and all our rights.

NIPSYA

Reviewed by T. G. Marquis

Nipsya is a story of rare charm. It is written by a man who knew his stage and his actors. Georges Bugnet knows his west and is thoroughly familiar with the habitants, the Métis and the Crees. There is little realism in his character portrayal. His men and women are idealized—and are all the better for that—the writer has added "fancy the one fact more."

The central figure of the story is Nipsya, a half-breed girl, with Irish blood in her veins. She has the stoicism of her Cree ancestors and the impulsive, passionate nature of her Celtic father. When she is introduced, she is a charming young pagan, still under the influence of her grandmother's gods. This delightful girl, in the opening chapter, is occupied with strange dreams; thus far she has been a mere child of nature, but now a soul is awakening within her and thoughts of life surge through her veins—unwonted ideas regarding the world in which she lives, and the spirits or Great Spirit governing everything puzzle her young brain. This opening chapter, "Adolescence," is done with a refinement and delicacy that it would be hard to excel.

Her Cree grandmother, who is nameless in the book—just the mother or grandmother—watches over her with the stoicial tolerance characteristic of her race. She is a highly idealized character, worshipping her pagan gods and unmoved by the new religion that has gripped her Métis kindred. The grandmother and granddaughter set each other off in marked contrast, the one content with what has been and is, the other yearning for something higher.

There is much variety in the work; Black Robes and Cree conjurors play their part; Indian trappers and hunters enliven the scenes; and voyageurs and pioneers give reality to the story. The strong man of the book, Vital Lajeunesse, son of Cléophas Lajeunesse, is a Puritan Métis who carries himself throughout like one of Cromwell's Ironsides. His philosophy of life, as he told Nipsya repeatedly when she sought information regarding his religion, was quite simple: "Always do the best you know, the best you can." On this philosophy he shaped his actions. His father, the Bonhomme Lajeunesse, was a man of very different type and is the truest to life of any character in the book. A typical voyageur, who needed "the great spaces and the surprises of the morrow," an "inhabiter of change," "in homeless wandering most of home."

Nothing finer in Canadian literature has been done than the chapter entitled "The Voyageur's Last Adventure." In his dying moments he was once more voyaging over the great spaces.

"Push on, Paquette!" he cries in his delirium. . . . "There is a good God, after all. Don't be scared! That's only the roar of the rapids. We'll see when we get to them. I want to know what lies beyond. Push on, Paquette!"

And thus the old voyageur, the father of over sixty children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, "sets out to explore the realms of eternity."

Apart from story interest and psychology the romance has a charm that grips. Georges Bugnet is essentially a poet and has a poet's eye for the beauties of nature. There is scarcely a scene but is glorified with delightful nature touches, and yet the author is never merely descriptive; calm and storm, the beauties of lake, river, mountain, stream and forest, are woven into the warp and woof of the romance of Nipsya and Vital. They heighten the emotions of the actors and give character to the scenes.

It is dangerous to speak of a book as the best Canadian book of the year. *Nipsya* may not be that, but it is the only Canadian romance I have dipped into this year (1929) that I have felt impelled to give a second reading, and my second reading was more enjoyable than my first.

This story was published some years ago in French, the language of the author. It is translated by Constance Davies Woodrow. It fell into good hands; only a poet could have rendered adequately this charming story from French into English. It reads like an original work; the emotions of the actors, the stirring incidents, the delightful nature touches have, in the translation, marked beauty and spontaneity.

NIPSYA. *By Georges Bugnet. Translated from the French by Constance Davies Woodrow. New York and Montreal: Louis Carrier & Co.* $2.50.

A BOOK OF LYRICAL BEAUTY

Reviewed by T. D. Rimmer

The appealing naturalness and spontaneity of Constance Davies Woodrow's poetry has won her many admirers throughout the Dominion. Her sense of rhythm and word color has created many charming poems—poems that have something of the dawn in them and the music of streams.

**The Celtic Heart* holds much beauty within its slim covers. There are poems admirably deft in phrasing, others with a certain mystical quality that creates subtle effects, but through them all runs the lyric "singingness" that has come to be associated with her name.

One of the most evocative poems in the book is, I think, "The Pool." The three words could well have been given in English without much sacrifice of beauty—the rest is exquisite.

THE POOL

Io Te Amo—Through the sweet, cool night
Your lyric words fell, one by one, apart,
Into the dreaming waters of my heart,
Starting a thousand ripples of delight.

The echoes die, the ripples fade afar;
The shadowed pool is tranquil as before;
But in its depths must lie forevermore
Three shining pebbles and a pale, drowned star.

Mrs. Woodrow's lyricism is her greatest gift. It is as natural to her as melody is to a songbird. But there are subjects which do not lend themselves to a lilting rhythm. A true wedding of substance and form is imperative if unity is to be achieved and in some of her poems the rapidity of metre and quick meeting of end rhymes detract from the high emotion and validity of the conception.

Apart from this, Mrs. Woodrow's book shows an appreciable advance over her previous work, beautiful as that was. There is an element of added sureness, a happiness of rhyme or word, that points to a maturing artistry. Altogether, her book will delight those who have already recognized her rich lyrical gifts and should increase considerably a circle of readers that extends from coast to coast.

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*THE CELTIC HEART. *By Constance Davies Woodrow. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.* $1.00.

* * *

THE RYERSON CHAP BOOKS

It had been hoped to present this month an article dealing with a number of recent issues in the Ryerson Chap Book Series, for which Canadian poetry lovers are so much indebted to Dr. Lorne Pierce, the presiding genius of this creditable series. This, however, will have to wait for accommodation in a subsequent issue, but will be none the less interesting on that account to the readers of *The Canadian Bookman.*

JESSE KETCHUM AND HIS TIMES. *By E. J. Hathaway. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, Limited.* $3.50.

For over one hundred years the name of Jesse Ketchum has been familiar to dwellers in Muddy York and Toronto. But Jesse Ketchum has been little more than a name, associated for the most part with the distribution of school prizes. It has been left for Mr. E. J. Hathaway, a hundred years after Jesse Ketchum was a member of the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada, to give a full and authentic account of this man, a force for good in the pioneer days of this country. The volume shows painstaking, conscientious effort; a vast amount of first-hand material has been sifted in its preparation and the man and his times live in its pages.

Jesse Ketchum was a typical pioneer. As a lad of seventeen, in 1799, he fled from the home of his foster parents, unwilling to submit to unkindly treatment. The goal before him was Canada, where his brother Seneca had settled in 1792. For weary weeks he tramped over forest trails till he reached Oswego, got passage in a schooner to Kingston, and there had the good fortune to get work as a deckhand on the *Speedy,* a vessel bearing General Hunter, the new Lieutenant-Governor of the province, to York, where was Seneca.

He was of the right stuff and from the beginning made good. Before he was twenty he had practically charge of his brother's farm. His ability and integrity were speedily recognized and he was called on to fill in succession the offices of pathmaster, fenceviewer, overseer of the highway, and constable. Shrewd in business and saving, he acquired modest wealth and when only thirty he bought a tannery in York and moved from the farm to the town. His business was a success and when war broke out with the United States in 1812, his business flourished to a remarkable degree. During the war he enlisted in the 3rd Regiment, York Militia.

Early in life he took a strong interest in education and was one of the Board of Trustees of the first Common School in York, instituted under the Common School Act of 1816. At this time he crossed swords with the redoubtable and overbearing Dr. John Strachan on educational matters and proved more than a match for the domineering leader of the Family Compact party. To education he contributed liberally, giving twenty-five pounds to the building of the first Common School. He likewise visited the school on all possible occasions, and by the pupils he was affectionately called "Uncle Jesse." Broad-minded, he helped all religious movements, Methodist and Presbyterian he treated alike. His home was an open house to itinerant clergymen and to the building of Knox Church he contributed two lots of land and one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

For several years he was a member of the Legislative Assembly, the running mate of William Lyon Mackenzie with whom he sympathized until it came to open rebellion.

He resided in Toronto until 1845, and then seeing a fine opening in the rapidly rising city of Buffalo, New York, he moved there. His wealth grew by leaps and bounds, and as in Toronto his hand was in his pocket to help every good cause.

Jesse Ketchum was one of nature's noblemen, a man of cosmopolitan breadth of mind and boundless generosity. All this is admirably brought out in Mr. Hathaway's excellent study. But the book is more than a mere life. In it we have the early history of Upper Canada; the pioneer struggles of the United Empire Loyalists; the story of the war of 1812 so far as York is concerned, the battle of the reformers against the Family Compact and the winning of responsible government. It is a plain unvarnished tale but a convincing one, told by a faithful student, who, looking down the vista of time, handles his topics with the unbiased mind of a clear-sighted historian.

T. G. M.

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FAREWELL TO PARADISE. *By Frank Thiess.* (*Knopf.*) $2.00.

Frank Thiess's stories of adolescence are in several ways remarkable. An effect of realism is obtained with the utmost economy of means; the adolescent consciousness retains both its richness and its limitations; the author is at once sympathetic and unsentimental; boy and girl sex-impulses (sublimated or otherwise) are presented with perfect candor and delicacy; and the story is worth following for its own sake. These are high virtues; at least one of them, I venture to say, has not been developed in the literature of this continent.

The author takes his readers marvellously for granted. His boys and girls discover life anew in a fresh and fragrant world. It is not at all like one grown-up talking about young people to another. We all have to live the part or the book doesn't mean a thing. From which it appears that Frank Thiess is producing truly imaginative literature, the kind that most appeals to unspoiled persons under twenty or reflective persons over forty.

This is especially true of *Farewell to Paradise.* In *The Gateway of Life,* a story of youth merging into manhood, the tide of consciousness seemed to flow more darkly. It was a tale of blood-trouble and soul-questioning, with just a few moments of lucid perception. The rebellion of those older school-boys seemed, perhaps, too close to the experience of Thiess himself. But now he writes serenely of an age when real storms have yet to break, when all is promise or premonition, and the future is as certain as one's own will-to-fulfilment.

Fine craftsmanship and a rare insight into the earliest romantic years gives to this young German a unique place in contemporary letters. He, alone, has dealt adequately with our most crucial years.

Marcus Adeney.

THREE DELECTABLE BOOKS

THE SHINING SHIP AND OTHER VERSE. *By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited.* $2.50.

MATER SYLVA. *By Dorothy Choate Herriman. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited.* $2.00.

SANCTUARY. *By Bliss Carman. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited.* $2.00.

Review Comments by John W. Garvin

Christmas was made happier for me, this past season, by my receiving from the publishers, on the one day, the above three rarely beautiful books. . . . If no other books of value had appeared in our literature in 1929, those three alone would make it a significant year.

This new and enlarged edition of *The Shining Ship,* artistically illustrated by Elsie Deane, is destined to become a Canadian classic. Twenty-five years ago, the author, then a young mother, said to me, "There is nothing so sweet as a baby." She had a baby in her arms at the time. And it was her loving observation and study of her own three children that developed the keen insight into child psychology, which is given expression in the eighty-eight poems in this book. Such charming verse has to be read and reread aloud to children with their eager, delighted faces, to be fully appreciated. . . . The bookmaking of this volume, including the outer cover, is a creation of beauty.

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While, in the spring of 1926, I was revising and enlarging for publication my anthology, *Canadian Poets,* a former schoolmate 'phoned me to ask if I had seen and considered any of the poems of Miss Dorothy Choate Herriman of Orillia. I replied, no, but would gladly give them consideration if they were sent to me. As a result Miss Herriman was included in the revised edition mentioned—the youngest but not the least gifted poet in the book. She was advised to publish as soon as possible in book form, a selection of her best verse. At last it has appeared—a credit indeed to the poet, the publishers, and the printers. . . . When we realize that those admirable twenty-one poems were written in Miss Herriman's early 20's, we have reason to expect, as the years pass, a manifold golden fruition. She has illustrated them herself with artistic effect. . . . Every encouragement should be given this talented young poet and artist.

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The tears came to my eyes as I read our beloved Bliss Carman's *Sunshine House Sonnets,* forty-two in number, the last product of his splendid genius. And how fitting he should commemorate in those unique unrhymed sonnets, the home of sunshine and friendly warmth, the Sanctuary, where for years he had spent so many happy hours. This Sunshine House of Dr. Morris Lee King and Mrs. Mary Terry King is reproduced as a frontispiece, and the book has seven other excellent illustrations by the same artist, Whitman Bailey. Padraic Colum, the well-known Irish poet, has contributed an affec-

tionate and appreciative Introduction. . . . To illustrate the fine quality of the sonnets, let me quote No. III of *The Wood Thrush:*

O music maker of the pagan Spring,
Untrammeled seraph of the wilderness!
How should he know the truth at beauty's core,
Or solve the strange enigma of desire?
For through those wild melodious cadences
The tender phrase of earthly sorrow blends
With the pure theme of spirit's certitude
Grown rapturous above all taking thought,
In that serene victorious artistry.
For all the labored questing of our art,
Who finds the sorcery of Nature's way,
And how her free born wisdom works its will?
Before this woodland canticle we bow,
Knowing perfection . . . immortality!

No lover of Bliss Carman and his works can afford to be without this book.

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TWELVE ROYAL LADIES. *By Sidney Dark.* (*Crowell.*) $3.00.

Twelve Royal Ladies is a companion book to *Twelve Bad Men* and consists of brief biographical sketches of twelve outstanding ladies belonging to the royal families of Europe. The author has shown tact and diplomacy in his choice of a title and explains that all of his subjects in this book are not "bad" but are rather more the victims of circumstances and of their times. Mr. Dark writes with his usual charming, delightful candor and gives an intimate insight into the characters and personalities of these various ladies who stand out pre-eminently among the high lights of European history.

Among the twelve are two or three names which are perhaps not quite so familiar to the average reader, such as Queen Christina of Sweden, a strong woman who succeeded to the throne of her father at the age of six and who voluntarily abdicated her sovereignity at the age of twenty-eight; Caroline of Brunswick, the unfortunate bride of King George IV; Sophia, Electress of Hanover, who played an important part in the history of Europe. Catherine the Great of Russia is held up before us in all her glory, her bad qualities as well as her good being faithfully delineated. As the author sums her up—"The Empress worked hard, ate and drank sparingly, and was never without a lover." Louise de la Vallière, the most sincere of all Louis XIV's mistresses, wins our sympathetic interest. Mary, Queen of Scots, one of the most romantic figures in European history, is depicted with a brilliant frankness that makes her shine as the gifted, beautiful, but foolish Scottish queen. Then there are also Mary of England, daughter of Katherine of Aragon, Catherine de Medici, known as one of the most selfishly cruel women in history, Marie Antoinette and others.

All these portraits are drawn with a skilful hand and Mr. Dark writes with an impartiality that neither praises nor condemns.

A. S. M.

BLOWN LEAVES. *By Jessie L. Beattie. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.*

This is one of the most charming of the season's chap books, introducing a new Canadian poet, at least so far as work in book form is concerned. There are over forty poems in the collection and most of them breathe of life in the country and of the out-of-doors.

I think I can do no better than quote:

THESE SHALL BE MINE

These shall be mine
Saved from th' increasing dead,
These shall lie close to me
When all I love have fled.

Warmness of earth;
Touch of the falling rain;
Kiss of the flying wind;
These I shall know again.

Mist of young leaves
Hung from a willow bough;
Scent of the autumn fires;
Glint of a moving plough.

Virginal snow
Roofing a sleeping town—
(Frail hands, like shattered dreams,
Fluttering up and down.)

My heart the frame,
Days of the passing years,
Fadeless in color trace
Laughter and human tears.

These shall be mine
Saved from th' increasing dead,
Life cannot cheat me these
Though all I love have fled.

Who that is familiar with country life will not quicken to the reading of this from "The Storm":

Down in the swamp a clump of grasses
Whines a protest as the wild wind passes;
Singing itself a lullaby
That is half a laugh and half a sigh.

And how redolent of the Ontario countryside is this from "August":

Sweet smell of dying grass and sunburned fruit;
Red berries that the day would turn to wine;
A Katydid half droning at his flute;
The rustle of crisped leaves upon the vine.

It is not to be understood that the collection is in any sense circumscribed, sounding but one note. On the contrary the poems cover a wide range of subject matter, but those that have the strongest appeal to me are the nature poems and to those of similar taste I commend this book on account of that phase of Miss Beattie's work.

J. M.

MAGIC FOR MARIGOLD. *By L. M. Montgomery. Illustrated by Edna Cooke Shoemaker. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited.* $2.00.

THESE BE YOUR GODS. *By Leslie Roberts. Illustrated by A. G. Racey. Toronto: The Musson Book Company Limited.* $2.50.

THE WOMAN WHO COULDN'T DIE. *By Arthur Stringer. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited.* $2.00.

A CARGO OF STORIES FOR CHILDREN. *By Emma Lorne Duff. Illustrated by Elsie Deane. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited.* $2.00.

THE GREAT FIGHT: ONESIPHORE OUR NEIGHBOR. *By Madge Macbeth and A. B. Conway. Montreal, London and New York: Louis Carrier & Co.* $2.50.

WHEN FATHER CHRISTMAS WAS LATE. *By Conigsby Dawson. Illustrated by Joseph E. Sandford. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran and Gundy Limited.* $3.00.

OTTAWA LYRICS AND VERSES FOR CHILDREN. *By Arthur S. Bourinot. Ottawa: The Graphic Publishers Limited.* $1.00.

Review Comments by John W. Garvin

It was in the Fall of 1908 that *Anne of Green Gables* was published. The unknown author had difficulty in finding a publisher, as readers of publishing houses are too often stupid or lacking in confidence in their own critical judgment. But the L. C. Page Company, of Boston, accepted the manuscript in the year mentioned on most favorable terms for the publishers, and at last this very popular novel was printed. It is probable that over a million copies have sold to date. The great humorist, Mark Twain, was one of the first to appraise it highly. He sent a letter to Francis Wilson, the actor, in which he wrote: *"Anne of Green Gables" is the sweetest creation of child life yet written.*

Magic for Marigold is the fifteenth work of prose fiction to appear from the same pen, and while not as great a creation as the first and several others, it has a glamor all its own which will charm thousands of youthful readers. It gives the many experiences and adventures, tragic and humorous, of Marigold Lesley for the first twelve years of her life and the interest never flags. No writer known to me understands children, boys as well as girls, more intimately, sympathetically and lovingly, than Mrs. Macdonald; and it is because of this rare understanding that adults of mature years read her books with pleasure and commend them to others. . . . I was present on the lawn at Government House, Toronto, when this most popular novelist arrived to greet, not only the royal princes, but Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister of Great Britain, who had cabled from 10 Downing Street, London, before embarking, requesting her to meet him, if possible in the Dominion, while he was journeying through. It was a thrilling moment and a proud day indeed for one of Canada's best loved authors.

. . . . . .

These be Your Gods is a volume of twenty-three characterizations of Canadian notables, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Lord Willingdon included, written in brilliant journalese. The author's name is familiar to me, but I have not met him, nor do I know aught of his attainments, other than are inferrable from his luminous sketches. It is clear that Mr. Roberts has quite exceptionable knowledge of the men he has portrayed with such skill and courage, and that no spirit of envy or acerbity directs his pen. He is big enough to see the strong traits of these human gods quite as clearly, or more so, than their weaknesses, and has human sympathy enough to make even their defects appear lovable. The book gripped and held me and when I had read the last page, I felt my heart warm with personal regard for the big men who had achieved so greatly, not only for themselves, but for their nation or adopted land. Mr. Racey's pen-and-ink portraits add not a little to the book's attraction.

A year or two ago, an Australian author, Cox by name, published *Out of the Silence*, a masterly effort of imaginative fiction. The heroine had lain unconscious in a tomb which was a perfect vacuum for a period of 28,000,000 years, before resuscitation. Her world, before she had been put to sleep (so to speak) had attained to scientific knowledge, immeasurably beyond our present development. So much so, she could disappear in a 4th dimension and tread long distances in a few moments. She could kill apparently by mental power, and do other marvellous things. . . .

Arthur Stringer is the most recent novelist to try his versatile pen at this kind of fiction. *The Woman Who Couldn't Die* was the beautiful daughter of a Viking noble and the betrothed of another, who was stolen a thousand years ago, more or less, by a bold sea-rover whose name was Blodoxe. The thievish adventurer was chased by the enraged father and lover, but by sailing westward, ever westward, he finally eluded his pursuers, and found sanctuary in the new world, discovered long before the time of Columbus by Eric the Red. Their final resting place was a fertile valley surrounded by high hills, somewhere in the Klondike region. Thera was so beautiful that when she passed into coma, or a trance, or dissolution, her body was encased in clear ice on a lofty frozen height. In time a magnificent temple was built about and over it and she was deified into the Sun Godess (she had masses of golden hair) and worshipped. This religion had existed for centuries before three adventurers located the valley. One of them, by his scientific skill brought the dead goddess to life, and thrilling were the happenings that followed. . . . Stringer has done well, but not quite so well as the Australian.

While an undergraduate at the University of Toronto, one of my friends was Lyman P. Duff. He was generally regarded as one of the most brilliant of our number. After graduating, he taught in a Collegiate Institute for a time, and then studied law. He was called to the bar in due course, and shortly afterwards moved to British Columbia where he rose rapidly in his profession. He is now

a Right Honorable Privy Councillor and an eminent member of the Supreme Court of Canada. . . . One of his sisters, Miss Emma Lorne Duff, has won international distinction as the Kindergarten Directress of Victoria School, Toronto. A special talent of hers has been the telling to the children of delightful fairy stories, many of them original. And at last she has been induced to consent to the publication of a sufficient number of them to fill a book of 260 pages. . . . Those tales are so entertainingly told they will interest parents as well as their children; and kindergarten and junior school teachers generally will find this 'cargo' a valuable aid.

In the last paragraph of the Foreword to *The Great Fight*, we read: "This book is not meant to be, and manifestly is not, a true picture of village life in French Canada. Characters such as Onesiphore and La Topole are comparatively rare, though their prototypes do exist. The village of Saint Epistemon is a fanciful one. The book is a caricature, as all attempts at humorous writing must necessarily be. If any reader should insist on foisting a purpose on the authors, let it be interpreted as a sympathetic and sincere desire to draw attention to the gay, humor-loving and very human qualities of the habitant."

This book is cleverly written and very humorous. The character of Onesiphore is a creation that leaves an unforgettable impression on the memory, in which laughter mingles freely. How Onesiphore disappeared from his home and became a hermit-seer, to add to the attractions of a summer hotel, and at the same time quickened the cupidity of Polycarp, his former neighbor, and several others, to such a degree that they paid him three times the value of his farm, thinking it contained a rich asbestos mine, is a delicious bit of humor. . . . But the introduction in another chapter of La Topote, a woman of 'easy virtue' and much seductive charm for men, will not, I think, be appreciated by the habitants, or French Canadians generally, and is likely to arouse the censure of parents and educators in English Canada. 'Spice' of that kind may help the sale of a book in other lands, but it certainly does not do so in this country.

Among the Christmas books of 1929—and many are beautiful in appearance and content—Coningsby Dawson's shines forth with a fresh radiance. The stories are original and admirably written. The two that pleased me most are the one which gave the title to the book, and "The Little House." The first tells how four-year-old Mac helped his daddy write the story and how he got his most desired Christmas gift—a baby goat. And the second, how "The Little House," nearly two centuries old, helped to bring happiness to two lonely hearts, so that Robbie would get the present from Santa Claus he so craved—another daddy. . . . Such a book refreshes the hearts of parents as well as gives joy to their children. . . .

Arthur Stanley Bourinot is a son of the late Sir John Bourinot, K.C., M.G., and Lady Bourinot, daughter of the late John Cameron of Toronto. He is a graduate in Arts of the University of Toronto. In the Great War he rose to the ranks of captain, and on his return entered Osgoode Hall as a student-at-law. Since 1920 he has been a practising lawyer in the city of Ottawa. In the same year (1920) he married Nora, youngest daughter of Colonel Sir Percy Sherwood, K.C., M.G., and Lady Sherwood. Bourinot's first book of poems, *Laurentian Lyrics and Other Poems*, was published in 1915; and because of the quality and promise of the verse, he was included in *Canadian Poets*, first issued in 1916. Since then, he has published *Poems* (1921), *Lyrics From the Hills* (1923), *Tottering Feet* (1925), and the present volume. . . . Bourinot is now quite well established as a poet, but as he is but thirty-six years of age, we are justified in expecting from him still better work. The following stanzas will illustrate the achievement already his:

From "Ottawa"

City with brow of beauty,
Turned to the hills of old,
City with eyes untroubled,
Build with a vision bold.

Build with a vision splendid,
Build with a sense divine,
Until immortal beauty
Says proudly, "Thou art mine."

Until thy towers and turrets,
And spires that dream in space
Stand as a mighty symbol
The symbol of our race.

City of towers and turrets
Upon the cliffs you dwell,
With spires that point to heaven
And many a pealing bell.

From "Silver Slippers"

Her little silver slippers
Are like the crescent moon,
Who walks the starry heavens
In silver buckled shoon.

Her little silver slippers
Go dancing merrily,
As do the swift sand pipers
That dance beside the sea.

Her little silver slippers
That grace her little feet
Tread like the rain at even
That patters down the street.

Her little silver slippers
Go pattering all day long,
Till night comes, O so softly,
And stills their silver song.

* * *

PASSING OF MARLOW A. SHAW

Marlow A. Shaw, author of *The Happy Islands* (stories and sketches of the Georgian Bay), died suddenly at Iowa City in December. He was a native of Bronte, Ont., a graduate of the University of Toronto, and had been for some years Assistant Professor of English at the University of Iowa.

PEOPLE OF THE STREET AND OTHER POEMS. *By Alexander Louis Fraser. St. John, N.B.: The Globe Press, Limited.*

This is an unpretentious little volume of poems, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Alexander Louis Fraser; lately of Halifax, but now of Bathurst, N.B. In this, his ninth book of verse, Dr. Fraser reveals anew his fine gifts as a sonneteer. No dithyrambic poet can fashion a sonnet. Its creation calls for great compression and a sense of artistic beauty. It is held by many that the writing of sonnets is excellent training for good prose writing. Pruning and reticence enter into both. Some of Dr. Fraser's sonnets in this volume are of the Shakespearean mould and others are Petrarchan.

Here is a sonnet in which thought and workmanship are so fittingly wedded as to leave little to be desired:

IN A HOSPITAL

Soft-sandalled Death and I this very night
Were at close range; 'twas where a woman lay,
Young, mother of a boy, for just one day!
I saw at once 'twas but a losing fight.
Exhausted skill stood speechless at the sight,
While Hope and Fear alike were in suspense;
A soul was knocking at the door of sense,
Which viewlessly, at length, took its long flight.

How strange the world seemed then; its gold but dross;
A bursting bubble, Fame, when Death is nigh.
I sought the city square; the soul just gone,
Which left us far behind, found gain, not loss,
In its affinities beyond the sky—
A cock then gave its usual cry for dawn.

Dr. Fraser derives so much of his inspiration from memory that, in reading his poetry, you are reminded of what Dr. Frechette, the French-Canadian poet, once said to Alphonse Lusignan: "Memory is all—it is the soul of life." Here is a sonnet with its root in memory and it has a Wordsworthian simplicity about it at once pleasing and full of charm:

THE BAPTISMAL BOWL

I find it here, a poor forgotten thing—
Did never fashions deem it out of date?
Though to it now a decade's dust may cling,
What angel faces round it congregate!
Nest-like, bowl-shaped and silver-hued, it hung
Beside the tasseled pulpit long ago,
Above the sainted heads where the choir sung
In a plain meeting-house I used to know.
Around it parents held their children while
Their solemn vows before high heaven they took;
Since then those feet have covered many a mile,
And Fame transcribed some names within her book.
But why in later years should men forget
The little bowl from which their brows were wet?

In his poem, "From a Picton Hill," the longest in the collection and perhaps the most freighted with the fruitage and spoils of memory, Dr. Fraser reveals himself as a treasure-keeper of boyhood recollections with all their associations and affinities as

Down by that bend I watch the waters go
By the old tree that keepeth till this day
The arrow that I lost when on my way,
Homing, beneath it once I twanged my bow.

Thomas O'Hagan.

* * *

THE STARRY EARTH. *By Robert Hazlemere. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.* $1.50.

This is an attractively bound volume of poems dealing with the ever old, ever new themes of love, nature and beauty. Some of them have appeared in *The Canadian Bookman*, before book publication. None will have forgotten:

Lest I miss the world's last sunrise
I will linger on the hill,

And who will not recall *Night Wind*, also published in these columns?

The poems are in four groups: Love, Earth, Intimations and People.

From "Intimations" we select:

DIAPSON

Sometimes I think that God must take
To walking on the earth at night,
While angels and archangels are
Around some corner out of sight.

Or how could there be so much joy
In all that we can hear and see?
Earth, sky, and ocean seem to sing
Loud anthems to the Deity.

* * *

THE AMBER-RIDERS. *By Annie Charlotte Dalton. The Ryerson Press, Toronto.*

This artistic little book of poems in its cloak of amber and black is not only pleasing to look upon, but is also a delight to the soul of those who are ever on the watch for the worth while in poetry. It is a collection of lyrics, some of them being very brief, but in each and every one there is a thought, an idea, a memory expressed in most exquisite and simple language.

The book takes its title from the first poem, "The Amber-Riders," and the author in her brief foreword explains that amber, by the ancients, was supposed to be an emblem of immortality. This theme is uppermost in many of the lyrics, and throughout the book there is a strong pervading spirituality which indicates an ever increasing strength of mind despite physical weariness of body. There is also much of the mystic in Mrs. Dalton's poetry, a reaching out into the unknown as though the gates at times were partially ajar and glimpses of the beyond flashed before her vision. But always there is the assurance, the confidence that all is well, as in the last stanza of "Expectancy":

The Mystery—when I die,
No matter where I be,
That I shall still be I
As He is He.

These poems live with a vividness, an intensity that is real. Through them we understand something of the poignant suffering, the deep and lasting joy, the peace and wisdom which has moulded and developed the woman behind them and brought to her creative powers a perfection attained by few.

In several of the shorter poems natural grace and simplicity blend to form a perfect thought. Take for example "The Candle," "I am a Nun," "Life and Death," and the following stanzas entitled "A Solitary Bird":

A solitary bird
Against the morning sky,
Of all things seen and heard,
None lifts the thoughts so high.

Oh, in that bird unknown
Breasting the waves of light,
My soul foresees her own
Triumphant flight.

Mrs. Dalton is a resident of Vancouver and has published several other volumes of poetry. Her fine creative ability, her natural simplicity, her instinctive knowledge of poetical values have won for her a well merited place among our Canadian poets.

A. S. M.

* * *

CUMULATIVE TENSIONS

THE DARK JOURNEY. *By Julian Green.* (*Musson.*) $2.50.

A Prize Novel is a wonderful thing; especially when it comes all dressed up in black and gold with a little piece of blue ribbon attached. Definitely it gives one the impression of opulence. Ten thousand dollars (we reflect) went to the author and still the publishers have enough gold left to make a gorgeous jacket. Marvellous! Here must be a story of riches and splendor and greatness on earth; of infinite, idealized possessions.

But Julian Green has other things (perhaps no less important) on his mind. He insists upon our meeting, and immediately taking an interest in, a young man of no social importance who happens to be pausing for a moment on a railway footbridge in a small French town. "There was about him something of that blighted and bitter look that one so often sees in those whose early years have been a perpetual struggle. His face was full and sallow, with the flaccid skin that foreshadows hanging cheeks later on, and those deep lines that trace a kind of perpetual grin around the mouth at the age of forty." With this young man we set out upon a journey that is dark indeed, and closes with a Hardyesque tragedy. On the way we share dark, brooding, self-centred thoughts and horrible inhibitions; participate in two foul murders (one of which is entirely successful); wander with preternaturally sharpened wits through several frustrated lives; get to know more about a certain small town than we would ever have thought possible; and at the same time enjoy ourselves hugely.

For this is a book of cumulative tensions. We are hurried from situation to situation, each psychologically a little grotesque (or is it our own unwillingness to contemplate brutal facts about ourselves that makes them seem so?), craving all the time to know what happens next, far from satisfied even at the last, for the book closes on a scene of madness and death.

Pessimism in the modern vein? Not at all. Here is elemental tragedy, the proper theme of all art, handled somewhat in the Dostoievsky manner but less microscopically. Not many demands are made upon the readers, but much is given to him. The characters are by no means comprehensive—detached from their dramatic situations they would be unsatisfying—but they provide exactly what is needed in the story. That is why Julian Green has achieved extraordinary success on two continents; his novels move directly forward. Everything seems to contribute to that movement; so that the reader's curiosity, forever whetted, is neither satisfied nor diverted.

Our own experience of life is a bit like that. We are far more conscious of movement, of direction, of becoming, than we are of a complex inclusive reality. That is why Julian Green's books are very easy to take, satisfying at the time, but in retrospect a shade disappointing. They intensify and drive to a logical conclusion thoughts and feelings we have all known too well; but there is no transcending the individual. All that makes *War and Peace* a priceless world-possession is absent from *The Dark Journey.* Nevertheless, it is definitely a fine novel, more powerful even than *The Closed Garden,* and may be a milestone (if immediate success prove not disastrous) on the way to immeasurable things.

Marcus Adeney.

* * *

PASSING OF NORMAN GREGOR GUTHRIE

Since the appearance of the last issue of *The Canadian Bookman* Canada has suffered the loss of one of its most distinctive poets—Norman Gregor Guthrie, Ottawa. Mr. Guthrie had been ill only a week. His death was due to pneumonia. He was born 52 years ago in Guelph, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Donald Guthrie. He received his early education in Guelph High School, and went from there to McGill University, from which he was graduated in 1897. He studied law in Osgoode Hall, Toronto, and was admitted to the bar in 1902. He established a law practice in Ottawa with the late Senator Charles Pringle.

Fitting tribute to his passing was voiced at the last meeting of the Canadian Literature Club by Mr. A. E. S. Smythe, in the course of an appreciation of the work of Canadian poets, including the reading of one of the poems from his last book, *Flake and Petal.*

Canadian Authors Association

PLANS FOR THE MONTREAL CONVENTION

ARRANGEMENTS for the Annual Convention, to be held in Montreal at the end of June, are being worked out by the national officers. It is hoped that every bright idea now burning in the brains of other members will be promptly radiated to Montreal, for consideration when the National Executive Committee is summoned to discuss a draft programme. It is expected that Canadian music and drama will find notable illustration during the convention; also, that French-Canadian activities in the creative arts will be agreeably demonstrated. It is hoped that the French section will hold a special meeting, at which, of course, all English-speaking members will be cordially welcomed.

The Membership Roll

The lists of members in good financial standing (and of the others), as shown by the records at Headquarters, are now in the hands of the Branch Executives for verification of details. It is hoped that the active co-operation of our live local officers will reduce the proportion of members in arrears to the very small percentage already achieved by certain Branches. The proportion now varies greatly; but no comparative statement will be published until the worst has had full opportunity to catch up with the best.

Victoria and Islands

A meeting of this Branch, in Victoria College, was entirely devoted to the subject of craftsmanship, the programme having been arranged by the secretary, Mrs. Marion Isabel Angus. Mrs. Angus spoke briefly on the possibilities open to our writers; Mrs. C. d'A. Henderson dealt fully with the preparation of manuscript; Major Alan Swinton took up "the formula of modern fiction." Miss Pollock, of the Victoria Public Library, in the discussion that followed, described the wealth of relevant material in that institution available to writers. Mr. Donald Fraser presided.

Vancouver and Mainland

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Pilkington entertained the members of this Branch at their home; Mrs. Alice Winlow, the president, receiving with them. Dr. Frank Burnett and D. A. McGregor were the special guests of the evening. Dr. Burnett spoke entertainingly of the various honors thrust upon him, including the LL.D. conferred by the University of British Columbia, to which he had given a valuable ethnographic collection representing the labors of a lifetime. Mr. McGregor, of *The Province* editorial staff, described the meetings of the Institute of Pacific Relations in the Japanese capital, which he attended as a Canadian delegate.

Saskatchewan Branch

At a meeting of this Branch in the Regina Public Library, Col. Garner and Miss Moore successively presided. Mrs. Complin, Mr. Doxee, Mr. Patterson, Father Murray, Mr. Palmer and Mrs. Weekes gave short addresses on "Best Books by Canadian Authors," dealing with about thirty of these volumes. Father Murray, referring to Miss Moore's fine work in promoting the due recognition of Canadian literature, said there was more hope of such recognition in the villages than in the swirl of cities. Miss Abbie DeLury, in a report read by Mrs. Burgess, described the literary evenings arranged by the Home-makers' Clubs with the help of the Open Shelf Library; and Mrs. F. B. Reilly wrote that she was asking the 85 chapters of the Eastern Star to hold literary meetings during January and February. It was announced that the Boy Scouts would have a Canadian Book Evening. Mrs. Ross, of Moose Jaw, and Mrs. Nellie McClung, of Calgary, were among the speakers, and Mrs. McClung stated that Miss J. G. Sime, the Montreal author, would shortly visit the West. G. C. Patterson was elected vice-president of the Branch in succession to Mrs. Bothwell, whose resignation was accepted with regret.

At a meeting on December 28, Col. Garner presiding, original sketches were read by Miss Moore, Mrs. Complin, Mrs. Douglas, Mr. Palmer and Mrs. Weekes. Mrs. Douglas was awarded a prize offered by Miss Moore.

A resolution proposed by Mr. Palmer has been sent to all members of the Branch for their opinions. It suggests that the annual convention discuss means of counteracting the evil effect of the "movies" on our Canadian national consciousness, and especially on the young and those adults who are not well informed on our history and ideals. The perversion and mispronunciation of our language is another effect deplored by the resolution.

Montreal

Vachel Lindsay, of Springfield, Illinois, a poet highly original both in his written work and in his dramatic delivery of it, was the guest of the Montreal Branch at its December meeting in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. He entertained his hosts greatly by the recitation of his "Daniel in the Lions' Den" and other of his poems. Howard A. Kennedy, the president, welcomed him; Dr. W. D. Lighthall, the national president, and Miss Lily E. F. Barry, convener of the Poetry Group, also spoke. Miss Audrey Elliston was the singer. At the January meeting, Bertram Brooker is to speak on "Structure in Literature." The Drama Group is arranging to present a set of Canadian plays on the lines of its highly successful performance last year.

THE WRITER'S CORNER

Conducted by Donald G. French

Building with Concrete

FOR several weeks I passed each morning by a building that was being erected with reinforced concrete. Storey after storey took on, from day to day, form and shape and symmetry. Out of the heaps of sand and broken stone and the seemingly tangled piles of iron rods and iron rings grew a stately and beautiful fifteen-storey office building.

What has this to do with "The Writers' Corner?" Simply that to achieve the desired effects, to build literary structures—whether they be in the form of stories, or articles, or verse, or novels—the writer must apply *the concrete word.*

What is the reason that the work of one writer strikes home to our innermost chords while that of another produces no mental or emotional reaction—we say it is wooden and uninteresting?

Let me quote from a book on *Psychology for the Writer*, by H. K. Nixon. (Musson Book Co.):

"It is difficult to determine the basis for all these effects, but in general explanation must be in the terms of the associations aroused. This is clear when we consider meaningful words. Here we discover that *concrete* words are effective and pleasing largely because they possess a great number of close associations. Our lives, especially our early lives, are spent in contact with actual objects—books, tables, chairs, dolls, mamma, papa, horses, cows, engines, and so forth. By frequency, and to a lesser degree by vividness and recency of experience, these concrete terms attain a potency which the abstract can seldom equal. Justice and mercy, hope and charity, peace and goodwill, service and wisdom—these will never be as sharply real to us as the acid taste of vinegar, the pungent odor of wood smoke, the pain of a burn, the icy cold of winter wind. Writing that is crammed full of such words is much more likely to move us than writing that rattles emptily with abstractions."

Or, to present this in another way: The work of the writer consists largely in conveying certain sense-images from his mind to the mind of the reader. The reader repictures or reimages impressions from the images he has stored in his own mind. These images are not merely those pictured by the sense of sight, but also the impressions conveyed by the other senses—the sense of hearing, the sense of taste, the sense of smell, and the sense of touch (or feeling).

Now, we can trace the origin of these effects a step further back: The writer must *have already visualized* the images which he attempts to present. I have found frequently that a wrongly constructed sentence or an ambiguous or obscure passage in a piece of literary work was due, not to the fact that the writer was ignorant of the principles of construction, or weak in the selection of words, but that the writer *had never clearly imaged for himself* the impressions of sight, sound, taste, touch, or smell which he was trying to "put across" to the reader—he had tried to erect a fifteen-storey structure without first gathering his concrete material.

This excerpt from Young's *Night Thoughts*, in its day (1742-1744) a famous poem, will show the use of the *abstract* rather than the *concrete* word, and it will be interesting to try to visualize from it definite impressions or clear mental images.

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full above measure! Lasting, beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliss is bliss,
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.

It is not sufficient that words be *concrete* as opposed to *abstract;* they must be definite and specific. If they are mere broad generalizations of concrete terms, no definite image can be formed. You may contrast this quotation from Gray's *Eton Ode* with any good modern descriptive poem. Such words as grove, lawn, mead, turf, are *concrete* but they are lacking in specific detail.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade:
And yet, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Of course the use of the concrete applies not only to poetry but to all types of writing other than those dealing with *abstract subjects.* Even in abstract treatises the concrete may be used to make clearer the abstract conception.

To illustrate the use of specific and concrete in description, we quote a short excerpt from *The Stranger,* one of the charming stories in *The Flying Canoe,* by J. E. Le Rossingol. (McClelland & Stewart.)

"There was the rough clearing on which he stood, with stumps of trees and piles of brushwood here and there, backed by the forest wall, but gently sloping toward the south and opening into a natural meadow, where a clear river flowed along in a succession of rapids and pools that gleamed in the soft light of rosy clouds. On this side was a log cabin, the frame of a barn and the beginning of a garden. Beyond was the forest rising into hills and billowing mountains, robed in garments of many colors and crowned by the last rays of the setting sun."

In order to convey to your reader what you wish him to get from your writings—*be concrete, definite and specific.*

Design in the Novel

"There are very few rules of design in the novel; but the few are capital. In my opinion the first rule is that the interest must be centralized; it must not be diffused equally over various parts of the canvas. To compare one art with another may be perilous, but really the convenience of describing a novel as a canvas is extreme. In a well-designed picture the eye is drawn chiefly to one particular spot. If the eye is drawn with equal force to several different spots, then we reproach the painter for having 'scattered' the interest of the picture. Similarly with the novel. A novel must have one, two, or three figures that easily overtop the rest. These figures must be in the foreground, and the rest in the middle-distance or in the background."

Arnold Bennett in *The Writing of Novels.* (From *The Hundred Best English Essays,* compiled by the Earl of Birkenhead: Cassell & Co., Toronto.)

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A LIBRARY of 50,000 volumes, many of them old and rare, together with numerous manuscripts and documents of almost priceless value, was lost in the fire which destroyed the oldest wing of St. Joseph's Seminary at Three Rivers, Que., on November 13. The manuscripts included a grammar of the Cree Indian tongue written by Bishop Tache during his missionary days. This work alone was valued at $10,000. Other documents dealt with surveys in the St. Maurice and Saguenay Districts, made by Bouchette in 1812. Among the books were old editions of the relations of Cartier and Lescarbot, treating of the customs of the North American Indians; first editions of Charlevois' *History of Canada*, the *French Encyclopedia* of Diderot, the works of d'Allembert and Voltaire, and a biographical dictionary of prominent families of France in the seventeenth century, with information concerning emigrants to New France. There were also rare Dutch works on physics, done on parchment, and sets of the now rare 1880 edition of the Jesuit Relations.

* * *

It might have been supposed that one of the first effects of the recent stock market crash would be to depress the rare book market, but the results of a sale which took place in New York City on November 6 and 7 did not indicate anything of the kind. At any rate, this sale saw the disposal of a first edition of Holland's *Baziliologia: A Book of Kings*, published in 1618, and narrating the lives of England's Kings from the Conquest, at the record price of $13,000. Only ten copies of this first edition, which was an item in the library of the late John C. Williams, of Morristown, N.J., are said to be extant. A first edition of Robert Herrick's *Hesperides* (1648), sold for $2,600; the same price was paid for a first edition of Hollinshed's *Chronicles*, with an undescribed errata leaf; a first issue of the first edition of Herbert's *The Temple* went for $1,250, while a copy of the first illustrated edition of Dante's *La Divina Commedia*, with two engravings after Botticelli (Florence, 1481), brought $1,100.

* * *

Among other rare and old works added recently to the Gest Chinese Research Library at McGill University is a collection of Buddhist sutra (religious works) which, according to Dr. Berthold Laufer, of the Field Museum, Chicago, an eminent authority on Chinese art and literature, makes the McGill collection the finest Buddhist library in existence. The collection totals 5,323 volumes, the earliest volumes antedating by centuries the earliest European printing.

The library of the fifteenth century books formed by Dr. Otto H. F. Vollbehr of Berlin, numbering some 4,500 and said to be the finest collection of incunabula in private hands, is to be sold at auction either in London or Berlin. Decision to sell his library has been reached by Dr. Vollbehr after failing to find an American philanthropist willing to join him in presenting the collection to the Library of Congress or some other great public library. Dr. Vollbehr had announced that he would present half of the collection if someone else would buy the other half for $2,500,000, and present it also. The outstanding item in the library is a copy of the Gutenberg Bible on vellum, one of the three known vellum copies in perfect condition. A paper copy was sold in New York City in 1926 for $106.

* * *

Dr. A. G. Doughty, Dominion Archivist, has recently secured for the Archives at Ottawa a collection of letters to and from "President Louis Riel, of the Northwest Territories," written in March, 1870, at the time of the Riel Rebellion, together with copies of acts passed by the first session of the first legislature of Rupert's Land, of which Riel was president, and also a copy of Riel's proclamation prior to the rebellion under the caption of "The List of Rights," setting forth the reasons for the upheaval which came to be known in later years as the Northwest Rebellion. The collection was obtained by Mr. Doughty from York, England, from relatives of a British soldier who, apparently during the rebellion, seized the letters at the Riel home and elsewhere.

* * *

$7,800 was paid at auction at the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., in New York City, on December 17, for an autograph letter which Lincoln wrote in 1860 to Henry J. Raymond, then editor of the New York *Times*, a Republican and supporter of Lincoln. In this letter Lincoln declared that he was not pledged to the ultimate extinction of slavery, that he "does not hold the black man to be equal of the white, unqualifiedly," and that he never stigmatized Southern white people as immoral and unChristian. Forty-four pages of the original autograph rough draft manuscript of Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, were sold at the same sale for $4,100; a letter by Edgar Allan Poe, describing his financial ambitions and his parting with *Graham's Magazine*, brought $3,500, while a manuscript of Washington's farewell orders to the armies of the United States, in the handwriting of John Singer Dexter, Assistant Adjutant-General of the Continental Army, went for $2,000.

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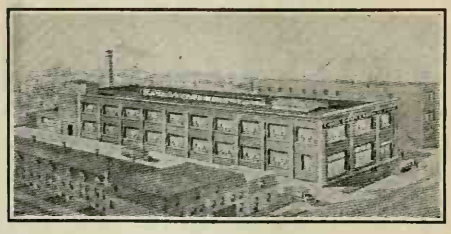

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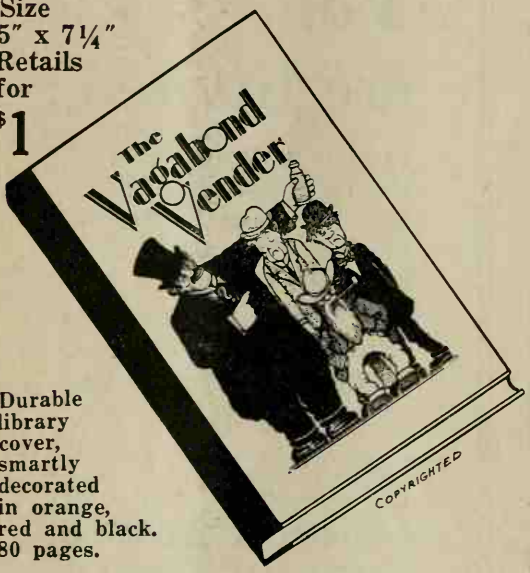

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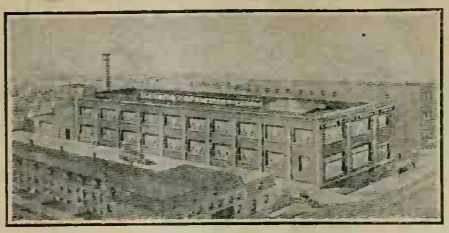

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Vol. XII., No. 2 TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1930 25c. a Copy $2.00 a Year

Who's Who in Canadian Literature

W. A. FRASER

BY DONALD G. FRENCH

FEW Canadian authors are academic in their training. They have, rather, gone out into the world and gained experience. Their writing has been an avocation, a chance, or an accident. W. A. Fraser came of a seafaring, ship-building family of Nova Scotia Frasers and was born at River John, Nova Scotia. He was taken to the United States when about five years old and received his early education in New York and West Brooklyn. When fourteen years of age he came to Canada to live with an uncle who carried on lumbering operations in Elgin County, Ontario. Entering upon an engineering career he took part in the early development of the oil wells of Western Ontario, afterwards spending some time in Burmah, India, Afghanistan, and later six years in the Canadian Northwest in the employ of the Canadian Government, sinking the first gas well in the West at Pelican Falls, Alberta.

It was not until he was laid aside from active work for some considerable time by a severe attack of rheumatism that he made any definite attempt at authorship.Prior to this he had written, while in India, hunting notes and sketches as contributions to journals there. Now, to break the monotony of forced inactivity he decided that he would try to write stories. To his surprise his first attempt was accepted by the "Detroit Free Press." The cheque which he received in payment was almost worn out showing it to his friends before it was cashed. Further stories were accepted by the "Free Press," but he was advised to seek a wider and more profitable market and he established a connection with one of the leading New York magazines which lasted for many years. Since that time he has written over 250 short stories which have been published in forty of the leading magazines in Great Britain, Canada, and the United States. Over forty of his stories have appeared in the "Saturday Evening Post."

Fraser has a peculiar field of writing in which he excels—in his novel "Thoroughbreds," (afterwards filmed as "The Million Dollar Handicap,") and in his volume of short stories, "Brave Hearts," he shows a sympathetic understanding of the life of the race horse and he presents vividly and sometimes with a rollicking humor, sometimes with tender pathos, many incidents and adventures of the racing field. He is an apostle of clean sport and a true lover of the racing horse and his enthusiasm gives to these stories a directness and coherence.

In "Mooswa and Others of the Boundaries," and in "Outcasts," he describes the life of the wild animals with a treatment that is not so scientific as that of Thompson Seton, nor so literary or so psychological as Charles G. D. Roberts. Yet he is careful as to his facts. The late Theodore Roosevelt commented upon Fraser's animal stories by saying: "As Kipling has done, you have given us true stories of animal life frankly told as fiction; not as many others have done, given us fiction told as true stories." And W. T. Hornaday of the New York Zoo said: "You never make a mistake with your animals." The "Sa'-

Zada Tales" in which the animals at the Zoo are represented as conversing with their keeper, Sahib Zada, and with one another, exhibit the intimate knowledge of wild life gained during the author's residence in Asiatic countries.

An example of the labor which goes into writing is shown in connection with Fraser's novel of Indian thuggery, entitled "Caste." Having heard that records of all the expeditions and operations against the thugs in India were contained in the Blue Books and files of the Indian Office in London, he obtained, through the assistance of Lord Strathcona, permission to examine these records and copy material to be used for fiction purposes only. For two or three weeks he kept a stenographer busy copying excerpts from these records. Then with this material and a few blue books which he was allowed to buy he returned home by way of New York City. Frank Munsey, of "Munsey's Magazine," offered him a commission to write twelve stories from this material and Fraser agreed. "But," he says, "whenever I make an agreement to write a story, I find that I can't do it." So instead of the twelve stories, there grew out of this material the novel of Indian life—"Caste."

Many of his books were collections of short stories of India and Western Canada. Sometimes they were varied in type, and in others, such as "Bulldog Carney," they deal with incidents in which some one character holds the stage throughout. Of his novels two that rank high in literary quality are "Blood Lilies," a story of the Northwest, with its basic incident a dog-team race for which the prize was a beautiful bride; and "The Lone Furrow," the setting of which is an Ontario town, near an Ontario city, thinly disguised as "York." Georgetown, at one time the home of the author, and its countryside, are charmingly depicted, and the characterization is remarkably natural and appealing. Here is a bit of description which will show the clear lines, the full color, and the rare atmosphere that is characteristic of the style of this novel:

"Our tent is pitched in a land beautiful—a sentient beauty that is not alone optical; a kindly fate that is the real architect of our happy environment. The purple-red blossom clusters of the hedge, like feathered plumes, nod contentedly to the gray stone church that cuts its sharp gable up to the place of stars just across the earth road we call a street. Sometimes the church is just a blur against the Rembrandt background of darkened night; and sometimes, in the enlarging moonlight it looms cathedral-like. One night out of seven its stained-glass window shows a sacred group bathed in a flood of yellow light; star-led sturdy shepherds gaze upon the infant Christ that nestles in the Madonna's arms. Just glass, blue and red, and figures born of faltering art, and yet it stood a beacon-light to a storm-tossed soul striving in the waters of bitterness, wandering blindly through the Valley of Achor."

"The Lone Furrow" is written with the dim background of India always present in the author's consciousness. Similes, metaphors, allusions, pictures by way of contrast to the staid Presbyterian community arise readily and naturally out of that background and blend into the Canadian setting without any feeling of a false note or an inharmonious tone.

Mr. Fraser has been a resident of Toronto for a number of years. He was the originator of the Silver Cross for the mothers of slain soldiers, and his idea was adopted by the Independent Order of the Daughters of the Empire.

CHECK LIST

Sorrow, Henry Altemus, Philadelphia, 1896.

The Eye of a God. Chas. Scribners Sons, New York; Methodist Book Room, Toronto. 1899.

Mooswa. Chas. Scribners Sons, New York; Methodist Book Room, Toronto. 1900.

The Outcasts. Chas. Scribners Sons, New York; Methodist Book Room, Toronto. 1901.

Thoroughbreds. S. S. McClure, New York; Doubleday Co., New York; George N. Morang, Toronto; McClelland & Stewart, Toronto; Heinemann, London. First publication. 1902.

Blood Lilies. Chas. Scribners Sons, New York; Methodist Book Room, Toronto. 1903.

Brave Hearts. Chas. Scribners Sons, New York; Methodist Book Room, Toronto. 1904.

Sazada Tales. Chas. Scribners Sons, New York; Methodist Book Room, Toronto. 1905.

Thirteen Men. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York. 1906.

The Lone Furrow. Appleton Co., New York; Methodist Book Room, Toronto. 1907.

The Three Sapphires. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York; McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. 1918.

Bulldog Carney. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York; McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. 1919.

Red Meekins. Geo. H. Doran Co., New York; McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. 1921.

Caste. Hodder & Stoughton, London; Musson Book Co., Toronto, 1922.

Delilah Plays the Ponies. Geo. H. Doran, New York; Musson, Toronto. 1927.

On Reading by Winter Firesides

By C. F. Lloyd

"THERE is no better companion," wrote old Bishop Bury, "than a good book." The bishop being a churchman of the days when women were looked upon in ecclesiastical circles as choice specimens of the Devil's handiwork, and being therefore compelled to observe the rule of celibacy, never knew the comforts and amenities of married life or enjoyed the pleasure of seeing a bishopess, I suppose that is what one calls a bishop's wife, sitting opposite him with a fire blazing on the hearth between them, while he read aloud to her some lay of Cambuscan bold or Algarsife, or what would no doubt have pleased the lady more, a tale of love and gallantry, or hair-breadth escapes and the constancy of young lovers, such a tale for instance as Aucassin and Nicolette, one of the loveliest ever told (it was new then), or the Romance of the Rose. God rest you, my good lord bishop and good scholar, for looking at things from the view point of an old bachelor and celibate churchman, and there are worse things in the world, books are indeed the best companions, yet I know of a better than any book, a good wife, such an one as one does not hear much about these days, who keeps the roses of her wedding garland fresh after fifteen, or fifty, years of wedded life and if she is disillusioned regarding her good man nurses perhaps a doubt, or even a regret or two in secret but never lets him know anything about it. There is no book worth reading at all that is not all the better for being read aloud and how can one read aloud to a chimney corner or a stove that has no ears. To enjoy reading aloud one must have a friend to read to who enjoys listening, and what better friend can a man ask for than an old sweetheart?

If one is to read aloud one should read well for the sake of the Graces and one's companion. Now one cannot read aloud well without a good voice, which being a gift of the gods, is not to be bought even with rubies. One hears, I think, few nice voices in the northern parts of this continent. As O. W. Holmes said long ago, east winds and violent changes and extremes of temperature are not good for the larynx. Musical voices, voices that seem compounded of gold and velvet, the soft purling of brooks in summer and the resonant tones of an old violin, are rare enough anywhere so that one may count oneself lucky to meet with half a dozen such in a lifetime. I can recall only three, two belonged to women and one to a man. Of the voice as used for public speaking this is not the place to treat. I have heard some noble speaking voices in my time, Lord Rosebery's, Sir Johnstone Forbes Robertson's and that voice as of an ancient Hebrew prophet that thundered from the pulpit of Notre Dame de Paris, preaching the Lenten sermons years ago. Willy Redmond, too, had a fine voice, silenced too soon. Thank the kind gods if they have given you a lovely voice, either for speaking or singing, even if it be only strong enough to entertain a group of friends round a winter fireside. It is a rare gift and a precious one and should be used accordingly with devout thankfulness to the giver.

Now let us suppose you are ensconced comfortably in a cosy armchair by the side of a brightly-blazing fire, a hearth fire is the best for reading by, though a stove with generous areas of mica in front and sides through which the firelight may stream will serve. A register, however admirable for the purpose of merely conveying heat, will never do for reading by, neither will one of those make-believe electric fixtures with a grate filled with some indestructible material intended to fool one into believing that it is anthracite. One must have a real fire leaping near one to bring out the true flavor of the words. Your electric heater has its uses on a chilly spring evening but it would not fool a child or even a poet, whom some folk think even simpler than any child.

Heigh ho, I grow insufferably long-winded in my old days, but then is not garrulity a privilege of old-age? So there you are, seated in your cosy chair

by your cosy fire, your little lady (there is no such sympathetic listener as a woman), seated opposite you, knitting or crocheting, or embroidering on silk or linen, one of those rare pastoral landscapes, Watteauish and dainty, with which women love to adorn sofa cushions, tea-cosies and such like trifles. The kettle is purring ever so softly on the hob. The cat is lifting first one spotless white forepaw and then the other from the hearthrug with a faint ripping sound. The gale howls outside. The snow drives against the window with the harsh, rasping swish of a shower of sand. The children have been put to bed. Your companion counts the rows of her knitting, three more and she will be at the heel, or searches out a bit of silk, golden as a cloud at sunset, and lends an attentive ear as you lay aside your pipe (I abhor cigarettes), and take down from the mantleshelf your favorite volume, or one of them.

"My dear, what shall it be to-night, hm?" you enquire in that tone adopted by all good husbands when they wish to please their wives. "What you please," your companion replies. She knows that you and she have been chums a long time and that you can be depended upon to choose a book to match the mood of the evening and the season.

It is wise to get far away for a few hours in every twenty-four from the troubles of business, the little gnawing irritations of even the best ordered domestic life, the lurid glare of contemporary politics, the depressing spectacle of the world's meanness, vulgarity and ugliness. So let us have an essay of Lamb's, my dear, the one on old China, or a page from the golden legend, or a letter by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Perhaps you would like a poem by Beranger or a canto of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." Who ever reads Scott now? I do for one. Perhaps it is a story you choose, "The Tallow Ball" or "Clare de Lune" or the gentle irony of a tale by Anatole France, "The Majesty of Justice." On some other evening it will be a page or two of Dickens you will choose, or a chapter of Thackeray, of Hardy or James or poor, half-forgotten George Elliot. No Conrad, I beseech you. He will do for the nights when you are alone, may they never come, but I have never met a woman worth calling a woman who could abide him. His everlasting introspection and psycho-analysis tease the fair Floras and Lenas of our domestic ship's company.

Women as a rule do not care much for history or stories of battle by land or sea, yet the gentlest, sweetest companion I ever knew, or shall know, enjoyed my reading of Froissart. Her cheeks flushed a pretty pink and her brown eyes had strange lights in them as she sat, chin propped on hand, drinking in every word of old John's vivid description of that mad, midnight battle at Otterburne and that noble passage at arms between Sir Reginald de Roye and Sir John Holland. There are pages in Froissart that would flush any cheek.

My fireside companion baulked when I tried to inflict Plutarch on her. I adore him. For his dry moralizing she cared not a whit, having heard too much of mine to be taken in by any such high-falutin, and the hard classic names bored her. Canadian history she would have none of, it had been spoiled for her at school, but she enjoyed Justin McCarthy's "Our Own Times" and the sketches by that contemporary Plutarch, A. G. Gardiner. To tell the simple truth, serious books are not best for fireside reading. Their deep thoughts, their formidable batteries of fact, their heavy artillery of truth are out of place when the flames are leaping brightly up the chimney. One prefers the light, gossipy books, replete with gay doings and interesting but not too important people. Lord Frederick Hamilton's books are ideal for the fireside, so are almost all the travellers, Burton, Speke, Cook, Beebe, Lord Anson, Bates, Waterton. Good, too, are the writers of memoirs and reminiscences, George W. Russell ("Æ"), Princess Daisy of Pless and a hundred others. There are a few of the essayists whom my friend and I loved to dawdle through by the fireside, Belloc, Chesterton and Alice Meynell, whose prose is like a fine flower of language, a delicate, subtle, dainty thing, yet strong with a strength all its own.

One may occasionally read poetry by the fireside when one is in the mood for its agonies and exhaltations, or wander up and down one of those lively, cynical modern biographies, Victoria, Palmerston, Elizabeth and Essex. But the best of all fireside books are novels. Blessed be the man who invented the gentle art of story telling. What happy hours my friend and I spent over "Don Quixote," "Vanity Fair," "The Three Musketeers," "David Copperfield," "Arrowsmith," "Under the Greenwood Tree," "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," "Madame Chrysantheme," "Eugene Grandet" and a score more favorites.

Alas, new kings make new laws. My fireside has gone into limbo along with the fair genius who sat beside it. Perhaps when some of our all too lively young folk grow older they will be glad to learn the art of reading aloud by a winter fireside. May you never have to read alone, my dears. Goodnight and God bless you.

VANCOUVER POETRY SOCIETY

A Canadian theme handled with dramatic power and imbued with keen human interest was presented to the Vancouver Poetry Society on Saturday evening, January the eleventh, by Alice M. Winlow in her new play, *The Inspired Immigrant*. The story deals with the life and ideals of that great Canadian statesman of Confederation, poet, patriot and martyr, Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

The scenes of intimate human pathos and gaiety pervading Irish-Canadian homes were made more vivid by old Irish songs, sung by Mrs. Cicely Page, and by the music of records arranged by Miss Jessie McDonald and played in subdued accompaniment to lines read by the author.

Miss M. E. Colman read a poem from her chapbook, *The Immigrant*, in keeping with the spirit of the evening. The meeting was held in the Vanderpant Galleries, Dr. Ernest Fewster presiding.

The Graphic Publishers, Ottawa, are offering a $2,500 prize for the best novel submitted to them by December 1, 1930. The contest is open to Canadians by birth or adoption, Whether now resident in Canada or abroad. There will be a second prize of $1,500 and a third prize of $1,000.

DEGENERATION

By C. F. Lloyd

I LOSE communion with all noble things,
Profound simplicities of earth and sky
That used to lift me with their splendid wings,
Now view me coldly with averted eye.
I sink to lower levels where the flesh
Puts down new roots to seize the sullen earth.
Life holds me in her suffocating mesh
Of petty cares and comforts little worth.
I, who enjoyed great laughter, stormy sorrow,
The deadly hug of souls that crouch and clinch,
Now from a snuffy arm-chair seek to borrow
Refuge from gallant fights from which I flinch.
Come, ye great winds, upon this house of clay,
And knock it flat and bear my soul away.

WINTER SCENE

By Ralph B. Gustafson

IN heavy drifts, the deep December snow
Beneath the moonless night lies crisply cold;
Blue furtive shadows swiftly sweep and fold
Across the smoothly powdered crust. Below
The hill, the old forgotten covered-bridge
Now sharply snaps and stiffens with the frost;
And down the roadway, sleigh-bells, lightly tossed,
Laugh homeward, pass, and die beyond the ridge.
Keen icicles with cunning artifice
Capture the sparkle of a frozen star;
Between long silences the river-ice
Suddenly cracks and stirs with winter's might;
And from a lonely farmhouse, seen afar,
A lazy smoke uncurls across the night.

It is Reported THAT—

—Gordon Hill Grahame, author of *The Bond Triumphant,* which won a $2,500 prize, who has published several novels since that time besides numerous short stories, is now on adventure bent, having left for Mexico, from where he will proceed down the west coast to Peru and Chile, thence to the South Sea Islands, New Zealand, Australia, after which he will extend his peregrinations to Europe. Grahame is equipped with a suitcase and a typewriter and will work his way around the world.

* * *

—Prof. E. K. Broadus, of the University of Alberta, author and *littérateur,* has been invited by the Poetry Lovers' Fellowship of London, England, to give one of a series of eight lectures. The membership of the Fellowship include such notables as Rose Macauley, Eden Philpotts, John Drinkwater, Laurence Binyon, John Buchan, Walter de la Mare, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Sir Ben Greet, Mrs. Thomas Hardy, Aldous Huxley, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Professor Gilbert Murray, Sinclair Lewis, Miss Sackville West and the Sitwells.

* * *

—"Ships, Boats and Sailor-men," is to be the subject of a recital by F. W. Hayden at Castle Memorial Hall, McMaster University, Toronto, before the Canadian Literature Club, on February 18th.

* * *

—Prof. G. W. Brown has succeeded Prof. W. S. Wallace as editor of the *Canadian Historical Review.*

* * *

—David Laughran, Whiterock, B.C., won the first prize of $1,000 for the best story of a commercial product of a New York concern. There were 4,420 contestants.

* * *

—Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, of Toronto, has embarked on a lecture tour, through Missouri, Minnesota and Manitoba. His chief subjects will be: Christian Art, Shakespeare, Dante, Dickens, and The Place of Women in Our Civilization.

* * *

—a movement has been started in Brantford by Brant Chapter, I.O.D.E., to acquire as a place of perpetual memorial, "Chiefswood," the birthplace on the Six Nations' Reserve of the late E. Pauline Johnson.

* * *

—Major E. L. Burns, who collaborated with Madge Macbeth in writing *The Great Fright,* and made quite a name for himself as a writer of short stories under the pseudonym of A. B. Conway, is a native of St. Thomas, Ontario. He is an army man and is at present stationed at Quetta, India, where he is completing a staff course.

—a prize contest of an unusual nature is being conducted by the U.S. publishers of Everyman's Library. They offer ten prizes of $100 each for the best jacket designs for books in a selected list of 100 titles in the Library. The contest closes March 15th. Particulars may be had by addressing Miss Marion B. Cothren, c/o E. P. Dutton & Co., 300 Fourth Ave., N.Y. City.

* * *

—Longmans, Green & Co., are conducting another juvenile book contest, the prize to be $2,000 and royalties. The contest closes Sept. 1, 1930. Charles J. Finger won the last contest with *Courageous Companions.*

* * *

CANADIAN LITERATURE CLUB

The fortnight comprising the last week of January and the first week of February was a busy and an interesting one for the members of the Canadian Literature Club of Toronto. Under its auspices these were presentations of J. E. Middleton's three-act comedy *Royal Doulton,* on three successive evenings at Hart House Theatre and on February 3rd came the regular monthly meeting of the Club at Castle Memorial Hall, when Prof. W. J. Alexander gave a most instructive address on "Some Characteristics of Poetry."

* * *

WALPOLE AND ERSKINE

Two literary luminaries who filled speaking engagements in Toronto since the appearance of the last issue of *The Canadian Bookman* were Hugh Walpole, the English novelist, and Dr. John Erskine, Professor of English at Columbia University, who is far famed as the originator of a new type of fiction, as represented by his *Helen of Troy, Ulysses and Penelope* and *Galahad.* Mr. Walpole addressed a large gathering in Montreal as well and Dr. Erskine filled a three-day engagement at Kingston, before coming to Toronto.

Interviewed while in Toronto, Mr. Walpole paid high tribute to the genius of Mazo de la Roche and told of having been inspired to go out of his way to acquaint literary London with the outstanding merit of the work of this Canadian novelist.

Dr. Erskine said he had been warned before coming to Toronto that the people here prided themselves on being liberal but were "terribly respectable." He scouted the idea that reputable novelists were ever deliberately pornographic in order to increase the sale of their books and was of the opinion that books of the *Pollyanna* type were harmful in that they preached the doctrine of cashing in on goodness.

SOME RECENT CHAP-BOOKS

Reviewed by H.M.R.

SPENDTHRIFTS. *By Guy Mason. Toronto: Ryerson Press.*

A philosophic vein, imagination, and fine phrasing characterize these poems. Mr. Mason has thought deeply, and if a tinge of melancholy pervades his reflections, it is redeemed by the major theme of his philosophy, expressed in "The Last Word":

"I dimly thought: 'Was it in vain I strove?'
I heard a voice whisper the one word, 'Love.'"

* * *

XII POEMS. *By F. Elsie Laurence. Toronto: Ryerson Press.*

The charm of these poems lies in their lyrical quality. They are real bits of melody distilled from the alembic of a heart that has felt much and a mind that has pondered. Some of these poems won first prizes in the London (England) *Bookman's* monthly poetry competitions. One can well understand the reason.

* * *

IN MY GARDEN. *By Jean Kilby Rorison. Toronto: Ryerson Press.*

The lover of gardens, who is usually also, either potentially or actually, a poet, will appreciate the contents of this little book, in which flowers play so predominant a part. Some of the poems are as dainty as the "frail blue harebells" of which the author sings. I quote a stanza from "In My Garden" to show their quality:

"In my garden a snowdrop has broken her sheath,
The good brown soil stirs underneath,
And Scylla's bells are shaking.
Blue periwinkle begins to creep,
From under their leaves shy violets peep,
While soft and low from a lilac bush,
I hear the sweet note of a hermit thrush,
A love-song's in the making!"

* * *

A SHEAF OF VERSE. *By Members of the Carillon Group of the Writers' Craft Club. Toronto: Ryerson Press.*

The most recent addition to the Ryerson Chap-Book Series is an anthology. There are 18 contributors, who are members of the Writers' Craft Club, a literary organization that has been functioning successfully since 1925. Here we have songs of the Maritimes from the pens of Anne McLean Caldwell and Vera Harrison, and refrains from the West through the pens of Mr. H. R. Leaver, of Edmonton, and Mr. C. F. Lloyd, Miss Mary Cornell and Miss Florence Rice of Winnipeg. Ontario is represented by Laura Bedell and Helen B. Anderson, and Toronto particularly by Verna Loveday Harden, Edna Harrison, Muriel Kennedy, Maryl Jenkins, Kathryn Munro, Thelma Luck, Helen Robinson, Hilda and Laura Ridley, and Florence Westacott. Many of these poems have previously appeared in leading Canadian publications, and their quality, on the whole, is high. The themes vary, from musings on nature, love and death, to philosophic reflections deduced from Greek mythology. As the work of poets who, with one or two exceptions, are Canadian born, this little book, which reveals so much promise, should be of interest.

* * *

THE IMMIGRANTS. *By Marie Zibeth Colman. Toronto: Ryerson Press.*

A note of power distinguishes the work of this writer. She has entered with poetic insight and imagination into the emotions of "New Canadians," and one of the pathetic things she has discovered is that, in a land of material wealth, there is a dearth of that spiritual quality which enables the possessor to divine, in the garb of the most humble immigrant, a bearer of gifts that might be real contributions to the development of the higher and more worth-while life of his new country. I quote a stanza from "Fubuki":

"O Canada! Thou givest bread
With lavish hand—my body walks erect,
Well fed and sleek, for labor apt—
But my soul is a mendicant, kneeling for alms;
My heart is a leaf snatched by the wind,
Untimely done to death, and thou the tree.
But what is a leaf? Or why should the sound
Of a beggar's cry clutch at the heart and blanch
The cheek?
Oh, blind! The beggar's hands
Are heavy with the gifts he bears for thee!"

* * *

THE ARBUTUS TREE. *By John Hosie. Toronto: Ryerson Press.*

A real nature lover is revealed in these graceful poems, one whose mind is lifted to ecstacy by the song of a bird and the mysteries of sunset and dawn. To the writer, with his mystical temperament, all nature is a Sacrament; he says:

"My oak's a frieze against the evening sky
For me to see all heaven by," and—
"No bird that sings but speaks to me
Of God and love and purity."

Some Contrasts and Three New Books

By Marcus Adeney

WE LEARN about most things by way of contrast. That is why it is good to travel, to suffer pain, to have been poor, perhaps even to get drunk. We learn about ourselves only by meeting and observing others. Our self-esteem is a reflex of the real or fancied opinion generally held about us. All this is almost self-evident. Some of its corollaries, however, are not so obvious.

If there were no really good books the ones we casually (and with an air of patronage) say we like would seem to us superlative. If there were no universal standards of excellence, any group of log-rollers could create a separately perfect literature. Never meeting our equals we should imagine ourselves lords of creation. Never receiving an adverse judgment from those about us we should (like royalty not long ago) never have occasion to mend our ways. The entire process of education is one of forcing contrasts upon the growing intelligence; it is justified in the amplification and refinement of our power to choose, to reject no less than to accept, to recognize the spurious and the inadequate no matter where it may appear.

In literary criticism some contrasts are distinctly not fair. One who writes a detective story should not be accused of writing less beautiful English than Keats. Robert Service, who inappropriately applied loosely sentimental rhythms to a stark and desolate land, and whose characters move somewhat jazzily through appalling situations, should not be blamed for his lack of taste. Popular romantic art never was and never will be appropriate to its subject. It deals not with the facts of experience but sentimentally with the unmeaning facts of circumstance. It perpetuates an illusion which all half-educated persons feel to be essential.

A book should therfore be judged very much according to the author's intention; the value of the author will largely depend upon his ability to know his own real intention and to limit himself thereto. It is given to some people to write a good story who know little or nothing about social forces and the tendency of world events. But to represent a whole society one must have a sociological background and perspective, an integrated view of life, a strong historical sense, and something of the prophetic urge. That is, there must be a highly imaginative representation of the most meaningful facts.

The truly sociological novel may be said to be a rare bird. The wisest of living writers have purposely restricted their canvas and the range of their literary interest. Since *War and Peace* no great sociological novel has appeared. It is, indeed, almost inconceivable that our altogether confused times should be grasped and comprehended as a whole by any single living mind. Yet it is but natural and fair enough to refer any would-be sociological novel to *War and Peace* for comparison. If it suffers disastrously thereby we must certainly drop the sociological tag and find another more suitable. In doing so we may be doing the author a real service.

Edith Wharton's new story* of a talented young man reacting to contemporary American life provides us with a sombre object lesson. If no half-baked reviewer or writer of blurbs had told Mrs. Wharton that she was creating "significant and memorable characters," if no one had ever hinted at her "illuminating analysis and comment," we might have had better books from her deft and easy pen. We might have had a succession of psychologically meaningful stories, each getting a little closer to the heart of human nature, each placed against a pleasingly accurate background. As it was, Edith Wharton became a sort of public figure, the glorified woman-interpreter of the New America; she became the great protagonist of a new and sophisticated romantic art. Which, of course, explains her immense success. Her astuteness is never more than half a step beyond that of the average reader; she never, by any chance, says anything that is really new (and consequently shocking). She subscribes wholeheartedly to the American idea of American life to-day, to the rosy American ideal of culture (which is the vaguest possible thing), and her superficial accuracy cannot conceal an inner poverty of experience—the kind of experience that always has and always must precede the creation of real works of art.

All this is a matter of contrast. Upton Sinclair and Sinclair Lewis have written near-psychological novels in America, Aldous Huxley and H. G. Wells in England. They have brought an imaginative point of view to bear (in violently different ways, of course,) upon the facts and beliefs of their time; they have caused a genuine stir in the human consciousness; they have, each in his own way, maintained a certain cultural tradition—achieved and imparted a necessary perspective. Of Edith Wharton, and Arnold Bennett too, for that matter, one could only say that they have photographed accurately, and entertained the public by attaching its favorite dreams to these excellent photographs. And that, my dears, may be good novel-writing, but it has nothing to do with art. It is a craft, the ancient and honorable craft of the entertainer.

But what of *Hudson River Bracketed*? Already holding an immense circle of readers Mrs. Wharton publishes without financial provocation a five-hundred-and-fifty-page novel, sustaining the realistic movements, speech and gestures of a great many two-dimentional stage characters. This novel is full of artistic ideals: the hero spasmodically revels in slightly too familiar poetic masterpieces; there is a young lady of suspicious brilliance whose aesthetic appreciations are as inexhaustible as her flow of words, and there is indeed a convincing background of American life —to one reader it suggested the view from a

train window. Yet there is some excellent description of a poverty-stricken but very respectable family by the Hudson (who, having seen them, could forget those drear, unpainted Hudson River towns) and a final death scene which is splendidly, terribly real. Too much, however, was attempted. The hero, with his many "gifts" attains very little understanding —nor is it through lack of culture, as Mrs. Wharton seems rather romantically to suspect. He simply does not react tragically enough to his environment.

. . .

If Edith Wharton at once depicts and misrepresents the progress of American "culture," Rebecca West performs the same disservice for England. Her new novel, *Harriet Hume*,** starts out as a fantasy. We know that because the first fifty pages are almost exquisite. The words have a value in themselves, they fairly shimmer with subtleties and newly discovered relations. Here, at last, we say, is a naturally good book, one that presents its subject matter in the most beautiful manner possible. And as we get to know the two characters (there are really only two in the book) under circumstances which, as Cabell would say, it is not necessary to mention, we are filled with a great peace, the peace that comes of picking up a decent European book after reading an (I almost said indecent) American one. Here are a few fragments: "And she drew him back to the complete approval of her by giving herself again into his arms, by letting the pulse of her profound excitement shake through her lips on to his. . . . Of all women he had ever known she was the most ethereal . . . a bearded creature, pretentiously austere, overblown with patriarchy, as avid for opportunities to raise a hand to bless or curse his children as a prima-donna for arias. . . . He had the intense black gaze and the dark pluminess of brows, beetling much for so young a man, that are the very thing, as one has seen in a hundred prints, for thinking about politics in a park under thunderclouds."

Now, if Rebecca West had carried her perspicacity just a little further, if she had indulged her gentle irony *just once* at the expense of dear Harriet, we *might* have had a good book. Because then, having laughed at Harriet (who is only a sublimated Rebecca) she would have turned a critical eye upon her own writing, which sorely needed it. For after the first fifty pages invention dies, fantasy is no more, and there is only Harriet Hume, talking very wittily and embarrassingly to a very pretentious and successful young man. If you like that sort of thing (it's a great deal better, by the way, than *The Rich Young Man*) you will like *Harriet Hume*. The critic's point, however, is this: That Rebecca West has written and could still write good books, that if Edith Wharton in America has been influenced by a crude romanticism, too many contemporary English writers are simply victimized by an imaginary over-refinement of sensibility, so that life must seem (officially at any rate) to be no more than a stream of exquisite sensations. There are too many cozy circles in English literature to-day, each with its sterile literary convention.

Whole worlds divide Rebecca West from James L. Hodson, who wrote a war book*** declared by the *Morning Post* to be worth "all the German war books, a permanent addition to English literature." Thus is the culture of England stratified! All the fastidious experience of non-essentials, all the delicate scorn of things utilitarian, of popular sentiment and mass emotion, all the false unworldliness that provides the orthodox intelligentsia with its flimsy sense of superior well-being, lies outside the range not only of Mr. Hodson's experience but also of his imagination.

In England, of course, you subscribe to the beliefs of the circle in which you happen to move; you have no more choice than we have here, who must choose between orthodoxy and the jungle. Only there orthodoxy has its several forms, each appropriate to a certain manner of living. The *Morning Post* thought its readers would like *Grey Dawn—Red Night* because it is full of British spirit while making a few faint concessions to a changing world. For instance, the last page (which has been much admired) employs very badly the technique exquisitely used by D. H. Lawrence to describe a battle-field death in *England, My England*. The opening is reminiscent of *Kipps*. Much realistic detail attends the early experiences of the hero in a Manchester law office. This you will enjoy if you have worked in a law office, been a bit of a rogue, and enjoy talking over old times (very nicely, of course,). The descriptions of life in England are no doubt authentic, very interesting, and, while quite proper now, would have shocked everyone, profoundly, twelve years ago. Disillusionment with the war grows, year by year. Mr. Hodson gives us the 1929 phase of that process. He is too good an Englishman to be one step ahead of his compatriots or to see one yard beyond the path illumined by the *Morning Post*. That is why *Grey Dawn—Red Night* will delight unnumbered thousands of innocent readers. It is a well-written, well-assembled book, full of bright human touches, convincing to any sentimental Britisher, quite unconvincing to anyone else. In fact, this is a book by an Englishman about Englishmen for Englishmen, just as Edith Wharton's book was by an American, about Americans, for Americans. If you happen to be British and share the illusions of your own people and don't much care to be reminded of the underlying kinship of things, you will like *Grey Dawn—Red Night*. And anyway, its battle scenes are quite wonderful. But after the clean candor of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, its inartistic suggestiveness, its self-conscious profanity, seem just a little objectionable.

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*Hudson River Bracketed. *By Edith Wharton. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.* $2.50.

**Harriet Hume. *By Rebecca West. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.* $2.00.

***Grey Dawn—Red Night. *By James L. Hodson. Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co.* $2.00.

A NEW VOICE

A Ribband of Blue. *By Anne Sutherland. Published by the Author.* 75c.

It is customary, to-day, to liken our young poets to some master of song in the past; and to give the inspired child of the hour a place in the Valhalla of the select and few. Anne Sutherland's poetic kinship is not with a Wordsworth or a Tennyson, but with the charming feminine poets, Adelaide Procter, the friend of Charles Dickens, and Phoebe Cary, one of the sweetest of American women singers. Miss Sutherland's growth and greatness as a poet will assuredly be contingent on the development of this feminine note, so marked and distinctive already in all her poetic work.

It is quite true that really great poetry is not being written to-day—nothing with the sublime in it touched with the chrism of the spiritual has appeared since Francis Thompson gave us his great mystical allegory of the soul, *The Hound of Heaven.* I have said that Miss Sutherland's poetic note is essentially feminine, yet it is more than this—it is spiritual, but not obtrusively so. In poetry, religion, like philosophy, should be only incidental. Poetry is, indeed, life; and poor is that life devoid of the touch of the infinite.

Miss Sutherland's little brochure contains an opening poem, *God's Piper*, very representative of her essential genius—mystical insight into the simple things of life; the linked unity of joy and the universe; and the beauty which flows from a world unseen.

God's Piper

Slight and shy and nondescript,
Down the April way he came,
Barefoot lad without a purse,
Beggar lad without a name.
Only as he moved, the leaves
Leaned to whisper love to him,
And the water-lilies yearned
From the silver river-rim
To his feet. Soft-breasted birds
Came and fluttered round his head,
And the light wind stirred his hair,
Laughing at the things he said.
If you asked him what he piped,
He would smile and answer you:
"Whatsoever things are pure
Whatsoever things are true,
Like the hawthorn's veil of bloom,
Like the linnet on her nest,
Like a babe's uncovered eyes,
Least of things and loveliest."
Did he leave no shapely print
Of his young, glad restless feet,
Did no echo follow him,
Fairy music faint and sweet,
Does it matter save that he,
Passed an eager spirit-boy,
In his ragged robe of dream,
Piping beauty, piping joy?

The Thirteenth Disciple reminds one very much of Sidney Lanier's *The Ballad of Trees and the Master.* The same *motif* inspires it and gives it, like its prototype, an arresting originality and charm.

Here is the first stanza:

I wonder when the rabble cried,
"Nay, let Him now be crucified!"
Did not the spirits of His trees
Bend low in tender agonies?
Did not the green bough writhe away
From the sharp axe that sorry day,
And all the forest heavy brood
On whose shamed branch should be his rood?

That Miss Sutherland has an observing eye as well as a sympathetic heart—gifts ever possessed by a true poet—her little poem on September amply attests. Characterization is always a test of observation.

September

I like the world untidy as it is to-day,
Dandelions all gone mad and danced away,
Slattern geese trolloping a lazy trail,
Golden rod rusting on the clean fence rail,
Beads of scarlet berries strung on any breeze,
Bits of broken sunsets falling thro' the trees.

It is, however, when Miss Sutherland transfigures home by the power of love, adorning its altar with the flowers of tender and fragrant virtue, that the feminine note in her song is fully realized. Is not the following poem in its delicacy and simplicity and sincerity full of the very breath of *A Home at Christmas Time?*

A store at Christmas time is so
Ecstatically gay
With color, perfume, voices, that
It takes your breath away;
It's like a lanterned fairyland,
New-blossomed in the street.
A store at Christmas time is gay—
But, oh! a home is sweet!

A church at Christmas time is so
Divinely bright and fair,
With candles on the altar and
A carol in the air.
And sunshine on the church steps
Where the friendly people meet.
A church at Christmas time is fair—
But, oh! a home is sweet!

I think God smiles at Christmas time
Indulgently upon
A store; I think his spirit fills
A church at Christmas dawn;
But when He looks into a home
All snug and warm and neat
(And Mary found in Bethlehem
No threshold for her feet)
I think His eyes fill up with tears—
For oh! a home is sweet!

Here and there is found a faulty rhyme in Miss Sutherland's work, but her poetic growth will rid itself of this. Her gift is very individual and has its nesting place in the heart.

Thomas O'Hagan.

IT NEEDS TO BE SAID!

Reviewed by Marcus Adeney

The idea persists in certain parts of the world that Canada is still largely a wilderness, and that Canadians are, in a sense, backwoodsmen. That idea, like a great many others, will die only when it is conclusively shown to be false. So long as the wilderness remains, in our great cities no less than in the far north (a polite wilderness from which such rude persons as Havelock Ellis have been carefully excluded), so long must we expect to hear, at intervals, a prophetic voice raised in stormy protest. Mr. Grove, who is closely familiar with more than one kind of Canadian wilderness, speaks with a rich and fiery eloquence in this little volume of undelivered addresses "to a certain literary association." He not only says the unpopular thing in the most emphatic manner; he declares categorically that you can't tell people what they want to hear and at the same time save your own immortal soul.

Now, this sort of thing does at all times need to be said, and with precision; but never was it needed more than here in Canada to-day, where success, in the purely American or backwoods sense, is quite enough to disarm every sort of criticism. It needed to be said, for instance, that "In any young writer who joins your ranks there is the potentiality of greatness. No man is born great; he becomes so. What he will do will depend on his aim and outlook. His aim and outlook will, at least in part, depend on the aim and outlook of those with whom he associates. If their outlook be serious, bent on eternal things and values; if their aim be to utter only what in the depths of their hearts cries for utterance; then he will learn to listen unto himself rather, in order to discover that which only *he* can say, than to listen to the clamor of a public or a press which is frantic to hear what flatters its prejudices and its mistaken vanities." It also needed to be said that Arnold Bennett "who, to save his own immortal soul, wrote *The Old Wives' Tale* and *These Twain*, to feed his own mortal body and to buy high-powered motor cars, wrote countless other books which are like chaff before the wind. And let me add that nobody can serve two masters; nobody can first 'make his pile' and then create the things that mirror his uniquely-fashioned soul. It has been tried again and again; and nobody has ever succeeded in doing it." These words have an almost Scriptural ring.

Mr. Grove, like all prophets, is a mighty optimist. He believes so profoundly in human nature and in its potential glory that he simply cannot stand the way most of us drag ourselves round in the muck pretending to like it. His trenchant criticism of Canadian literature, Canadian criticism, Canadian mentality to-day, is the outcome of his tremendous faith in our future as a civilized people. He has brooded upon this land of his adoption, watched the play of seasons, known the hard human struggle in outlying districts, sensed all the beauty and the mystery that still awaits an artist's master-touch. And he speaks passionately because of the depth of his own affection. He would save us from the dust and ashes of our own insincerity; he insists that we can be better Canadians; but only at a price, the sacrifice of direct worldly interest.

That price we may be unwilling to pay; but at any rate, after reading Mr. Grove's book we cannot, especially if we write for the press, entirely fool ourselves any longer. Here we are given a standard; of literary criticism, of literary realism, of literary sincerity, of artistic value, of excellence in the novel. I will not attempt to define that standard, but Mr. Grove hints at a definition when he speaks of a European tradition: "The fundamentally human tradition which looks at life with a fanatical and almost Biblical seriousness even when it smiles or jests."

Of course, the wilderness, in both its forms, has affected Mr. Grove, just as it affects all of us. It makes him passionately anxious to persuade when, under happier circumstances, he would have needed only to imply. He is, for instance, hurt by the lack of any adequate criticism in his own land: "In all those countries where literary criticism is a reality, its attitude toward the contemporary author who produces or tries to produce works of literary art gives that author what he needs more than anything else—except the god-given talent and the god-imposed task, the urge which will not be denied: it gives him an ideal audience to which he can address himself, knowing that, if he have the eye to see and the voice to speak, he will be heard. For no matter what, no matter who, may say, he says it to somebody; and the writer, when he writes, writes for somebody. The critic is necessary; he is indispensable to the author because without him, barring fortunate accidents, that author speaks into a void, he does not even know to whose capacity to adjust his utterance. In fact, he is very apt to underrate the capacity of his potential audience."

It is when he forgets the apparent limitations of his prospective readers that Mr. Grove's ideas flow most freely and effectively: "Now criticism, in contradistinction to art, deals primarily with ideas. The concrete, spiritual experience into which facts of reality have to be transformed in order to become subject matter for art is, by criticism, analysed and recreated as an abstract idea. Such ideas are more easily handled than spiritual experience. They condense the latter into a form which lends itself to discussion. Art, though it is not concerned with originating or developing ideas, often uses them, especially in the art-form of literature as media of expression. Criticism, by dispersing and clarifying ideas — ideas concerned with the spiritual experience of humanity—will tend to create an atmosphere, mental and spiritual, which is uniform throughout an appreciable fraction of the population—and that the fraction which becomes most articulate in public life; and at the same time it will develop one of the most valuable tools of literary art."

IT NEEDS TO BE SAID. *By F. G. Grove. Toronto: Macmillan.* $2.00.

It will be noticed that Mr. Grove's purpose is always a social purpose, that his support of a courageous, individual assertiveness is actually a plea for the richest kind of communal living. Just as the nations as a whole are beginning to understand that the political integrity of every group of similar human beings must be respected, so must we realize the value of the individual, thinking man, the man whose convictions are so truly his own that they override established forms and conventions. It is this message—a plea for the ideally developed individual as the first step in the development of the ideal state, that constantly recurs in Mr. Grove's writing. He knows just as well as you or I that it is an ancient plea to which the world has never listened, for the apparently futile utterance of which men have been burned at the stake by powers both religious and secular. But the light must be carried on; and the bearer, as always, turns out to be a truly original man.

When you think of it, how versatile our Mr. Grove has proved himself to be! Where will you find three books by the same author so dissimilar yet so individually excellent as *The Turn of the Year*, *A Search for America*, and *It Needs to be Said*? An almost devotional fire burns in them all, yet how varied is the field of his observation, how wide the range of his sincere interest! And if he occasionally delivers a more than stinging rebuke let us remember that he is a schoolmaster, and that faced with his peculiar moral excellence we are most of us like bad little boys at the back desks trying just to get by.

* * *

A Native Argosy. *By Morley Callaghan. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited.* $2.50.

Reviewed by John W. Garvin

While in my later twenties I lived for a year and a half in the town of Welland, Ontario. Every week there appeared in *The Welland Tribune*, a syndicated column or two from New York City, consisting of "human interest" stories, gleaned chiefly from police courts. They were vividly written and were so original in character, with seldom any repetition, that they were eagerly awaited and read by many. I cannot remember the name of the writer, but Mr. Callaghan reminds me of him. The vulgar and the criminal has for him, apparently, an equally strong appeal. His first book, *Strange Fugitive*, was chiefly about the rivalries of murderous bootleggers and the unsavory relationships of one of them with degraded women. And in *A Native Argosy* there are fourteen short stories and two novelettes, mainly concerned with "doings" of "the lower five" of human society. To illustrate:

The first story is entitled *A Country Passion*. It tells us of Jim Cline, an ex-criminal, forty-five years of age, who sought marriage with Ettie Corley, a girl of sixteen years. But the minister, knowing of Jim's past, refused to marry them. Thereupon Jim seduced the girl, and she later confessed to her mother. Jim took Ettie down town to buy her some underclothes before she went away, but was apprehended by the sheriff and two assistants, for seduction and attempted abduction. Ettie's mother laid the complaint. Jim felt he must break jail and marry the girl. He succeeded in getting out, but was quickly seized again to stand trial and receive sentence.

The first novelette is named, *An Autumn Penitent*. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Harding are commonplace folk, with Ellen, a sixteen-year-old niece, living with them. Joe seduces Ellen and the poor girl soon discovers she is with child. She tells her Aunt Lottie. The latter, who is in an emotional state, through weeks of attendance at revival meetings, feels she cannot face the impending disgrace; and succeeds in persuading her niece that there is nothing left for them to do but to walk to a near-by river and drown themselves. Lottie leaves a note for Joe which he reads and conceals. The sympathy of the neighbors is with the bereaved husband. But his conscience so troubles him that he is driven to the penitent bench and to public baptism. He thinks it will please his dead wife.

The second novelette has the peculiar title, *In His Own Country*. It is about a newspaper man who read a story about Saint Thomas Aquinas having harmonized the philosophy of Aristotle with the Christian theology of his day, and by so doing having influenced the cultural life of the nations of Europe for many generations; and who conceived the idea that he might bring about a similar result by harmonizing present-day theology and modern science. He read and thought so hard that his mind became somewhat unhinged. He neglected his wife, and she, feeling much aggrieved, was ready to yield to a male tempter, when her husband unexpectedly caught them together. This drove him quite insane, and he wandered away from his house. Failing to find him, the wife lived with her parents for several months, and then returned to her own home to help her mother-in-law nurse back to health the stricken son and husband, restored to them. Notwithstanding all this tragedy, we are told by the publishers that the story is "an extremely touching and ironically effective human comedy."

Mr. Callaghan has developed a literary style, all his own. It is strong, vivid and penetrating. There is never an unnecessary word. It compels and holds attention, even while the reader is protesting against the subject matter. And it is because of this splendid talent that I am much interested in Mr. Callaghan's literary future. No respectable parent would want his children to read *Strange Fugitive* and *A Native Argosy*, and that surely is regrettable. Mr. Callaghan must know that the heroic and noble in human conduct is not less common than the opposite. Then why keep on paddling in a pool of putridity?

* * *

I'm Alone, the book, by the captain of the ship "I'm Alone," is to come next month, and this story of Captain Jack Randall will be a thrilling addition to seafaring tales.

ART NOTES

By Jeanne Adeney

JANUARY was an American month at the Toronto Art Gallery. In addition to an exhibition of woodcuts by J. J. Lankes, two paintings were on view, one by Leon Kroll and the other by Ernest Lawson. Both artists studied at the Art Students' League in New York, and both went to Paris in due time to continue their studies under Jean Paul Laurens. Yet nothing could be more contrasted than the paintings of these two men.

There must be a similarity in the work of every artist, a definite quality belonging to that man. And through this quality must come the special quality of the subject painted. His painting then becomes a kind of union of what is within him perceiving what is without. But there is the same quality in all of Ernest Lawson's impressionistic pictures. Colorado Hills or Peggy's Cove, N.S., seem equally smiling, although the latter is painted more solidly. I think Mr. Lawson must become enamoured with the surface of his canvas which, examined closely, is really beautiful—thick paint of many colors dragged about and smoothed out, producing an opalescent effect. He should design fabrics. But viewed at a distance the impression is often washed out. He does not represent the material of his objects; his trees are too solid and weighted down, his rocks seem too soft. The catalogue tells us that "Lawson's vision has a magic denied to many men, for he can bring beauty out of a region infected with all the impossibilities of any suburban wilderness." His pictures have too much magic and not enough reality. Significant ugliness can be beautiful, even the ugliness of a modern suburb, which, in its way, is expressive of our modern living. Occasionally, when the mood of a landscape fits Mr. Lawson, the picture is a success, as "Frosty Morning."

A great violinist once said that he could play beautiful music on a cigar box, suggesting that the method and not the means is all important. I was reminded of this as I looked at the pictures of Leon Kroll. He paints thinly, his high-lights are often scraped off to the bare canvas. He does not use quantities of paint as Mr. Lawson does. Leon Kroll's painting is modern, but not exaggerated. It is simplified to the essential gesture, the essential modelling and accent. It has done away with the little details of the English painting of Ruskin's time, for instance (beautiful as they may have been). We cover a lot of ground nowadays. Most of us have not time to follow Ruskin in his ramblings, nor have we the mood to appreciate a purely realistic picture. We want the essence of the thing, the pith of the article, the fundamental aspect of the painting. Leon Kroll is one of us, but his landscapes are no less beautiful for that. It would be difficult to find more lovely painting of the nude than "Dorothy" and "Lucienne," and Mr. Kroll's whole attitude is summed up in the simplicity of "Mary at the Window."

Every artist is restricted by his medium, but an artist who chooses to work in black and white limits himself definitely by the elimination of color. And it sometimes happens that the strength of the man depends on the narrowness of the field he has chosen to work in. So it is that J. J. Lankes achieves very fine results from his woodcuts. Mr. Lankes lets the subject dictate its own mood, and to a certain extent determine his technique. His woodcuts of German medieval towns are romantic, while "Buffalo Harbor" is efficient and "Negro House" is simply primitive. His fine work is partly responsible for the revival of the woodcut.

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* * *

BACK TO THE RENAISSANCE

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THE WRITER'S CORNER

Conducted by Donald G. French

Question—"Guess," is usually used wrongly for think, presume, expect, etc., as, "I guess I shall take my car." But, if the character in the story is an illiterate person, would it not be better writing to have him in dialogue use "guess," as he surely would do in real life (particularly if a Canadian)?

Answer—By all means let your characters speak naturally. If it is in keeping with the character to say "guess," let him say it. At the same time it is quite possible to overdo colloquialisms and dialect. Atmosphere, local color, general harmony of conversation and character is often accomplished without the use of dialect or any approach to it.

* * *

Question—When a magazine says distinctly that its contents are *copyright*, does that mean that any article or story appearing in it must *never* be used, even in book form, or in another country?

Answer—This question cannot be answered categorically. It depends upon the arrangement the author of the story or article has made with the magazine. If he has sold only the serial rights, then he may publish the material afterwards in book form without asking permission of the editor of the magazine. If he has sold *all rights* then he has no right to republish or offer elsewhere without that permission. Quite often, however, all the magazine wants is the serial rights for its particular constituency. If it is published and circulated in the United States only, it may raise no objection to the sale of the same material to a Canadian and to a British magazine. But all rests on the understanding between writer and editor. If you send an article to a U.S. magazine and mark it "U.S. rights only," you are quite within your rights in submitting the same article to a magazine in Canada and to a magazine in England. Of course you can understand that a magazine like the *Saturday Evening Post* which circulates so widely in Canada would want to buy both U.S. and Canadian *serial rights;* but, although I do not know positively the policy of the *Post* in this matter, I do not think it would desire to hold the book rights of any material it used. What any magazine usually demands, however, is that the material shall not appear in book form until its serial publication is completed.

* * *

Question—What should the author do about illustrations? Should he have the drawings prepared and submitted with the manuscript, or should he leave this work to the publisher?

Answer—Like many other questions, this can scarcely be answered by a straight answer. Some books do not require any illustrations at all. Ordinarily, a novel is not illustrated. Neither is a book of poems. Of course there are exceptional cases: A novel which may be ranked in the holiday gift book class occasionally is illustrated; a book of children's verse is usually illustrated. Books for boys and girls (classed as "juvenile") are often illustrated.

It is best to leave the matter of illustrations in the hands of the publisher, unless you are an experienced book illustrator, or unless the artist you are getting to do your drawings has already had experience in illustrating books, for there is not merely the matter of the drawings to take into consideration, but you must first know the size and style of the book; whether the drawings are to be made for half-tone engravings or for zinc plates in line; you must consider the question as to whether they are to be printed along with the text or printed separately and afterwards put in as "inserts." There is the question of jacket plates and endpapers and whether these are to be drawn for one or more colors, etc. In fact, there are numerous details which, if you are not already familiar with book illustrating, you are quite likely to overlook, and your drawings, even if excellent, may have to be done over again. Therefore, if you want an answer that will cover the situation rather fully, it is this: Consult the publisher before you finish any drawings for a book that you are submitting for publication.

* * *

Mystery Story Technique

Of interest to writers is the arrival of a revised edition of *The Technique of the Mystery Story*, by Carolyn Wells. It deals with how to arrange, invent, plot out, develop and narrate stories of crime. The book has well over 400 pages and is published at $2.50. Orders may be sent to *The Canadian Bookman*.

Canadian Authors Association

BRANCH REPORTS

THE Montreal Branch has formed a special committee to arrange quarters for visiting delegates to the National Convention, opening on June 24. As hotels in Montreal will probably be crowded at that season, members are advised to send early notice of their intentions to the National Secretary, at 620 Transportation Building, Montreal.

Branch Meetings

On the West Coast

The December meeting of the Victoria and Islands Branch, Alfred Carmichael presiding, was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Cameron. J. Murray Gibbon was the guest of honor and he described the Folk Song festivals held at various Canadian cities in the past few years. Major Bullock-Webster spoke of the League of Western Writers, whose convention in San Francisco he attended last fall as representative from British Columbia. Herbert Hewetson, of the Yuletide Festival Company, sang old French-Canadian folk songs. Mrs. Shandley gave two numbers by a local composer, Douglas Macey; the words of one, "Spring's Triumph," by Mrs. Ebbs-Canavan, and of the other, "'Tis Lilac Time," by Mrs. Mary Rathom, both members of the branch. Donald Fraser and Miss M. Eugenie Perry contributed Yuletide poems of their own; and C. C. Pemberton spoke briefly on A. W. Walkinshaw's book.

In Vancouver, Miss Isobel Forin entertained her fellow-members at the home of Judge and Mrs. Forin, Mrs. Alice Winlow presiding. Dr. W. N. Sage, of the Provincial University, gave an address on British Columbian history, with its many dramatic episodes and colorful personalities. Dr. Frank Burnett also contributed to the historic feast, from his store of reminiscences. A musical programme was given by Mrs. Houston and Mrs. D. N. McTavish.

On the Prairie

At the last meeting of the Saskatchewan Branch, in Regina, Colonel Garner presiding, Miss Evelyn Spice spoke on the principles of book-reviewing, and several members read the ablest and most interesting reviews they had lately come upon. T. O. Rimmer's review of *Young Men of Manhattan* was awarded the prize. Attention was called to a volume of "Saskatchewan Verse," by Robert Jefferson, who is also author of the latest issue of the North-West Historical Society, *Fifty Years on the Saskatchewan.* Miss Irene Moore was elected vice-president. Mrs. J. R. Bothwell was congratulated on her appointment as acting librarian of the Legislative Library.

The Branch gave its approval to the proposed formation of a new Branch at Moose Jaw, subject to the minimum membership suggested by the National Executive.

On the East Coast

The members of the Nova Scotia Branch were the guests of Captain and Mrs. A. E. Taylor for a meeting at which the programme included a study of the life of Bliss Carman, the presentation of a poem entitled "The Moonbeams and the Flowers," and a song composed by Mrs. Taylor and Gilbert Hart, sung by Mr. Hart. Chesley Allen presided. Miss Elizabeth Nutt, a member of the executive, was congratulated on the honor conferred on her by the Royal Canadian Academy of Art.

The New Brunswick Branch, under A. M. Belding's presidency, had a "Scottish Night" at the rooms of the Natural History Society in St. John. Dr. W. MacIntosh read a paper on the Celtic languages, illustrated with phonographic records of old Highland songs, some of which were afterwards sung by Finlay Campbell. A second paper, by Hope A. Thomson, sketched the development of Scottish poetry, from the days of Allan Ramsay; and the Rev. George Scott gave a paper on "Robert Burns and His Times."

The Nova Scotia Branch has lost a gifted member by the death of Miss Mary Fletcher. A graceful and picturesque writer, she had travelled much, and loved especially to communicate to her readers and hearers the charm of Italy.

On the St. Lawrence

The Montreal Branch, at its January meeting in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, with Howard Kennedy in the chair, had as its guest Bertram Brooker, the Toronto critic. Mr. Brooker's address, entitled, "Structure in Literature," dealt not with technique but with the varying ways in which life was regarded by Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Whitman. Music was provided by Miss Olga Guilaroff and Albert Goodstone.

The Influence of the Films

A letter to the Premier of Saskatchewan from George A. Palmer, of the Regina Branch, calls attention to the lack of Canadian atmosphere and spirit in the moving pictures shown at our theatres. The effect, he says, is peculiarly bad at the present stage of our development, with so many of our people ignorant of our historic ideals and institutions. The protest is not against a reasonable proportion of foreign films, but against the total exclusion of all national expression from this popular form of entertainment.

The Premier is asked if the Government has considered the practicability, in licensing films to be shown in the province, of informing exhibitors that films of Canadian events and events in other parts of our Empire should have a preferential place, and that stories of fact and fiction are required with Canadian atmosphere and themes, preferably by Canadian writers and actors; also a certain percentage of films from the continent of Europe. The films poured out by American studios are described as by no means reflecting the best phases of American life, while most of the vocalized films give our youth a false and even atrocious enunciation of the English tongue.

At the Capital

The Ottawa Branch had a dinner on February 3, in the Bytown Inn. Louvigny de Montigny presided, and the guests included the Ministers of France, Japan and China. Tom Moore, president of the Trades and Labor Council, gave an account of the Pacific Relations Conference in Japan, which he attended as one of this Dominion's representatives. The Chinese and Japanese Ministers, Mrs. Madge Macbeth and Lloyd Roberts also spoke.

AUTHORS HONOR DR. ROBERTS

A most entertaining programme was provided at the January meeting of the Canadian Authors' Association (Toronto Branch), there being readings of their own work by almost a score of young poets—juniors and intermediates from Toronto schools and collegiates and a few of those of the Toronto poets who have had collections of their work published in book form. But the *pièce de résistance* of the evening was a presentation to the dean of all the Canadian poets, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, on the eve of the 70th anniversary of his birthday.

Dr. Roberts was in fine fettle. He admitted that the parish register and all records, save one, indicated that he indubitably began his earthly career on January 10th, 1860, but as a subject loyal to his king, no other course was left him but to support the king's signature to the commission as a Major of H.M. 16th Battalion, King's (Liverpool), which he received when he enlisted during the first month of the World War, wherein it was stated that he was born in 1870!

The president and other members of the Branch made felicitous speeches on this occasion and at the conclusion of the meeting Dr. Roberts was kept busy shaking hands and acknowledging the personal congratulations of all present, the attendance on this occasion being one of the largest in the history of the Toronto Branch. The success of this meeting was another tribute to the genius of the present incumbent of the presidency, Dr. E. A. Hardy, in arranging programmes of an unusual and thoroughly appealing nature.

LITTLE THEATRE TOPICS

In response to the recent request for suggestions M. Osborn, Regina, writes *The Canadian Bookman* in part, as follows:

"A discussion of new plays published, as well as criticism of better plays brought from England or New York on tour, together with Little Theatre topics would, I feel sure, prove interesting to your readers. *The Canadian Bookman* could do a great deal to improve the national taste in drama by bringing the better type of play to the public notice.

"St. John Ervine has been saying that we are content with the dramatic crumbs that fall from New York's table. It seems as if the literary population of Canada should do something to take away this reproach.

"Not only would you be doing service to the national drama and literature, but I believe that you would secure fresh readers. There is widespread interest in the Little Theatre movement and good plays, but so far as I can ascertain, there is no Canadian publication which touches this movement.

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We wish to purchase Chemical, Medical and Scientific periodicals in all languages, unbound or bound. Books on the History of Medicine and by the older authorities. Also magazines along Botanical lines. B. Login & Son, Inc., 29 East 21st Street, New York.

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WANTED—*The Story of Canada*, by Howard Angus Kennedy. Also first editions of same writer's *Professor Blackie, Old Highland Days, New Canada and the New Canadians*, and *The New World Fairy Book*. Duff & Merrill, 240 St. James Street, Montreal.

WANTED—Books of Poems, by Alexander McLachlan, Beggs' History of the North West, United Loyalists' Centenary Souvenir, Number 1885, Ryerson—Loyalists of America and Their Times, Hearne's Diaries. Longstaff's, Box 117, Regina, Sask. 2—0

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: : : THE COLLECTOR : : :

The latest issue of *American Book-Prices Current*, that invaluable reference work for the book dealer, the book collector and the librarian, being No. XXXIV and giving a record of books, manuscripts and autographs sold at auction in New York and elsewhere during the season 1927-28, reached The Collector's desk some time ago, but he has unfortunately been delayed in giving it the notice its importance demands.

The season mentioned did not witness the sale of a Gutenberg Bible or anything approaching it in sensational interest, nevertheless a considerable number of very rare books were dispersed, and startling enough were some of the prices realized. The top book price of the season was $16,300, which was brought by a perfect set, with all the requisite points, of the original 19 parts of Dickens' *Pickwick Papers*, or, as it was first entitled, *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, published in 1836-37, this being the Hatton-Cole copy. The next high price was $14,000, which was paid for Rudyard Kipling's rarest book, *The Smith Administration*, Allahabad, 1891, No. 3 of the only 3 copies left undestroyed, and having inserted an A.L.S. of the author and 2 A.L.S.'s of Mrs. Kipling. The third highest price was $11,300, which was realized for William Blake's *Europe: A Prophecy*, comprising 17 plates on 10 leaves, the text being printed in green and brown, and the illustrations painted in watercolors by Blake, in the original paper and covers, published by Blake himself in 1794, each page, except the frontispiece and title, being numbered in Blake's hand. A few other striking prices follow:

Joseph Conrad's *Chance*, London, 1913, the suppressed first issue, and containing 8 pp. advertisements dated Autumn, 1913, $2,300; Conrad's *Nigger of the Narcissus*, copyright edition, printed from types set for serial publication in *New Review*, London, 1897, $4,900; Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, 3 Vols., London, 1719-19-29, first issues of the first editions of all three volumes; Thomas Gray's *An Elegy Wrote in a Country Church Yard*, London, 1751, first issue of the first edition, with some minor defects, $4,900; Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts*, 3 Vols., London, 1903-06-08, each title stamped "Presentation Copy," $2,350; Robert Herrick's *Hesperides*, London, 1648, first issue of the first edition, $2,200; *The Humourist*, 4 Vols., London, 1819-19-19-20, with 40 colored etchings by George Cruickshank, each in first state, in original red printed boards, $4,250; Rudyard and Beatrice Kipling's *Echoes of Two Writers*, Lahore (1884), original wrappers, with unpublished poem by Kipling on this production, $6,000; Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills*, Calcutta, 1888, first issue of the first edition, inscribed, $5,000; Kipling's *Schoolboy Lyrics*, Lahore, 1881, original wrappers, signed, with an A.L.S. of Mrs. Kipling tipped in, $4,750; Kipling's *The Seven Nights of Creation*, Calcutta, 1886, pamphlet of 3 leaves, containing poem of 145 lines, printed from type of *The Calcutta Review*, with note in author's hand, $2,200; T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, London, privately printed, 1926, $2,500; Christopher Marlowe's *Famous Tragedy of the Jew of Malta*, London, 1633, first edition, $7,600; *Wit's Magazine and Attic Miscellany*, 20 original parts in 2 Vols., London (1818), with 20 colored titles and 20 colored frontispieces, by George Cruickshank and Thomas Rowlandson, $2,600.

The real high prices for the season were set by simple autographs, leading off with $19,200 for the autograph signature of Button Guinnett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, to an order for payment of an account as President of the State of Georgia, and followed by $18,600 for another Guinnett autograph, this being on a mortgage, given by him of the Island of St. Catharine, Georgia. The next high price under the heading of autographs and manuscripts was $18,000, which was paid for the MS. of a speech by Abraham Lincoln on "Sectionalism," delivered October 1, 1856, consisting of about 1,750 words. Other important prices under this head follow:

Robert Burns, A.L.S., "R. Burns," 6 pp., 4to., Dec. 20, 1795, to Mrs. Dunlop in London, and containing "Poem to Chloris," $7,800; Lord Byron, A.L.S., "N.B.," 1 page, Pisa, Aug. 14, 1822, to Edward Trelawney, arranging for the burning of Shelley's body, with Byron's wax seal, $2,800; Samuel de Champlain, D.S., one page, contract with a servant, signed also by his wife, Helene Boulle, and by official witnesses, Cartier and Fontaine, $3,200; Joseph Conrad, typed M.S., *Under Western Eyes*, 28 pp. in autograph, and hundreds of autograph corrections, and editions with A.L.S. to E. Garnett referring to this MS., $2,200; transcript on vellum of the Constitution of the United States, signed by Schuyler Colfax, H. Hamlin and Abraham Lincoln, $12,000; Charles Dickens, A.L.S., 4 pp., July 18, 1849, to Mrs. S. C. Hall, denying Mrs. Seymour's claim regarding the origin of *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, $2,800; Benjamin Franklin, A.L.S., 2 pp., Paris, April 2, 1777, to Lord Viscount Stormont, relative to British treatment of American prisoners in Europe, $3,900; Franklin, A.D.S., Paris, April 3, 1777, receipt for 500,000 livres, money of

France, signed also by Silas Deane and Arthur Lee, $3,900; Button Gwinnett, cut signature on small piece of paper, mounted, $5,200; Washington Irving, printer's copy for revised edition of the *Life of Columbus*, partly in autograph and with thousands of autograph corrections, bound in 3 Vols., $2,500; John Keats, A.L.S., 2 pp., with part of poem beginning "O Sorrow," differing slightly from published form, $6,600; Rudyard Kipling, MS., Confidential Touring Report to the Royal Automobile Club of an Automobile Touring Trip in France, 3 pp., with A.L.S., April 7, 1911, telling of the trip, $3,900; Kipling, MS. of poem, "Ford O'Kabul River," one page, $3,100; Tobias Lear, A.L.S., one page, Mount Vernon, Dec. 15, 1790, to Lawrence Lewis and G. W. P. Custis, announcing death of Washington, $2,900; Abraham Lincoln, A.L.S., 2 pp., Springfield, Jan. 8, 1859, giving substance of his side of the questions in the Lincoln-Douglas debates, $3,500; Thomas Lynch, Jr., (another of the "Signers"), 2 autograph signatures in book with Latin quotations in his hand, $7,500; R. L. Stevenson, 13 MS. poems (some unpublished), 14 pp., evidently part of larger volume, the pages being numbered 48-60, $3,100; Oscar Wilde, MS. of *The Duchess of Padua*, Op. II, 226 pp., signed by author, $3,850; Rogers Williams, A.L.S., one page, Providence, March 3, 1639, to John Winthrop, Governor of Massachussets, concerning an agreement with the Indians of the Providence Plantations, $7,350.

* * *

Robert F. Sharp, keeper of printed books, otherwise chief librarian of the British Museum, retired on the last day of the year after fifty years' service in the library of that institution. Fifty years ago there were just over one million books in the British Museum Library. To-day there are more than three millions, which are housed on 46 miles of shelves. A copy of every book published in Great Britain must be sent to the British Museum, which contains fifteenth century manuscripts and the latest "penny dreadful." About 800 persons use the reading room daily.

* * *

The British Record Society, believing that many parchments, and other documents of historical value, are hidden away in solicitors' offices, stored in attics and cellars and even serving as sides of toy drums, is launching a campaign for the better preservation of public and private documents. This is a movement which might be well set on foot in Canada, for despite the activity of Dominion and Provincial Archivists, there can be no question that valuable historical documents are constantly being lost to the country through passing into hands of persons having no interest in or knowledge of their contents.

THE COLLECTOR.
H. M. R.

THE ROMANCE OF THE PALLATINE MILLERS. *By Rev. W. Bowman Tucker, M.A., Ph.D. Published by the Author at Montreal.*

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* * *

WITH THE BIRDS

For the encouragement of the love of birds on the part of boys and girls, two admirably written books, that are intensely interesting, even for older readers, are among the season's Canadian books. The author is Miss E. L. Marsh, naturalist. They are companion books *With the Birds—For Little Folk* and *With the Birds in Field and Garden*, (Dent), published at 60c. and 70c., respectively.

These are of course not the first nature books published by this author and she is familiar too, to thousands of readers by reason of her feature articles each Saturday in the *Mail and Empire*, of Toronto, dated from her home at Peasemarsh Farm.

The stories in these volumes bring out the habits and characteristics of such familiar birds as the robin, the sparrow, the bluebird, the bobolink, the oriole, the meadow-lark, the blackbird, the crow, the woodpecker and the wren. Nor does the author overlook the loon, the tanager, the prairie horned lark, the snow bunting and numerous other feathered beauties that are less familiar.

Miss Marsh has done a real service in writing these books and they deserve wide circulation, all the more so because of the numerous plates in full color with which the books are adorned.

J. M.

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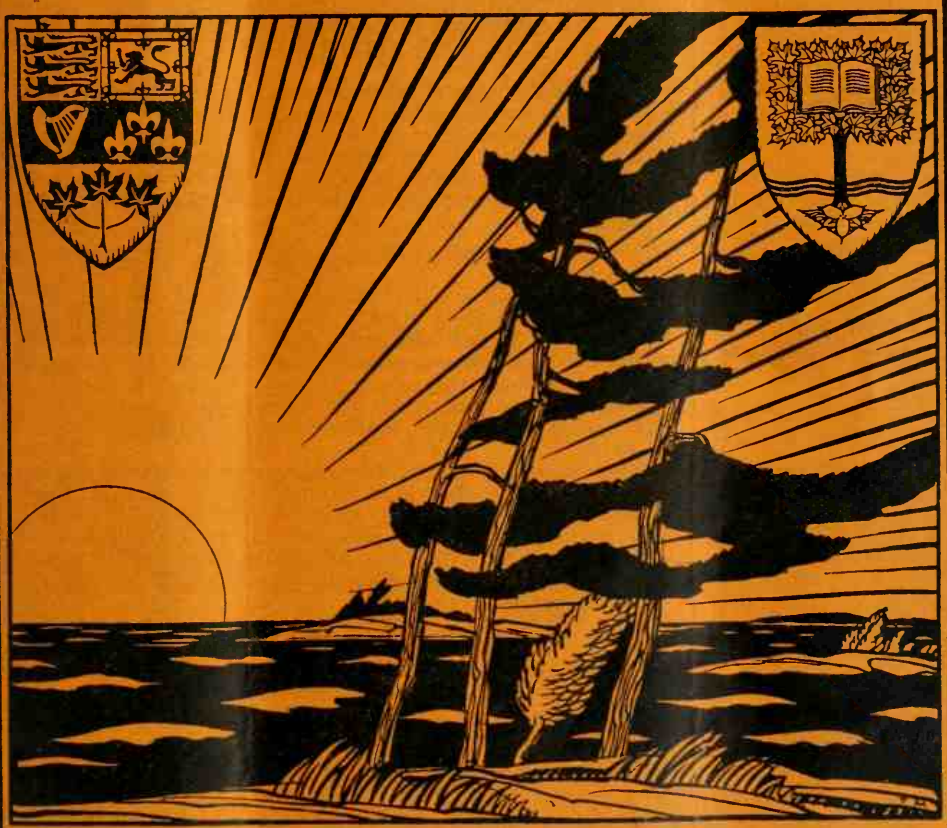

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Vol. XII., No. 3 TORONTO, MARCH, 1930 25c. a Copy $2.00 a Year

Who's Who in Canadian Literature

FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE

By Anne Anderson Perry

IN VIEW of the well deserved eminence attained in recent years by Frederick Philip Grove, it is of interest to recall first impressions of so dynamic a personality and an interview in which he expressed his opinions on authorship.

A first acquaintance with Grove, the writer, had been made by many of us through the exquisite word pictures depicted in "Over Prairie Trails," but Grove, the man, had been known to few of his fellow craftsmen up to the time —now some five years ago—when he attended the annual meeting of the Canadian Authors Association, in Vancouver. With his attractive wife and young daughter, and his friend, Professor Phelps, of Manitoba University, Grove had motored from Winnipeg to attend the convention, of which it was quite apparent he expected greater things than he found.

The dynamic quality of the man could be sensed almost on sight. About his powerfully built, gray-clad, somewhat stooped figure, with its strikingly outthrust head and face, there was an electric atmosphere and when the startlingly brilliant steel-blue eyes flashed, or the rich voice boomed, there was much more than a touch of Olympian fire; there was in every expression and gesture a fervency, an aloofness, a distinctiveness which at once placed him as a man of mark.

Since that time Grove's larger and better known books have been published and he has been recognized as an author of unusual mentality; a creative artist of high gifts, a stylist of sorts and a profound thinker. But one had only to watch him in action at this convention, with his fervency of conviction, his spiritual fire, his lightning-like grip of essentials and his courage, to know that here indeed was not only a writer of books, but an uncompromising idealist to whom his craft was a cult. It was not until a discussion arose at the convention regarding some proposed amendments to the Copyright Act that Grove first took the floor. A publisher from the east had just finished setting forth the views of himself and other gentlemen of his profession as to certain clauses in the Act. He had wound up his remarks by stating, "After all, Mr. Chairman, publishers, like authors, must live."

Immediately the flaxen-haired Grove was on his feet, a vigorous figure of protest. In his big, but highly cultured voice, which at once arrested the attention of all present, he said: "After that remark, I feel like repeating the story you all know so well, about Cardinal Richelieu and the impecunious poet who was demanding a pension. 'After all, Sire,' said he, 'poets must live.' But Richelieu only shrugged his shoulders and replied, 'J'n'ai vois pas le necessite.'

"I would not hesitate, Mr. Chairman, to say the same of the Canadian publisher, if he really existed, but he does not exist. The Canadian publisher is usually just an agent for a British or American publishing house. He has little separate existence. His rights are very problematical, nor do I hesitate to say that people who want the

licensing clauses in the Copyright Act are simply pirates."

At this point there were murmurs of "Bolshevism" from some quarters of the meeting, but Mr. Grove's booming voice went on: "The author writes with his very heart's blood. I took seven years to write 'Settlers of the Marsh' and seven years to market it. Even then, what appeared was but an amputation, a thing slashed and cut to suit the publisher's idea of what the reading public wants. I often feel like crying out, 'If this work is mine, I wish to do with it as I will, not as you will.' But alas, we must conform to standards or our books remain unborn."

The selfsame intensity of burning conviction and fearlessness were evident on the second occasion when Mr. Grove briefly addressed the meeting. This time the matter before the house was "Can Canada Support the Canadian Author?" Arthur Heming, Robert Watson, Leslie Barnard and others had been amusingly and convincingly showing that the only place for a Canadian author to make a good living was in American or English markets, when the time came for Grove to speak on the matter. Half an hour had been assigned him for discussion of this topic, but owing to the impingement of one of the numerous pressing social functions he had been requested by the chairman to shorten his remarks.

"It seems to me more than a pity," said he warmly, on rising, "to curtail the convention business for the convention's pleasure. I cannot say what I have to say in the time allotted and will not attempt it. But it would seem to me that the main question which we ought to be discussing here is not 'Can Canada Support the Canadian Author?' but 'Can Canada Produce an Author?' " He then refused further comment in the time at his disposal, though many of the delegates would rather have missed the social function than the privilege of hearing what he had to say.

Later on, however, in a quiet half hour snatched from sight-seeing, Grove was prevailed on to give his ideas on the subject to the writer, and in a shady nook behind the Parliament Buildings at Victoria, the Carlylean fervor and fire of the man were even more apparent as he very earnestly discoursed as follows:

"Why should a society such as the Canadian Authors Association discuss 'Can Canada Support the Canadian Author?' as though this were all? The product of an author is the greater question and it seems to me that the ways an organization of this kind might assist the struggling artist in Canada are two-fold. The first—always the first—is by inspiration in looking to the heights. The second — always the second—is practical help in finding markets or discussing 'support.'

"The young writer who really has something to say should be impressed with the fact that, comparatively speaking, the market is nothing. The thing of first importance is that he shall chronicle that reaction to life which is real and personal to him. Literature is not a commercial product. It is the soul of the writer. In European literature we sense plenty of that fundamental honesty without which no literature can exist, but in the United States and Canada this great quality of honesty, along with the higher creative gifts is often sadly lacking. Yet without these essentials writing becomes a mere trade and the only question of moment is how best to market its product. I contend that an Authors' Association should be more concerned with the production of literature than with trade and commerce. What we must develop in Canada in our writers is a high desire to express that which we only can express, the attitude of this people and its reactions to life."

Just such an uncompromising idealist is Frederick Philip Grove and when in quest of the things which have gone to the making of this fine craftsman—the artist with a vision—you ask for information about his early life, the facts disclosed by Professor Phelps or himself shed more than a little light on most unusual backgrounds.

Grove was born in Sweden in 1872, his father being a landowner in that country and his mother a Scottish

woman of high birth, ample means and great social distinction. He was educated at various schools and universities in Rome, Paris and other capitals, becoming in his youth and young manhood familiar with five European languages and the literature of the many lands in which he travelled. He was given, indeed, the training and culture of a European "young blood," but he was badly equipped to face the world as a wage-earner in any capacity.

FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE

At the death of his mother, which occurred while he was still in the early twenties, it was found that her great patrimony had almost disappeared, and young Philip, with a few thousands in his pocket, was told by his father that it would be necessary that he make his own way in the world. Then began a roving life which eventually brought him to America in search of vocation and fortune. Grove's experiences at this period and later are vividly portrayed in his "Search for America." Essentially, perhaps an impractical man, and undoubtedly always the thinker, poet and idealist, this aristocrat by birth and breeding soon became thoroughly disillusioned as to the America of his dreams and in the pursuit of his visions, took to the road. For several years he was a tramp as unique as William Davies, the English poet. Before giving up this life he had tramped thousands of miles through the United States and Canada. In the 90's sometime he reached Winnipeg and Manitoba where he made up his mind to dwell and to take a university degree, which would fit him for teaching in that province.

"Since then," said Professor Phelps, his admirer and staunch friend, "Grove has found this continent his teacher, interest and home, so that when he sought self-expression in writing, he chose English as his medium, rather than Swedish or French, though these had been built into his cultural life from very early years, and such mastery as he exhibits of our language is rarely attained save by those born to its use."

As a country school teacher on the prairie, Grove put in the hard months and years depicted with such power and beauty in "Over Prairie Trails," but later he was principal of the High School in Rapid City, a position only relinquished when his career as a writer of books was well established.

Happily married to a clever, congenial wife and the father of a most attractive young daughter in her teens, Grove, at the time of the Vancouver convention, was just entering on a period of well-earned fame as a successful author. Since then, the death of his daughter has constituted one of the tragedies of his life, but as a lecturer and writer he has become rapidly well known as a notable figure in Canadian literary circles, where he is to-day appreciated at his true worth.

Check List of Books

Over Prairie Trails. 1922. $2.00. Macmillan.

Turn of the Year. 1923. $2.00. Macmillan.

Settlers of the Marsh. 1925. $2.00. Ryerson.

Search for America. 1927. $3.00. Graphic.

Our Daily Bread. 1928. $2.00. Macmillan.

It Needs to be Said. 1920. $2.00. Macmillan.

Adolescence. 1930. $2.00. Macmillan.

The Canadian Predicament

By Marcus Adeney

IT MAY seem strange, but every observer seems, for good or ill, to have found really notable difference between America and Europe. Men and women travel to and fro; goods, methods and ideas are interchanged; there is a constant flow and a constant absorption; all without essential effect. The divided states of Europe and the United States of America retain their separate entities, clear cut and distinct as human personalities, as if some oversoul linked the men of one locality and one culture into a single enduring whole, a kind of super-organism.

Somewhere between the old and the new, the matured and the infantile, the decadent and the crudely blatant, stands Canada, culturally more ambiguous than any other nation on earth. And Canadians, a pleasantly liberal people with roots nowhere and a wilderness for a background, sensing their own lack, try to create artificially a cultural oversoul, a spiritual unity where none actually exists. They make a great stir and splutter (now and then) in the midst of their own American cities, between pro-British demonstrations and pro-American board-meetings, singing songs about our fathers' land of old and working off a great deal of natural steam. But down in their hearts they know not where they belong nor where they are going. This would be a tragic condition if anyone were conscious enough to care.

Nevertheless there is some good for individual Canadians in this anomalous state of spiritual suspension. We alone can see the opposition between Europe and America (for opposition it necessarily is) with sympathetic reaching in both directions. There is no need to demonstrate our admiration for the U.S.A. Our every vital gesture (that is to say our every economic move) reveals an illimitable confidence, an almost pathetic hope, a pure loyalty. Even when the Toronto "Telegram" gets more than usually irritable and uses language in speaking of Washington which would provoke at least a diplomatic exchange in Central Europe, the Americans only smile like genial parents. The hands which rest so firmly upon our shoulders can afford to be tolerant; the instigator, the first cause of all our well-being, knows how to overlook small petulences.

On the other hand we alone can understand the mind and heart of England, for there lies our true heritage. Her blood stream and ours are one, her shame and glory touch us as closely as our own success or failure; only in England could we ever, as individuals, be fundamentally at peace, ever know the relaxation of a child upon the mother's breast. And that is because the sort of oversoul which is England consists of souls essentially like our own. Not that peace and well-being necessarily attends every Canadian who returns to the Old Country. We carry all sorts of imperfections within ourselves, our needs have been too far exploited by Americans, our English nature has been too far warped by a ready acquiescence in everything that seems like a modern improvement. We are indifferently skeptical where, as Englishmen, we should be most responsive; we have lost something of the keen edge which a mature culture puts upon natural perceptions. We are bluntly practical but not so successfully alive; we can sentimentalize in the American fashion but we have very little use for advanced forms of humanism (it is not because England is backward that she has placed a tentatively socialist government in power). Our ways are divided and the division threatens to grow a lot wider.

This division, which is almost the most unhappy thing that can befall the individual or nation, reveals itself in many ways—in the realm of morals and conduct most apparently. A people which glorifies austere, self-forgetful, sacrificial conduct, in other words a Christian people, at the same time living what is oddly termed a normal life of self-interest and self-indulgence, will tend always to exaggerate an apparently necessary discrepancy. It will

worship austerity the more intensely because of its indulgence; it will be fascinated by indulgences to the degree that it worships austerity. This opposition (which could be successfully broken down from either end) is at last conceived to be primary and inescapable; the mark of a good man is his willingness to worship, together with his good-fellowship in the minor forms of sin. Thus do we build up unnecessary antagonisms within ourselves—unnecessary because there is no real reason why Canadians should not plan their lives according to the dictates of good sense, allowing due place for all their real needs — emotional no less than moral and spiritual. That is to say, the opposition, while it has a traditional, has no discoverably rational basis.

Actually, Canadians do this because the polarity extends far beyond the life of individuals; it permeates the whole social fabric and has its counterpart in our international relations. England is our ideal Light-o'-love; to her we sing our sacred national songs, to the King we propose our toasts and dedicate all our public meetings; England is almost our religion. The United States of America is our weakness, our source of chronic gratification. Our praise of her is less voluble but to her we subscribe; to her dollars we add our dollars (even as she adds dollars to our own); day by day in every way we offer her that which is the sincerest form of flattery; her technicality, with all its material yield, is our chief envy and social aim. When we think of America we want to do what is immediately best for ourselves, when we think of England we hope wistfully that all will work out for the best in the end. But it is towards America, towards her ways of thinking, feeling and acting that we tend, just as in our private lives it is the rich materiality of the world that attracts us more than the immateriality of a religious ideal.

That is why an impartial observer (I don't pretend to be one myself) could say, without fear of successful contradiction, that Canada is a backward country, a land which, never possessing a native culture, has been unable to assimilate new world attitudes—attitudes embodied, in radically different ways of course, by England and America. These two nations carry forward the historic process, maybe towards the millenium, maybe towards wholesale disaster. But Canada stands apart, sentimentally leaning one way or another but containing within herself no clear, moving tendency. Canada is a spiritual backwater, and not being at all conscious of the fact will probably remain so for a long time to come. Who knows? This land may yet become famous the world over as a museum of all the orthodoxies.

TO A VIOLET

By Alice Elizabeth Wilson

SWEET violet, raise your modest head
From the sheltering folds of your mossy bed,
Lift to the heavens your wistful eye
Catching the blue of the April sky.

The sun is shining through lacy trees
Warming the breath of an errant breeze,
And the moon will flow with subtle grace
To silver the top of your tiny face.

The clouds are wandering to and fro,
Brimming with mist for the earth below,
Which the friendly wind, with his finger-tips,
Will waft in a drop to your dainty lips.

So open your heart to the morning sun,
Drink the delight of a day begun,
Then drowsily close with a dream at night,
Wrapped in a beam of the moon's soft light.

It is Reported THAT—

—a complimentary dinner was given to Prof. E. J. Pratt, at St. Martin's House, Toronto, on February 28th, on the occasion of the launching of his new book, *The Roosevelt and the Antinoe.*

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—Longmans, Green & Co.'s $7,500 novel contest has been extended to April 15th. Details were give in the August, 1929, issue.

* * *

—writers of love letters are now having their chance in a contest. The Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass., offers a first prize of $250, second prize $150, third prize $100, five prizes of $20 and ten of $5 each for (1) the best love letter; (2) the best "bread and butter" letter in appreciation of the hostess after a visit; (3) the best farewell letter to a friend going away. There will also be a $750 prize for the letter judged the best of all three types. Contest closes May 31, 1930. The judges will be Ray Long, Fannie Hurst and Emily Post.

* * *

—in an address on "Manitoba Literature," in Theatre A, at the University of Manitoba, A. S. Morrison said that it was not until after 1870, the year of Manitoba's union with Canada, that its literary achievements reached beyond the parochial stage. No novels were written in the first thirty years of Manitoba's settlement. Then came a long and distinguished company which included Dr. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor), Agnes Laut, Robert Stead, Robert Watson, F. P. Groves, who is able to write in French, German, English and Swedish; R. E. Ingersoll; Martha Ostenso, whose first book brought her fame and money; Dr. James McGillivray; Constance Sweatman, whose novels he thought were not quite the right medium for introducing some of the problems she deals with; Rev. A. C. Garrioch, who is 83 years old and has written three books in the past seven years; W. J. Healy, the late Dr. John MacLean, the late Dr. J. M. King and J. W. Dafoe. In poetry, Mr. Morrison commended the work of Robert Stead, W. T. Allison, E. W. Thomson, Mrs. Livesay, C. F. Lloyd, E. J. Thomas, Watson Kirkconnell, Hilda Hesson and Nan Molton.

* * *

A subscriber who binds his files asks for a duplicate copy of Vol IX, No. 9 of *The Canadian Bookman,* September, 1927. Unfortunately the supply of this issue is exhausted. Can any subscriber who does not make it a practice to retain files for binding furnish a copy of this back number?

* * *

Byron and Byronia is the title of a catalogue just issued by Elkin Mathews Limited, London. It comprises 776 items, with first editions and others arranged in chronological order.

Inside Stuff

From St. John, N.B., Miss Vivien M. Fowler writes: "Enclosed please find cheque covering my subscription to June next. May I again tell you how much real enjoyment I derive from your magazine. I depend on your book reviews in my choice of reading matter. While each issue contains something especially appealing, Jeanne Adeney's article on the Armingtons was 'it' for January."

* * *

Miss Mary A. Knight, whose poems occasionally appear in *The Canadian Bookman,* in a recent letter said: "Your January number seemed to be particularly good. Especial gratitude is due A.S.M. for presenting to us that gem of Mrs. Dalton's, 'A Solitary Bird.'"

* * *

Little Theatre News

In a letter strongly endorsing Mr. Osborne's remarks in the February issue of *The Canadian Bookman,* Mr. L. Bullock-Webster, of Victoria, B.C., refers to the ever-growing interest in the better class of plays. He mentions also the series of private Play-Readings successfully given in British Columbia in the past ten years. The letter continues: "Literary Canadians turn to *The Canadian Bookman* for inspiration and guidance. The dramatic field is of vital importance to our writers. The time has come when this sphere of artistic endeavor might well receive greater attention than in the past."

Editor's Note—*The Canadian Bookman* invites further letters on this subject and news about Little Theatre events in different Canadian cities.

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QUERIES RE OLD BOOKS

Among the letters of enquiry regarding Old Books which have reached us recently are the following: "I am writing you regarding an old book of mine. The book is a Foxe's *Book of Martyrs,* a revised edition by Rev. J. Milner. It was purchased by my grandfather in Scotland in 1840. If this edition is of any value I would like to sell it. Your opinion would be must appreciated."

* * *

A Montreal subscriber writes: "I am interested in obtaining *Amenities of Book Collecting* and *The Magnificent Farce.*" This book collector has copies of a first trade edition of *A Strange Interlude* and a limited edition of *Random Candide.*

* * *

From Foyle's, London, comes *The New Year Catalogue from the Rare Book Department,* 64 pages.

THE MILLION POUNDS DEPOSIT. *By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited.* $2.00.

THE RUNNER: A ROMANCE OF THE NIAGARAS. *By Ralph Connor. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran and Gundy.* $2.00.

BY SHORE AND TRAIL IN STANLEY PARK. *By Robert Allison Hood. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited.* $2.50.

THE MERIVALES. *By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.* $2.00.

ADVENTURES IN SERVICE. *By George C. F. Pringle. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited.* $2.00.

THE LOST CONTINENT OF MU: THE MOTHERLAND OF MAN. *By Col. James Churchward. There are Seventy-five Illustrations. New York: William Edwin Rudge.*

Review Comments by John W. Garvin

Oppenheim is one of the most prolific writers of fiction, known to this generation, and one of the most popular. His 100th book appeared not long ago. His creative and constructive imagination seems to have no limit, for every novel and short story of his has its own distinctive features. He is often careless in his use of the King's English, but his stories are so absorbing that the reader does not stop to find fault . . . Oppenheim seems to have unusual means of getting reliable information. Had Britain, France and America heeded the warnings in a number of his novels, written and published before the Great War, they would have been better prepared for the Germans in July, 1914.

In the story under review, the dramatic actions revolve around two murders, and the theft of a chemical formula of superlative value in the Boothroyd silk industry in Leeds, England. Lord Dutley, the chief owner of Boothroyds, with a princely income, had spent much time in big game hunting in Abyssinia, to the neglect of his manufacturing business, and of his fiancée, and returned to find the latter rather interested in a certain Baron, and the former on the verge of ruin. But he had inherited courage and foresight, and he put all his faculties to work to hunt the criminals—a new kind of big game for him. How Lord Dutley succeeded, the reader must discover for himself. It is a story with many thrills.

. . . . . .

An historical novel is one of the best means in the teaching of history, if the author is careful not to wander too far from actual facts. I had looked forward with much interest to reading *The Runner*, but the first chapter somewhat chilled my desire. In the third paragraph we are told that "the *Blue Bell* of Glasgow, trading out of Liverpool by way of the West Indies, laden with merchandise from London, and with Jamaica Rum, sugar, fruits, and spices from the West Indies as well, after beating up the river with much tacking, against a head wind, found herself slowly swinging into The King's Wharf at Niagara to unload her cargo." . . . As no ship from Liverpool could possibly reach Niagara in 1812, and as vessels constructed on the shores of Lake Ontario were then acutally trading in those waters, what was the author's object in beginning his story with such a misleading statement? . . . Several times Major-General Brock is referred to as 'Lieutenant Governor.' He acted as Administrator in the absence of Lieutenant Governor Gore in England, but was never appointed the latter's successor.

Brock's character is admirably portrayed and it is made clear how he was hindered and done to death, in his heroic and brilliant efforts to save the Canadas, by the stupidity and possible cowardice of Governor General Prevost.

The Runner, René Laflamme, is rather too much of a super-youth, it may be, but innumerable young people still thrill and rethrill at his manliness and skill and daring deeds. There are many historical characters in the book, but René is a creation out of the imagination of the author, and his career is consistently conceived throughout. But when the reader is expected to believe that Laflamme and Black Hawk, his Indian chum, travelled on foot in the Spring, when the trails in the forest were well nigh impassable, all the way from the present Niagara-on-the-Lake to Montreal *in five days*, his credulity is strained over much . . . The curious thing is that not one of the defects in the narrative is in any sense necessary. Apart from them, the causes which led to the war and all the important military details of the contending forces, are given graphically and with sufficient accuracy, and are held in a bond of unity by their association with leading characters . . . That an experienced novelist wrote *The Runner* is very manifest, and it is to be hoped this popular writer will repeat, in fictional form, his teaching of Canadian history.

. . . . . .

Robert Allison Hood's timely book has thirty-six excellent reproductions of photo-

graphs; and thirty-five poems by the author, each accompanied by fuller details in prose. A few of the titles to the prose chapters will further indicate the interesting character of the contents: 'The Visit of the Prince of Wales,' 'Deadman's Island,' 'The Herons' Tree,' 'The Totem Poles,' 'The Shelley Stone,' 'Captain Vancouver in English Bay,' 'The Pulpit,' 'The Pauline Johnson Monument,' 'The Seven Sisters' and 'The Japanese War Memorial.' . . . An Introduction by Bernard McEvoy adds to its value. He relates that when he saw Stanley Park first in 1901, he wrote home of his impressions in these words: "There is a solemn stillness in this woodland, and but few bird-voices. Only an occasional caw from a crow breaks the stillness, and you have the feeling that something is going to happen. You walk out a little way and gaze over the sea. Looking you see the avenues of the forest full of purple shadows and sun-gilded haze. There is a majesty about the scene that calms and exalts." The majesty is chiefly due to the giant firs, the largest trees in Canada, and probably not less than a thousand years old. . . . In August, 1926, Mrs. Robie L. Reid was kind enough to motor Mrs. Garvin, Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts and myself through the Park, and all the wonders in its thousand acres were shown and related with vivid comments. The untimely death, since, of our dear friend and hostess, Mrs. Mackay, has made that visit sacred.

Mr. Hood's descriptive and entertaining verse, together with the many illustrations and the comprehensive and accurate data in prose, make this volume pleasurable to read and valuable as a book of reference.

. . . . . .

The Merivales is one of the most charming of the stories this well-known novelist has written. The chief character is Ursula Merivale Spaine in her 84th year, the mother of eleven children (legitimate), the grandmother of many, the great grandmother of not a few, and the great great grandmother of twin babies. Mrs. Spaine is the possessor of millions, is a strong, wise, well-bred Southerner, and holds almost regal sway in her community. But she has a secret known only to herself, which she carries to the grave. David France, superintendent of her large estate, is the son of her illegitimate first-born. Her lover, a gentleman, was killed in the Civil War before their marriage could take place. Confiding in her mother, she was saved from disgrace by a trip abroad, and a year or two later she succeeded in arranging for the adoption of her son by a childless couple near her home . . . There is a very lively young couple in this novel, parents of the twins, and two beautiful marriageable young women. How the old lady guides, directs and manipulates, until she succeeds in marrying her youngest son to her secretary, and her grandson by her love-marriage (illegitimate) to the only daughter of a wealthy, proud, powerful banker, is a humorously told unfolding of the plot. And then her unexpected death and the surprising codicils to her will!

After reading the first two or three chapters of *Adventures in Service* I felt I could not go on and review the book. Neither the matter nor its literary expression appealed to me. But to discontinue anything, once begun, until it is finished, has always been difficult for me, and so I persevered. And now it is a pleasure to confess that the Rev. George C. F. Pringle has won my regard and good will, and my sincere approval of his *Adventures in Service*. Every theological student in the land, everyone seeking to serve the Christ, however humbly, will be the better for having read this book. For it records many instances of gentlemanly tact and self-sacrificing service, which cannot fail to prove helpfully suggestive. Apart from this the author has the Scotch sense of humor which provokes many a smile. One instance will illustrate: Mr. Pringle was asked to marry a young couple, the name of the groom being Tom Catt. Some months later, the minister was asked to act as chairman at a concert in the same community, and Mrs. Tom Catt was on the programme to sing "Oft in the Stilly Night." To make the announcement and control his voice required some effort of will. Now there are two children named respectively, Tommy and Kitty. So the family consists of Tom Catt, Mrs. Tom Catt, Tommy Catt and Kitty Catt.

Every thoughtful, observant man can relate curious instances of Providential guidance. There are several recorded in this book. One will suffice: In a certain large camp of loggers on the Pacific Coast of British Columbia, there was an unsually able and dominant Boss who is referred to as Macdonald. This man had a bitter hatred of ministers of the Gospel, and the author was warned not to go there. But he felt it his duty to go and he went. As his boat neared the shore, Macdonald appeared and ordered him in offensive language to depart. Just then a little Frenchman approached the irate man and whispered something in his ear. He had recognized Mr. Pringle as the Klondike missionary who, years before, had brought him two hundred miles in his dog-sleigh from Duncan Creek to Dawson, when he had cut his foot. That satisfied the Boss and the minister was invited to come on shore. But the strangest part of the story is to come. While a young man Macdonald and his father were farmers in Manitoba. The father took very ill, and the son asked a young minister recently from Toronto, to go for the nearest doctor, miles away. The doctor did not come and the young minister did not return, and the father died. A neighbor farmer reported that the minister had been seen with a young lady in a certain village . . . It turned out that Mr. Pringle knew the young minister in question, and that he had been drowned in Manitoba in a Spring freshet while going for a doctor for a sick man. He had this confirmed by letter, and Macdonald's remorse was keen, because of the injustice he had done the missionary, and ministers in general, in his thoughts.

In *Adventures in Service* there are many true stories which deeply stir one's feelings, and arouse profound thankfulness that there are Christ-like men like the author, who go into the rough and tough places of life for the betterment of their fellows.

Mr. Pringle was born at Galt, Ontario, and is a graduate of the University of Toronto. He served as a missionary for nine years in the Klondike, and later for nine years among the loggers of the British Columbia Coast. In 1917 he went overseas as a military chaplain, and served in France. He is now minister of Centennial United Church, Victoria, B.C.

. . . . . .

Churchward's book amazes and astounds. In its pages Archeology and a scholarly investigator and interpreter give a staggering blow to Darwinism and certain 'missing links.' Since my undergraduate days, I have been more or less influenced in thought by the discoveries of Darwin and Wallace and their successors. In 1884, I reasoned myself into the belief that the faith of a Christian need not be shaken by the inference that the Creator required millions of years to evolve the Universe as it is, and man from a primordial cell or an ape-like animal. What mattered it so long as man did evolve in time to such a degree that God could breathe into him the 'breath of life' and he becomes a living soul!

But this book gives seemingly incontrovertible proofs that a lost continent in the South Pacific Ocean, 5,000 miles in extent from West to East and 3,000 miles from South to North, was the real Garden of Eden, where a great white race lived 50,000 years ago, and in the course of tens of thousands of years attained to marvellous development, particularly in science, sculpture and architecture. They were the colonizers of Yucatan where the buried cities are which have recently astounded the world. In Chichen Itza (Yucatan), a recent article in the *Saturday Post* told us, one temple covers twenty acres of ground and has one thousand pillars, and the whole city spreads over an area twice that of the present Chicago,— not less than 400 square miles. . . . They were the colonizers of India, of Egypt, of Babylonia, of the lost continent, Atlantis, of Greece and of practically the whole earth. And the peoples of the colonies were proud of their relationship to their Motherland . . . All this was before there were any fearful earthquakes, and the upheaval and formation of mountain ranges.

The Continent of Mu, the first Motherland, was destroyed almost totally, about 12,500 years ago, when 64,000,000 of our forefathers perished, and about 1,000 years later, Atlantis and many other millions sank beneath the waves.

The proofs: The Troano Manuscript, unearthed in Yucatan, now in the British Museum. It relates the story of the destruction of Mu . . . Ancient tablets discovered in a temple in India, and translated by a learned priest and Mr. Churchward . . . The discovery that the natives of the Polynesian groups of the South Sea Islands are a *white race* . . . Le Plongeon found records in Yucatan to the effect that "the Hieratic Head of the Land of Mu prophesied its destruction, and that some heeding the prophecy, left and went to the colonies, where they were saved." . . . At Uxmal, Yucatan, there is a temple, 'The Temple of Sacred Mysteries.' On its walls this important inscription in Maya may be read: "This edifice is a commemorative monument dedicated to the memory of Mu—the Lands of the West—the Land of Kui—the birthplace of our sacred mysteries." . . . There is a pyramid at Xochicalo, to the southwest of Mexico City, which has a similar inscription. . . . 'The Greek alphabet is composed of Maya vocables forming an epic that relates the destruction of Mu.' This is an amazing discovery . . . Remains of the one-time civilization are much in evidence in the South Sea Islands: 'Great stone temples, cyclopean stone walls, stone-lined canals, stone-paved roads, and immense stone monoliths and statuary,— works that required continental resources and workmen of skill.' . . . These proofs are only a few of those given. The book is a revelation, revealing the past of the human race as no other book has ever done, and shaking the foundations of many present-day beliefs.

* * *

MONSERRAT AND OTHER POEMS. *By William Edwin Collin. A Ryerson Chap-Book.*

The following, from *Soudades*, in this collection of the work of one who is new to the Canadian poetry-loving public, indicates the treat that is in store for them:

I would go back. They wonder that I miss
The woods that chant with holy murmurings
Perpetually, the lark at morn that trills
Against the golden orient, and thrills
The dewy grass with strong heart-quiverings,
High feast of chestnut candles, mossy roots,
Brown balls on strings, and nests in scurvy spruce,
Needles and cones, with outgrown twigs for fires,
The humid twilight of grey, ring-wormed firs,
The homing cushats crooning in the tops,
Curlew fells, hollos from far hill-tops
In a listening world of moon meadows; walks
Between great trees in powdered lanes, and owls,
Like babies, crying in the night for mice;
The house upon the hill with chinks of lights,
Dancing Proserpines, black gnomes, and stars,
Bubbles that snort, and strangers on the bars,
Green tiles that paint green faces everywhere . . .
Nor shall they know who have not rested there.

William Edward Collin is Assistant Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Western Ontario, London, where he went in 1923. He is a native of England and was educated in that country, France and Spain. The Spanish note is strong in his poetry.

AN UNUSUAL BOOK

FROM QUEBEC TO PICCADILLY. *By Beckles Willson. Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons.* $3.75.

An autobiography that is a mine of interest for Canadians in particular and Britons in general, is Beckles Willson's *From Quebec to Piccadilly.* I found it intensely interesting for its many revealing and frequently audacious sidelights on great personages. Willson is a Canadian imperialist (consequently an ultra imperialist) and there is an indefinable suggestion of flunkeyism inextricably blended with superb aplomb and conscious rectitude making it rather difficult to form a clear-cut conception in one's mind as to just what sort of a man it is that these pages are supposed to reveal. One is repeatedly torn from a feeling of admiration, inspired by certain of the experiences related, as indicating a man altogether admirable, to one of impatience with an exhibition of something suggesting snobbishness or a personality with the propensities of the climber. But when all is said and done there are few Canadians who have had careers so crowded with wholesome and far-flung activity as this journalistic adventurer, who set out from Canada in his young manhood in search of fame and fortune in old London.

Beckles Willson has never really lost his Canadianism despite his many years' sojourn in England (with intervals of resumed residence in his native land). This is revealed by the constantly recurring introduction of Canadian personages throughout the book. In fact it is a good thing for Canada to have such sons of the Dominion take up residence in the Motherland because, unquestionably, they promote better understanding.

Willson was not very long in London before linking his fortunes with Harmsworth, afterwards Lord Northcliffe, and most enlightening are his vignettes of Northcliffe and other eminent figures of the day, notably such Canadians as Sir Charles Tupper, then Canadian High Commissioner; his successor, Lord Strathcona, Sir John Thompson, and later in the narrative Sir Wilfrid Laurier, with whom the author formed a close association.

Many other Canadians are brought in the lime-light, especially in the war years, among them Lord Beaverbrook, Sir Sam Hughes and Sir Arthur Currie.

Willson's war experiences were so unusual as to warrant a book all their own, their ramifications including contact with every British regiment in France and Flanders as well as the Americans and an expedition to Egypt, Palestine and Syria as Inspector of War Trophies. His commission as such had occasioned his transfer from the Canadian to the Imperial Forces in 1917, with the rank of major.

I have already referred to the sidelights on interesting personalities. These are too numerous all through the book to deal with more than just a few here.

During the first Imperial Conference attended by Premier Laurier, one day Willson accompanied Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier to the Tower of London, where the Premier was singularly unresponsive regarding memorials, relics and historic sites brought to his attention.

That evening Laurier said to Willson:

"That Tower of London was terrible. It brought back to my mind all that I have ever read of the terror or the cruelty and the human suffering of past ages. That such tyranny, that such bloody customs, could ever have existed is painful to me. How could the world—which must have contained tens of thousands of sensible, kindly, right-thinking men, have tolerated all that bigotry and cruelty and abuse of power? If I had my way I'd blot out the Tower of London just as the Bastille was blotted out."

Mention is made of a letter received by Sir Wilfrid in which a prominent Canadian had written, asking him to make a public protest against Kipling's fastening upon Canada the title, "Our Lady of the Snows," upon which Sir Wilfrid commented:

"It is preposterous. We ought to be proud instead of ashamed of our snow. It is one of the greatest of our assets. Why, what would happen to our great lumber industry if there were no snow? Snow makes for the fertility of our land and salubrity of our climate. And what would our winter sports be but for snow?"

Of his first meeting with Sir Max Aitken (now Lord Beaverbrook), Willson writes: "I found Aitken breakfasting in bed. In spite of its ugliness, his face is attractive, and his manner frank and boyish."

Later occurs this impression of Sir Max's office in Lombard Street:

"The same audacity and arrogance which made Sir Sam omnipotent in military affairs in Canada was exercised here by his representative in London."

Here is the author's opinion of Bonar Law:

"Of all the mild-mannered, sensible, good-natured mediocrities I have ever known, Andrew Bonar Law struck me as the archtype . . . to me Law never even rose to the proportions of George Eulas Foster, while beside the force and masterfulness of Tupper or the rich, gracious dignity and sagacity of Laurier, he was but a pigmy."

A flashlight of Hall Caine reveals "a weary, little man with large, brown eyes full of supressed fire and very studied and consequential in his manner. Wore white gloves with long, starched cuffs."

Here is another audacious snap-shot:

"On this or another visit to Thorpe-le-Soken, I recall that, while taking a Sunday stroll with Lady Byng, we met, on the outskirts of the village, leaning against a stile, and swinging a cane—a slightly overdressed gentleman who seemed to have no other occupation than watching the passers-by. I thought of him as one of the prosperous local tradesmen, who was rather over military age, when, with a start, I recognized—surely it could be no other—the famous author, Mr. Arnold Bennett! He raised his hat, we paused for a brief moment for the briefest of greetings,

and then pursued our way. What in the world was Arnold Bennett doing here? I thought her ladyship's manner had been slightly negligent, and she told me that the author had bought a small house in the neighborhood, and was essaying the role of country gentleman. I gathered that the experiment had not been wholly a success, that the great author was ill at ease and would be glad to escape to more congenial surroundings."

All through the book the reader is served with tidbits such as these, adding spice to the serious passages.

F. I. W.

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THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1929. *Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Toronto: Dodd, Mead & Co.* $2.50.

Anthologies, whether of poetry or prose, are, after all, just the opinion of one person. Edward J. O'Brien, the American critic, who from his home in Locarno—neutral spot—edits annually a volume of what he considers the best short stories of the year, says: "Today such men as Sherwood Anderson, Ernest Hemingway, Ring Lardner and Morley Callaghan, to mention no other names, have educated a considerable public sufficiently for it to distinguish between ready-made stories and works of art. . . . It is true that the literary prizes are still given almost invariably to the machine-made story built around a formula. The public, however, is beginning to have an opinion of its own and much more discrimination than the editors and critics who wish to legislate for it. It has no prejudices and is much more curious about life."

Mr. O'Brien has always waged war against the machine-made. He says that the only short story published in his first volume in 1915 that does not "date," is "Zelig," by Benjamin Rosenblatt, which at the time of its publication aroused a storm of protest. His mind is essentially European. His predilection is for tragedy, his sympathy goes to writers who interpret the unusual and the inarticulate, so that a collection of his stories is apt to throw a comfortable mind into a fit of introspection, and sometimes into melancholy.

Some of the reprints of this year are among the best that Mr. O'Brien has ever made. An inimitable dog-story by Sarah Addington, "Hounds of Heaven," is alone worth the price of the book. Willa Cather's "Double Birthday" is beautiful, Sherwood Anderson, Konrad Bercovici, Morley Callaghan with his priceless "Soldier Harmon," Pernet Patterson, Glenway Westcott all contribute to a really splendid collection.

Many Canadian writers are enrolled in the Index of Short Stories, and five are included in what Mr. O'Brien calls a "Roll of Honor." It sounds dictatorial, not to say academic, but really means that he places three stars, his Distinguished Order of Merit, after these names. They are, this year: Leslie Gordon Barnard, Louise Morey Bowman, Morley Callaghan, Thomas Murtha and Harvey O'Higgins.

Katherine Hale.

ALL ELSE IS FOLLY. *By Peregrine Acland. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc.* $2.00.

Peregrine Acland has certainly produced an unusual book, a book that has purple patches of tremendous power. There have been many books dealing with the Great War but none excels *All Else is Folly* in its intimate knowledge of the fighting line. There is a Homeric strength in it. The advance under the barrage, the bombing of trenches, the dogged courage of the rank and file advancing step by step across the open under a hail of machine-gun and rifle bullets and bursting shells is told with a strength that makes the reader tingle in every nerve as though he were actually experiencing what the writer depicts. Truth, the brutal truth, is here told regarding war!

The motive of the author was evidently to picture the late war as it was without any glaring heroics. He has produced a work that, so far as the actual fighting is concerned, stands in a class by itself. It does not make pleasant reading, but then the war was far from being a pleasant thing.

The book has its faults. The opening chapter, a scene in a Saskatchewan town in 1914, is an impossibility. The life and incidents therein depicted were evolved from the writer's imagination. Such a scene could not have occurred in Saskatchewan, or indeed in any part of Canada, in that year. It is wild and wooly and might go with uninformed English or American readers, but Canadians can only view it as a revulsion of the writer into the penny dreadful type of writing. It serves to introduce the hero of the book, Alec Falcon, who is far from being, as an appreciative receiver recently has said, "normal in temperament and circumstances as it is possible to be." In the opening chapter he is abnormal and such he remains to the end of the book, but withal a man of dash and courage when in a critical situation and careless of himself or his men when pressing towards an objective.

Parts of the book leave a bad taste in the mouth. The women of England were not all bad or nearly so under the strain of war, and the men in the fighting line were not all reckless and profane, with a strain of brutality in their natures. Apart from the actual fighting scenes, which, as has been said, are incomparable in their power, much of the book might be called the seamy side of war. As we read we remember that there were Edith Cavells in the war and many noble Canadian lads who went through the hell unsmirched and came back the same courageous, clean-living lads that went forth to battle that righteousness might maintain in this old world.

T. G. M.

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ERNEST HATHAWAY PASSES

Canadian literature lost one of its best friends in the passing of Ernest J. Hathaway. He was passionately interested in Canadian literary lore and was an authority on the work of the early writers. Just recently his book, *Jesse Ketchum and His Times*, bore further evidence to the value of his knowledge of local historical associations.

He was in demand as a speaker on Canadiana and it will not be easy to find anyone to carry on the special line of endeavor in this direction which characterized this Canadian litterateur.

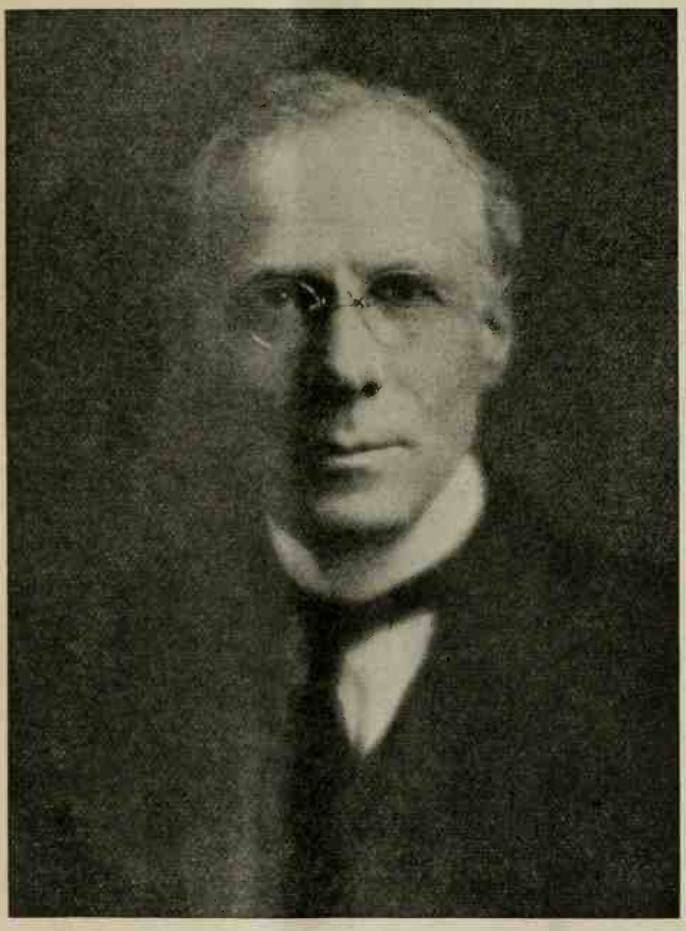
He was suddenly stricken at his late home, 27 Oriole Gardens, Toronto, where he died in the night of March 3rd. He was chairman of the Public Library Board, of Toronto, and for many years had been secretary of the well known wholesale stationery firm of Warwick Bros. & Rutter.

A son of the late James Hathaway, he was born in Toronto 59 years ago and was educated at Ryerson public school. He was widely known and esteemed in commercial and club circles owing to his keen interest in welfare work. He was a member of Christ Church, Anglican, Deer Park, also of the Kiwanis, Empire, Canadian and Arts and Letters Clubs, the Canadian Authors Association, the Big Brother Movement, Board of Trade, Ontario Historical Society and other organizations.

He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Maud Snarr of Toronto, two brothers, Rufus H., superintendent commercial news department, Canadian National Telegraphs, Toronto, and Irwin, of Memphis, Tenn.

An evidence of the regard and esteem in which Ernest Hathaway was held was the large attendance at the funeral of members of the organizations mentioned in the foregoing, and of representatives of the book publishing houses and the wholesale trade, in which deceased had been a conspicuous figure for so many years.

The funeral service was held at Church, Deer Park, and interment took place at Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Rev. Canon H. F. D. Woodcock officiating. The pallbearers were: Dr. George H. Locke, chief librarian, representing the Arts and Letters Club; M. O. Hammond, Canadian Authors Association; John McClelland, Toronto publisher; C. E. Caswell, Public Library Board; F. D. Tolchard, Board of Trade, and J. W. McCoubray, Kiwanis Club.



THE LATE ERNEST J. HATHAWAY

* * *

John Cowper Powys, famous as the author of *Wolf Solent* and many other books, filled an engagement at Yorkminster Church, Toronto, on March 7th, his subject being "The Ten Best Books."

* * *

G. K. Chesterton, is coming to America this month and will be on this side for four or five weeks.

* * *

The annual convention of the Canadian Booksellers' and Stationers' Association will take place on June 3rd and 4th in London, Ontario, the home city of the president, Wendell Holmes.

WALTER MacRAYE

At the Jarvis St. Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Tuesday evening, February 4th, under the auspices of "The Federation of Women Teachers," Mr. Walter MacRaye, widely known for his advocacy of Canadian literature, and for his talents as a public entertainer, gave one of his instructive and humorous recitals. The audience was large and appreciative. . . . Mr. MacRaye began with the earliest writings in the British-American provinces, confederated in 1867, not forgetting the newspapers, most of which were named *The Gazette,* and indicated the progress made down the decades to the present day. He interspersed his remarks with witty stories; and with readings from outstanding Canadian authors—Drummond's delightful poems predominating.

For years Mr. MacRaye was associated in recital engagements with the late Pauline Johnson, and in those days he won wide acclaim for his rendition of Drummond's dialect. . . . This noted lecturer and reader can hold the interested attention of an audience for an hour and a half—a rather remarkable achievement.

* * *

OLD MONTREAL

Old Montreal, With Pen and Pencil, by Victor Morin, LL.D., with illustrations by Charles W. Simpson, R.C.A., published by the Canadian Pacific Railway, is a most admirable volume for book collectors. In its text it is a most interesting compilation of data regarding historic points of interest in the Royal City and the illustrations, all done in color, alone make this a book of unusual appeal. These illustrations include "The Towers," of Fort de la Montague; "The Old Seminary," at Place d'Armes; "Chateau de Ramezay," "The Church of Notre Dame," "Bonsecours Market," "Hotel Place Viger," "McGill University," "Dominion Square," "The Look-out, Mount Royal," "Bonsecours Church," "Place d'Armes," "Sherbrooke Street, front door to exclusive Montreal," "The Harbor," "Saint Joseph's Oratory" and "Saint Genevieve," the quaint little village by the mountain.

* * *

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Arnold Bennett not long ago expressed the view that the young novelist of to-day would do well to turn for his materials to the past. In *Regency Windows* the challenge is boldly taken up, but the writer has discarded all the conventional stage properties of that period—the duels, elopements, archaic profanity and the rest. He has substituted a passionate realism, taking for its authority the unchangeable human heart, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever.

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CANADIAN LITERATURE CLUB

The feature of the March meeting of the Canadian Literature Club, held in Castle Memorial, McMaster University, Toronto, was "A Study of Marjorie L. C. Pickthall in Lyrical Verse, Fiction and Drama," by Prof. Pelham Edgar, followed by an interesting discussion led by Miss Jean Graham.

On April 17th, the speaker will be John Armitage, and his subject, "Recent Literature from Our Sister Dominions," with C. E. Henderson as leader of discussion.

* * *

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Canadian Authors Association

BRANCH REPORTS

Vancouver Branch

Dr. Frank Burnett, a leading member, died suddenly while speaking at a dinner of this Branch in the Hotel Vancouver, on February 20. The dinner was given in honor of two former presidents, Judge Howay and Stephen Golder, President Tripp of the Art Association, and Mrs. Mary Rita Hamilton, the portrait painter. He was nearing the end of a short and witty speech, when he fell, and before a doctor could arrive from another room in the hotel, he was dead.

Frank Burnett was born 78 years ago at Peterhead, Scotland, and was four years a sailor in his youth, but came out at 18 to his uncle, Archbishop Bond, in Montreal, and was in turn purser on the river, a manufacturers' agent, and a prairie farmer in Manitoba. Ill health drove him to settle in Vancouver in 1895. Prospering in business, he was able to make a series of voyages among the South Sea Islands, and he wrote several books on his exploration, including *Through the Magic Seas, Through Polynesia and Papua, Summer Isles of Eden, The Wreck of the Tropic Bird.* He gave a great collection of South Sea curiosities to the University of British Columbia, which last year conferred upon him an honorary degree.

* * *

Victoria and Islands' Branch

The January meeting of this Branch was held at the Victoria College Library, Alfred Carmichael presiding.

Miss M. Eugenie Perry read an illuminating article called "Prophets Without Honor," dealing with the work accomplished by members of the Branch during the past year. H. B. Witter gave an interesting talk on "Samuel Witter—His Book," dealing with one of the oldest books written in Canada, now held by the Victoria Branch of the Witter Family.

* * *

Winnipeg Branch

The Winnipeg Branch met on February 17 in the Faculty Room of the University, Professor Phelps in the chair.

Mr. Wade drew attention to the account of the Toronto Association and asked the Winnipeg Club to join in congratulating Dr. Chas. G. D. Roberts on the occasion of his 70th birthday. It was, consequently, moved by Mr. Wade and seconded by Prof. Wright that a message be sent to Dr. Roberts congratulating him on attaining his 70th birthday, and extending to him the felicitations of the Winnipeg Club.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, of Toronto, spoke on Canadian literature. We should maintain a high standard of criticism, he said; our authors should not be subjected to puffery and partisanship. He agreed with Dr. Lorne Pierce that fine scholarship and courage should characterize our literary criticism. The French element was making rich contribution to Canadian literature. England had the richest poetry but France the best prose. He was glad that Canadian writers generally were not faddists, but had a large element of steady commonsense. Next to Inverness, Scotland, and Dublin, Ireland, the best English was spoken among educated Canadians, of whom Dr. Roberts was an example. A broader attitude towards other languages should be cultivated.

Dr. O'Hagan delighted his audience by reading some of his poems, including, "Ripened Fruit," written at 21; "Tide of Love," written at 51; "Freckled Boy at School," "Bobs of Kandahar," "Old Brindled Cow," and "Song My Mother Sings."

A message of congratulation was sent tc Dr. Roberts on his 70th birthday.

* * *

Montreal Branch

At the February meeting of the Montreal Branch, in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Sir Andrew Macphail described "The Making of a Book," taking his *Three Persons* as an illustration. In a discussion that followed, various aspects of the connection between authors and publishers were dealt with by members of experience, including Howard Angus Kennedy, the president, Miss K. L. Macpherson, and Dr. Harvey-Jellie. Several numbers by Mrs. F. E. Devlin were sung by Mrs. Wm. Ewing, with the composer accompanying.

Toronto Branch

"The Commercial Side of the Fine Arts," was the subject discussed at the February meeting of the Toronto Branch in the Heliconian Club. W. L. Cope, of the Ryerson Press, represented the printers; Donald G. French, of McClelland & Stewart, the publishers; William Tyrrell, the booksellers; R. H. Hathaway, the book-buying public.

Mr. French said that some books that were advertised did not sell as well as others that were not advertised. He cited a novel which sold better before than during and after an aggressive advertising campaign. Word-of-mouth commendation sold more books than any other form of publicity. Before a review influenced the book-buyer in Canada it seemed he must first have read a commending review in *The London Times* Literary Supplement or the *New York Times* Book Review.

A guest at this meeting was Howard A. Kennedy, of Montreal, the national secretary, who made a strong appeal on behalf of the general treasury for the prompt payment of dues.

* * *

The National Executive is to meet in Montreal on March 15th, upon the return of the president, Dr. W. D. Lighthall, from his cruise in the West Indies. The chief business will be consideration of the draft programme for the convention in Montreal in June.

THE WRITER'S CORNER

Conducted by Donald G. French

The Writer's Reference Library

CERTAIN books are useful working tools for every writer. Any one who is not within convenient reach of a good reference library should possess, if possible, an encyclopedia of some sort. The *Britannica* is the ideal, but a very much smaller one will be found useful, such as *The Standard Dictionary of Facts* or some similar comprehensive one-volume "encyclopedia." It is well, however, to remember that an encyclopedia will not give you all the information you need about any subject upon which you may wish to write at any length. It is only a work of "reference" to clear up definite points of information. If you are writing fiction, you will need to refer to the encyclopedia only for definite individual points of your background. If you are writing an informative article, you will find that the encyclopedia may give you a sort of working outline, but that you will have to consult numerous books or persons who know about the subject in hand.

A dictionary is an absolute necessity. *Cassell's New English, The Concise Oxford, Annandale's Concise Imperial,* are good, convenient, low-priced dictionaries and any one of them will serve for ordinary purposes. Sometimes it is necessary to look up one with a fuller vocabulary; then *Webster's International* and *Funk & Wagnalls' Standard* are suitable.

Along with the dictionary should go a good book of synonyms. *Fernald's Synonyms and Antonyms* is among the best. Roget's *Thesaurus,* a real "treasury of words," is used by writers far less than it should be. It is obtainable in a number of editions, one being the *Everyman's Library.* With a little study and practice in the use of *Thesaurus,* a writer will find that it not only helps to find the correct word, but that it is a stimulator of ideas.

Two of the best known books of quotations are Benham's *Classified Quotations* and Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations.* Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable* will help out with curious facts about old customs, mythological personages, and the like. English customs and observances are treated in Chambers' *Book of Days;* while Low and Pulling's *Dictionary of English History* makes the main facts easily accessible. Cruden's *Concordance* is a standard book of reference on the Bible, while Cambridge Press have low-priced reference books: the *Bible Companion* and *Bible Dictionary.*

A good Atlas belongs in any writer's library—Cassell's and Nelson's are very comprehensive, but there are many others at varying prices.

What Makes a Story

By Ewing Cockrell in "The Editor Magazine"

The chief interest in the story is not the story itself. I am speaking not in riddles but in plain truth. As a general rule, what makes a story is the telling of it. No bare statement of a plot is interesting. It is the development of the plot, the presentation of it, that makes the story.

Let me illustrate: In the first century, A.D., a young Roman patrician loved a barbarian princess. He loved her almost entirely in a sensual way. She was a Christian, compelled by circumstances to live at Rome. At that time in Rome licentiousness and corruption pervaded the whole government and nearly all society. Through the influence of the princess and the early Christian martyrs, and through the power of Christ's religion itself, the patrician's love became entirely changed, and immeasurably ennobled. Meanwhile to gratify a whim, the Emperor burns Rome and charges it upon the Christians, who are put to death. The young princess is saved by a Christian slave who kills the beast that was turned into the arena to kill them both. After this, she and her lover are married and live happily ever afterward.

Now I have told you the story of *Quo Vadis*. How does it compare in interest with the original? Yet in substance, I have given the whole plot—I have told the whole story.

Now the great difference between Sienkewicz' telling of the story and mine, is this: I tell it by *stating facts*. He tells it by depicting scenes and incidents. He lets you *see* what happens; I merely tell you the results of these happenings. I tell you that Vicinius' love becomes changed by the wonderful power of Christianity—Sienkewicz lets you see it change—he brings before you scenes and events which *show* you the power of Christianity. It is by no means enough, then, that a writer has a good plot—the outline of a good story. You cannot achieve success with a story that is a mere statement of your plot.

If your hero is bright, let him show it by the things he says and does. If his love for the heroine is high and noble, let his acts and speeches reveal this. If the heroine is charming and lovable, let the reader see this by the deeds he does.

Whenever you want to bring out a point in your story, bring it out by some incident rather than simply by stating it to the reader. It is the succession of these incidents, the series of actual events and happenings that occur in your story, that really make it what it is.

* * *

DEATH OF D. H. LAWRENCE

The death occurred at Nice, France, on March 3rd, of David Herbert Lawrence, English novelist. He was a native of Eastwood, Nottingham, England, where he was born Sept. 11, 1885.

* * *

Sports and Pastimes, a 44 page catalogue of books relating to various pastimes and athletic sports, from James Tregaskis & Son, London. From the same firm has come its 977th catalogue, *Valuable Books*, 76 pages, and the 978th catalogue, *English Literature*, 64 pages.

* * *

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Yours sincerely (Signed) J. M. BARRIE

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WANTED—*The Story of Canada*, by Howard Angus Kennedy. Also first editions of same writer's *Professor Blackie, Old Highlana Days, New Canada and the New Canadians*, and *The New World Fairy Book*. Duff & Merrill, 240 St. James Street, Montreal.

WANTED—Books of Poems, by Alexander McLachlan, Beggs' History of the North West, United Loyalists' Centenary Souvenir, Number 1885, Ryerson—Loyalists of America and Their Times, Hearne's Diaries. Longstaff's, Box 117, Regina, Sask. 2—0

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First editions of *Amenities of Book Collecting, Pernassus on Wheels, Huckleberry Finn, Random Candide, Strange Interlude* (1st and ltd.). *Elizabeth and Essex* (ltd.). *Three Black Pennies, Two Forsyte Interludes* (ltd.). *We* (signed) *Scarlet Letter, Waldon, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Sailing Ships of N.E., Further Poems of Emily Dickenson*, and Mark Twain's *A.L.S.* Quote to *"Bookcraft"* c/o Canadian Bookman.

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: : : THE COLLECTOR : : :

DOCUMENTS which have just been acquired by the Dominion Government from T. W. Jackson of Vancouver, are expected to lead to the clearing up of the long-standing mystery of Sir John Franklin, who perished when attempting to discover the northwest passage. He was buried on King William's Island, but the exact place has never been located. The documents which have just been acquired by the Government include written material and sketches which seem definitely to indicate the whereabouts of Sir John's burial place. In time there will be an expedition to prove or disprove their truth.

* * *

The papers of General Sir Thomas Gage, British Commander-in-Chief in America from 1763 to 1775, have recently been obtained by the University of Michigan through the gift of William L. Clements, of Ann Arbor, Mich., regent of the University. The documents comprise 20,000 letters, maps, etc., and include the correspondence between General Gage, as the King's principal representative in America, and all the Colonial Governors; all the British Commanders, both on the Eastern seaboard and on the frontier posts, and merchants and business men of the period, and are expected, it is intimated, to shed new light on the long period of unrest and agitation in the colonies that led to the Revolutionary War. The papers are said to have been discovered in an English manor house within the past year.

* * *

A vast collection of priceless documents, believed to constitute the finest source of information extant about the early history of the American continent, has been presented to the Mexican Department of National Archives by Prince Antonio Pignatelli y Aragon Cortez, Marquis del Valle de Oaxaca, a direct descendant of Cortez, the Spanish conqueror of Mexico. The prince's gift to the Mexican Government of these documents, bequeathed by Cortez in 1528 to his heirs, and ever since maintained by the reigning head of the Cortez family by a special fund, sets at rest rumors that he was preparing to sell them to Dr. Rosenthal, of Philadelphia, for a fabulous sum, for the Harkness library.

* * *

Hitherto unpublished correspondence of the great French explorer, Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, has recently been discovered in the files of the French Nationale Bibliotheque, where for two and a half centuries it has laid unread in a bundle tied with silk cords. These letters, which are among the earliest known documents connected with American history, were evidently intended as the memoirs of the explorer, having been written from ample notes composed as he and his priests and warriors travelled by canoe through the Great Lakes, and other tributary rivers and down the Mississippi. Prefacing a part of his memoirs in the quaint style of the seventeenth century, he says: "The Sieur de la Salle, having always had a great inclination to make discoveries and to establish colonies which may be advantageous to religion and useful to France, passed from Canada in 1666.". The explorer then proceeds to describe, with the enthusiasm of a child and the accuracy of an experienced explorer, the wonders of the new lands discovered by him.

* * *

According to a despatch from Paris, the passion for collecting first editions and de luxe editions of modern authors has given rise in Paris to a new sort of financial speculation, which is beginning to compete with the stock market. Publishers, the despatch says, issue ten or more volumes of each edition of new books by authors of prominence on Holland or Japan paper, and some issue a certain quantity of numbered and autographed volumes. These are snapped up by book speculators, and sometimes they are cornered by a dealer and put aside to be offered for sale when the price has gone up. This sort of thing, unfortunately, is not confined to Paris, but is just as rampant in London and New York, and is due to the fact that there has grown up in recent years a race of so-called collectors who have no real feeling for or knowledge of books, but who gather these because it has become "the thing," or, in many instances, for the financial returns they expect to get out of them. This is a condition which no doubt will ultimately adjust itself, but it cannot be said to be very helpful to literature. The real collector, however, if he is wise, will leave manufactured rarities severely alone. * * *

The manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's unfinished and unpublished novel, *The Siege of Malta*, after lying locked up at Abbotsford for nearly 100 years, has just been sold to F. J. Sheed, a London publisher. The existence of the manuscript has long been known from notations in Scott's journal, but the text has been kept secret by the novelist's descendants. The centenary of Scott's death is to be celebrated two years hence, and it is believed the book will be published then as a centenary tribute. The manuscript, which consists of 150 pages, contains a vivid description of the actual siege of Malta, showing Scott at the height of his story-telling power.

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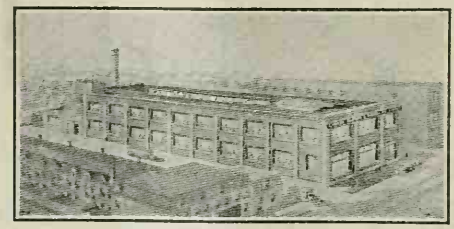

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4. Entries must bear, on wrapper and title page, a pen-name and be accompanied by a sealed envelope bearing on its outside the same pen-name, and carrying on enclosure with the real name and the address of the author. The wrapper should be plainly marked "NOVEL CONTEST."

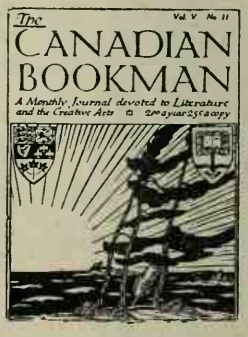
5. All entries must be in the hands of Graphic Publishers Limited, Ottawa, Canada, by December 1st, 1930. The decision of the judges' committee will be announced by March 31, 1931, and the prizewinning entries will be published in the fall of 1931.

6. Authors making entries agree by that mere fact to consider the decision of the judges final.

7. Submission of a manuscript in this contest will be considered as an offer to Graphic Publishers Limited to publish it whether it wins a prize or not.

8. The decision of the judges will be made strictly on literary principles; that is, no theme is debarred, no setting prescribed. While Graphic Publishers Limited publish only works written by Canadians and print and manufacture their books entirely in Canada, they impose no restriction on the authors' choice of material.

9. The judges' committee will consist of Professor Barker Fairley of University College, Toronto; Professor W. T. Allison of The University of Manitoba, Winnipeg; and Frederick Philip Grove, of Ottawa.



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Vol. XII., No. 4 TORONTO, APRIL, 1930 25c. a Copy $2.00 a Year

Who's Who in Canadian Literature

RALPH CONNOR
(Rev. Charles W. Gordon)

By Donald G. French

BACK of almost all Ralph Connor's books stands the missionary spirit. Indeed it was that missionary spirit which led to the finding of his literary gift. The story of that finding dates back to 1896. He had been attending a meeting of the Home Mission Committee of the Presbyterian Church at Toronto, and afterwards tried to impress upon the Rev. J. A. Macdonald, then editor of "The Westminster Magazine," the duty of the magazine to educate the committee and the people to a greater liberality. The editor's reply was: "Articles are no good if they have only facts and statistics and exhortations. Give me a sketch, a story, a thing of life rather than a report . . ."

Out of this advice arose a series of sketches of missionary life in the foothills of the Rockies, which were featured as "Tales of the Selkirks" in "The Westminster," (1897), and appeared in book form the following year as "Black Rock."

When the first sketches were ready it was deemed advisable to conceal the identity of the author. The editor telegraphed the query, "What name?" The reply came, "Sign sketch Can-Nor." "Can-Nor, that would betray the face of a mask," says the editor. "Perhaps the operator made a mistake. Likely it should be Connor." And running over the alphabet of masculine names, he decided that "Ralph" would just about fit with "Connor." Thus the christening of the missionary novelist.

Ralph Connor's novels fall into several groups. "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot" are tales of the Rocky Mountain foothills, telling of the wild life of the West and of the work of the missionary. "The Man from Glengarry" and "Glengarry School Days" deal with the life of the author's boyhood days in Eastern Ontario. "The Prospector" and "The Doctor" combine East and West by following their leading characters through the University of Toronto and transferring them to Western Canada. "The Foreigner" has a Manitoba setting and concerns itself with the problem of the assimilation of the foreigner. "Corporal Cameron" and "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail" carry a young Scot to Canada and through the ranks of the Mounted Police. The Great War gave material for "The Major" and "The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land"; labor troubles for "To Him That Hath"; while in "The Gaspards of Pine Croft," the author reverted to a setting not so far from that of his first novel, but produced a story more emotional and psychological in nature than his others.

The circulation of Ralph Connor's novels has been phenomenal and has reached somewhere between two and a half and three millions, yet his reputation is not that of a literary artist. His stories carry the reader because of action, incident, and tense emotional situations. They have always an underlying ethical and spiritual significance and they promulgate a belief in the presence of some redeeming feature in every human being, and so continue to touch the responsive chord in the heart of a common humanity. It is some-

times the insistence of this thesis that causes the author to develop his characters with a lack of consistency.

It is generally agreed that none of Ralph Connor's later works come up to the standard of "Black Rock" or "The Sky Pilot" in consistency of characterization, in spontaneity, and in unity of total effect. Indeed "The Sky Pilot" is the most artistically finished of all his works because of the natural coherence of its parts in their development of the central theme. Dramatic power he has to a marked degree, so far as the presentation of individual scenes is concerned, such as the fight in the lumber camp, the horse race, the barn-raising, and many other thrilling episodes; but his grasp of dramatic values is not broad enough to escape melodrama. The constructive dramatic instinct which weaves each separate incident into a chain of cause and effect dependent upon the character and motives of the leading personages of the story is often little in evidence. Whole chapters might be lifted bodily from some of these novels without interfering with the thread of the story.

His imagination is reproductive rather than creatively constructive. The stories of the foothills are built upon his own missionary experiences at Banff and elsewhere; the Glengarry tales deal with his schoolboy experiences and his knowledge of the rough life of the lumber woods and the drive; the stories of East and West are also drawn from his own experiences in college and in the missionary field. The result of his method is that his characters tend to become types, and though fairly individual and distinctive they incline to act mechanically and without sufficient inherent motivation.

Three great ideas run concurrently through nearly all Ralph Connor's work —the nobility of sacrifice, the power of sympathy, and the widespread influence of a strong personality. In all his stories he shows the leading characters doing noble work as the result of self-sacrifice and self-denial, reaching the heart of all classes of people by a spontaneous but unobtrusive sympathy, and radiating a personal influence over all those with whom they come in contact.

RALPH CONNOR

This is the famous pen name of Rev. Charles W. Gordon, whose likeness herewith is from a photograph taken when he was a chaplain in the army in the World War with the rank of major.

His vocabulary is simple and his style clear and forcible, at times emphatic, but one wishes frequently that some new adjectives had been invented to take the place of the euphemistic oft-recurring fire of "blank," "blank" cartridge which on some pages is discharged in regular volleys.

Ralph Connor (Rev. Charles W. Gordon) was born in Glengarry County, Ontario, in 1860. His father, Rev. Daniel Gordon, is said to be the original of the Rev. Alexander Murray of "The Man from Glengarry." Later the family moved to Western Ontario, where he was enabled to attend high school. After a year or two of teaching he went to the University of Toronto, graduating in 1883. He spent a year as classical master in a high school and then entered Knox College. His student vacations were spent in Manitoba; afterwards he was for two years ordained missionary at Banff. He settled finally as pastor of St. Stephen's Church,

Winnipeg. During the war he served as chaplain with the rank of Major, and has since occupied important posts in connection with wage and labor matters.

CHECK LIST OF BOOKS

Fiction

Black Rock. The Westminster Co., Toronto. 1898.

The Sky Pilot. The Westminster Co., Toronto. 1899.

The Man from Glengarry. The Westminster Co., Toronto. 1901.

Glengarry Schooldays. The Westminster Co., Toronto. 1902.

The Prospector. The Westminster Co., Toronto. 1904.

The Doctor. The Westminster Co., Toronto. 1906.

The Foreigner. The Westminster Co., Toronto. 1909.

Corporal Cameron. The Westminster Co. Toronto. 1912.

The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail. The Westminster Co., Toronto. 1914.

The Major. Doran, New York. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. 1917.

The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land. Doran, New York. McClelland & Stewart; Toronto. 1919.

To Him That Hath. Doran, New York. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. 1921.

Gaspards of Pine Croft. Doran, New York. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. 1923.

Treading the Winepress. Doran, New York. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. 1925.

The Runner. Doran, New York. 1929.

Booklets

Gwen's Canyon. The Westminster Co. 1898.

Beyond the Marshes. The Westminster Co. 1898.

Breaking the Record. The Westminster Co. 1903.

The Angel and the Star. The Westminster Co. 1908.

Dawn by Galilee. The Westminster Co. 1908.

Recall of Love. The Westminster Co. 1911.

General

The Life of James Robertson. The Westminster Co. 1908.

The Friendly Four. Doran, New York. 1927.

* * *

FOUR SONS

By Minnette Lake Warren

GOD gave me sons. The throbbing mart
Lured one, to hard
Fierce toil for gold. I stand apart
And scan his face; but to his heart
The door is barred.

To far-off lands, for wealth and fame,
One fain did fare;
And one, in bitterness and shame,
Fled to conceal a sullied name—
I know not where.

Thus anguished, to the world I gave—
The while I wept—
All these, my sons; but none could save
One, from his tiny, flower-strewn grave—
That one I've kept.

PRESCIENCE

By Constance Davies Woodrow

AS PRIMROSE twilight deepened into night,
And stars begemmed a sky of Tyrian hue,
A seabird wheeled in solitary flight
Between the upper and the nether blue,
Oft shattering our silence vast and sweet
With piercing plaints that voiced all human pain;
While, breaking on the rocks beneath our feet,
The sea intoned a sorrowful refrain;
And, as the moon forsook a wooded knoll
For lonely ways that thread the starry steep,
The wind of dusk rose feebly, full of dole,
Then low among the bracken sank to sleep.
Grey Sorrow's self came stalking through the night,
And hovered near to mock our new delight.

* * *

NOCTURNE

By Constance Davies Woodrow

LEAN closer, love, your head upon my breast,
And banish fears that darken all my days,
And haunt my dreams, and will not let me rest—
Dark fears of Death that must divide our ways!

Kiss both mine eyes, that now too often weep!
Shut out the poignant beauty of the night,
The lonely moon, the blue unfathomed deep,
Whose plunging stars may know no more of light!

Lean closer, love, and whisper in mine ears
The lovely, lyric things that solace me,
Till I forget my grieving and my fears
And find again unshadowed ecstasy!

* * *

GIFTS

By Constance Davies Woodrow

YOU gave, for memory's treasuring, a world
Whose loveliness can never pass away;
Whose varied beauties, at my feet unfurled,
Can know no touch of winter or decay;
Where flowering dawns excite the heart to song,
Slow breaking over uplands sweet and cool;
Where wondrous twilights, very still and long,
Cast rainbow-hues on every dreamful pool;
Where honey-haloed moons and burning stars
Weave nets of shimmering silver on the sea,
And lend unearthly beauty to the spars
Of ships that seem adrift in Faerie.—
Dear prodigal! And shall I give but this:
A folded rose, a lyric, and a kiss?

ART NOTES

By Jeanne Adeney

TOO often the greatest artists have been neglected until they were old or dead, but in this age collectors (and publishers) are on the look out for fortunes to be made by gambling on the future of young artists. It takes a strong man to be great in spite of success. In England a prize of a hundred pounds was given, I think, annually, to promising young composers. No young man to win the prize has ever made good in a big way. César Frank and Frederick Delius, two of the greatest modern composers, were not recognized until they were old men. Degas made etchings in his youth but nobody wanted them. It is said that he would never sell a picture unless he was first satisfied with it; and would get his paintings back at any cost if he wanted to alter them. On one occasion he was offered anything he might name for a certain canvas. "It is a great temptation," he said thoughtfully, "but there's always been something about that canvas that I don't like." And taking up a brush he painted out one of the figures.

The most controversial exhibition at the Toronto Art Gallery in February was the so-called "Exhibition of Modern French Paintings." As a matter of fact Mlle. Gallibert is the only one of the four exhibitors who is French by birth. Pedro Pruna is Spanish, Simka Simkhovitch is Russian and Menkes was born in Poland. These young painters have already arrived. ("In my day no one ever really 'arrived'," Degas used to say.) Their exhibitions are meeting with success and their works are being collected by dealers. Pruna, the youngest, is twenty-five years old. The evolution of his style can almost be traced from picture to picture, and it will be interesting to see how he continues to develop his very real talent. The tightness of his earlier pictures has already given way to an expansiveness of form and a clearer color. The girl "Caroline" rests easily against the window seat, lost in dreams. The still-life "Fleurs" is lovely in color. Those curiously tinted canvases, "Venus et l'Amour" and "L'Aeroplane," which suggest at a distance only a vague rainbow, when examined closely show the artist's fine drawing. Pruna has chosen beautiful silver frames for his pictures.

After cubism, futurism, vorticism and dadaism, the younger French painters are now tending, not quite successfully, towards a neo-primitive style. Mlle. Gallibert paints pale horses in a pale landscape, or curious views of cities in light tones. Her trees are painted as a child might paint them (I've seen very clever drawings by children). She uses colors directly from the palette, mixing them only with white, and picks out her centres of interest in dark accents; in one case it is the Eiffel Tower, in another the windows of a building, in a third it is a far away village.

Simka Simkhovitch, who is older than the other three, has the most mature style. Like so many other fine artists he is attracted by the stage and circus ring. He paints in subdued, rich colors, almost without accent. His portrait of little "Ina," with the idealized street, is very fine.

Menkes is, to me, the most baffling of the painters. Some people claim that his pictures have a rich aesthetic value. There is a certain intensity about the grotesque figures in his brown and yellow canvasses, but what this quality represents it would be hard to say.

The water colors by the Cleveland School of American Painters at once called to mind our Canadian painters in water color. These two schools represent different conceptions of painting. Canadians having decided to paint Canada for her own sake, have lived more deeply into their country. This has made them sensitive to certain qualities in town and landscape which a superficial painter, visiting the country, could not get. It has given a rich meaning to Canadian pictures which one misses in the Cleveland group. It may be significant that half the pictures on view were painted anywhere but in America. On the other hand many of them were brilliantly and beautifully painted with a depth of color which would have made Canadian water-colors as a whole look washed out. They were well composed and suggested very good posters or illustrations. Mrs. Glen Shaw in "At the Foot of the Hill," and H. C. Carter in "Wade Park, Cleveland," had made clever modernistic pictures by painting familiar things from unusual angles.

Canadian Authors Association

MEETING OF THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

THE National Executive Committee held an important meeting in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Montreal, on March 15th, Dr. Lighthall presiding.

Mr. L. J. Ladner, M.P., who has introduced in the House of Commons a Copyright Bill embodying the authors' reasonable demands and redeeming Canada from the position of transgressing the Berne international convention, came from Ottawa to the meeting and discussed the situation fully with the committee. The Copyright Committee, of which Lawrence J. Burpee is chairman, was authorized to act on behalf of the executive, in consultation with Mr. Ladner, should occasion arise. If the Government's Copyright measure proves satisfactory and goes through, there will be no need to press Mr. Ladner's Bill.

An outline programme for the National Convention to be held in Montreal next June was submitted by the National Secretary, Howard A. Kennedy, and approved. The series of papers on the contribution of various Canadian regions to our literature will be continued, by representatives of Ontario, English-speaking Quebec, and the Prairie Provinces—last year's papers having dealt with the Maritimes, the Pacific Coast and French Quebec.

It is hoped that a number of well-known writers, including critics, will take part in the discussion of subjects vitally interesting to all literary workers, under the very inclusive heading of "Literature and Life," not only, for example, the true and false representation of life in our literature, and the effect of literature on our social, national, and individual life, but the processes of mental conception and gestation in our authors which give birth and prospect of successful life to their works.

The technical and commercial problems of publication and distribution will again be taken up.

Special attention will be given this year to the arts of musical and pictorial creation.

Miss Marshall Saunders, Dr. Camille Roy, of Quebec, Dr. Salem Bland, E. Wyly Grier, P.R.C.A., and H. S. Canby, editor of the New York *Saturday Review of Literature*, are among those whom we expect to speak.

The Provincial Government of Quebec and the City Corporation of Montreal have each promised to entertain the delegates at luncheon. A garden party; a drive or drives to points of interest in and around the city, including Macdonald College at Ste. Anne de Bellevue; and an evening entertainment at which the Drama Group of the Montreal Branch will perform a play, to be followed by a dance—these are all on the provisional programme.

The Convention begins on Wednesday, June 25th, and closes with the Annual Banquet on the 27th.

The President and Mrs. Lighthall will give a reception at their Westmount home on the evening of Tuesday the 24th, for all delegates who are able to arrive by that time. As the famous St. Jean Baptiste procession takes place on the afternoon of the 24th, it is expected that many of the delegates from a distance will plan to see it by arriving on the morning of that day.

McGill University is putting the hall of Royal Victoria College at our disposal for the sittings of the Convention. On one afternoon the members will be the guests of Jas. A. Ogilvy's Limited, in Tudor Hall. A circular describing the accommodation available in Montreal will shortly be sent to members, who should book their rooms as soon as possible.

A valuable report on memorials to past authors in Ontario, and on sites which might well be marked by such memorials, was presented by M. O. Hammond, of Toronto. He was asked to continue his investigations, and to act as chairman of a committee to survey the whole Dominion for this purpose.

A membership committee was appointed to initiate, and to carry on with the co-operation of every Branch, a survey of the Dominion's writers and other creative artists, in order to enlist those who are not yet in our ranks.

The question of a permanent office and settled secretariat was again discussed. It was not found possible to formulate a scheme, owing to lack of the necessary funds. The president expressed the view that the foundation should be laid for an endowment fund.

It was suggested that the Association should seek incorporation, and the executive officers were asked to investigate the question.

The date of Canadian Book Week was fixed for the first clear week in November.

The committee passed a resolution of sympathy on the death of J. F. Edgar, K.C., whose help as Honorary Counsel was warmly appreciated.

* * *

Victoria and Islands Branch

For the February meeting of this Branch, in Victoria College, a "Variety" programme had been arranged under the convenership of Mrs. Hermia Harris Fraser. Jack Hensloe spoke on the value of writers using the locality they know best for their local color. Madame Sanderson-Mongin gave a talk on French literature one hundred years ago, and traced the growth of the French short story. Albert Coddington contributed a paper on "Romanticism Versus Classicism in Poetry." Mrs. Marion Isabel Angus spoke of the markets and prospects open to writers, and urged that members acquaint themselves with the opportunities open to the writer who cannot fall in line with the present trend in fiction. Miss Petronella Clayton gave a paper on "Preparation of a Novelette," and compared

the novel and novelette. Mrs. Flos Jewell Williams, the Calgary novelist, added her views. Arthur Arnup, who had known Charles Dickens when he was a boy, gave his recollections of the great writer. Mrs. Margaret Bjornsfeldt gave a paper on Selma Lagelof, the Swedish writer.

The annual meeting of the Branch was held on March 13th. The retiring president, A. Carmichael, spoke strongly on the need of increasing membership, and Mrs. F. Ebbs-Canavan was requested to send an article to the local papers on the subject. A feature of the evening was the presentation of roses and violets to Flos Jewell Williams, who had been wintering in Victoria.

The annual election of executive resulted thus: President, Dr. A. O. MacRae; vice-president, Mrs. Frances Ebbs-Canavan; secretary, Marion Isabel Angus; treasurer, M. Eugenie Perry; executive, A. Carmichael, Donald A. Fraser, Major F. V. Longstaff, C. d'A. Henderson.

Dr. MacRae, the new president, having taken the chair, Major F. V. Longstaff gave an interesting lantern lecture, showing views of the West Coast of Vancouver Island from the early days of the white explorers down to the present time. C. C. Pemberton assisted with the slides.

* * *

Vancouver Branch

On March 25th J. C. Campbell gave an interesting talk on the conservation of our national parks, before a large audience in the Italian Room of the Hotel Vancouver. Mr. Campbell, of the National Parks Board, was introduced by Mrs. Winlow, president of our Vancouver Branch. The address was illustrated by lantern slides, and interspersed with readings. A. M. Stephen, Miss Mary E. Colman, and Mrs. Blanche Holt Murison gave selections from their own works; Mrs. Winifred Stevens read a poem from Mrs. Annie Charlotte Dalton's new volume, "The Lady of Turquoise"; and Mrs. Townley, herself a member of the local Parks Board, spoke of the Vancouver parks, and read short poems by Mrs. L. A. Lefevre, Miss May Judge, and Miss Calhoon.

* * *

Calgary Branch

On Tuesday, March 11, Alexander Calhoun addressed a full meeting of this Branch on "The New Biography." A lively discussion followed this informative paper, which quoted from "Some Aspects of Biography," and led up to an estimate of the work of Ludwig, Strachey, and Maurois.

On this occasion, and on the following Monday, March 17, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Garbutt entertained the Branch at their home.

The St. Patrick's Day event was planned as an informal reception to John Murray Gibbon, who described the origin of the annual Great West Folk-Song, Folk-Dance and Handcraft Festivals, the third of which was held in Calgary that week. Miss Minuetta Schumiatcher, child composer, rendered on the piano her own interpretation of the Banff Scottish Festival.

Saskatchewan Branch

At the February meeting of the Saskatchewan Branch, in the Regina Public Library, Col. Garner, the president, reported that the Service Clubs in Regina had been asked to devote a programme during the year to the consideration of Canadian Literature. Plans for 1930 Book Week were discussed. Miss Moore thought the club might undertake the promotion of 200 Canadian Literature programmes, through provincial organizations, during the year. A committee was appointed to undertake this work.

Mr. Cameron outlined plans for the writing of a novel by the members—a chapter of 1,000 words to be assigned to each member. This proposal was enthusiastically received; the members present offered to do their best to make the proposed novel the season's best seller.

The annual meeting of the Saskatchewan Branch was held in the Regina Public Library on March 22nd, Col. A. C. Garner presiding. The proposed resolution for submission to the annual convention, on the importance of securing our national expression in the "talkies" and "movies," was discussed. Mrs. Miller and Messrs. Palmer, Doxsee and Cameron were named as a committee to further the resolution.

The following members were elected to form the Branch executive for the year now opening: President, Col. A. C. Garner; vice-president, J. E. R. Doxsee; treasurer, Mrs. E. M. Davis; recording secretary, Mrs. H. Y. Complin; corresponding secretary, Geo. A. Palmer; with Mrs. G. M. Thompson, Swift Current; Mrs. Daisy Saunders, Marshall; J. MacRorie Hill, Saskatoon; Mrs. K. A. Greene, Hazelcliffe; Mrs. H. M. Maney, LaFleche.

The retiring secretary, Mrs. Weekes, was warmly thanked for her services.

In connection with the undertaking of the members to combine in writing a 15-chapter novel, it was resolved that all taking part should meet on the 29th at 4 p.m. at the Saskatchewan Hotel, in order to co-ordinate the chapters and adjust discrepancies.

* * *

Toronto Authors Entertained

Members of the Canadian Authors Association, Toronto Branch, were guests on Saturday, March 29th, at "Lommay," the residence of Lt.-Col. John A. and Mrs. Cooper, on Binscarth Road, Toronto, where they had the privilege of inspecting Col. Cooper's large collection of rare books, pictures, prints and other art treasures, a novelty being the menu card of the first dinner of the Canadian Society of Authors, held in Toronto, 1899, when Sir Gilbert Parker and George Herbert Thring were guests of honor. Another was a booklet containing the names of the charter members and their "works" with such names as Prof. Goldwin Smith, Louis Frechette, Sir James LeMoine, Agnes Maule Machar, R. K. Kernahan, together with that of Col. Cooper, who in those days was the editor of the *Canadian Magazine*.

Toronto Branch

Augustus Bridle, M. O. Hammond and Newton Kendall dealt with the subject of Book Reviewing at the April meeting of the Canadian Authors Association (Toronto Branch). Mr. Bridle said the task confronting a reviewer conducting a "book page" was to select from the avalanche of books which came to him a few to read and review. As to the authors, if anyone had anything to say he liked him to say it, but many a book was so crammed with characters as to obscure the story.

Mr. Hammond believed that Canadian writers, by hard work, could produce books that would become world literature. They could make Canada a shrine of legend and character-creation and do what Wordsworth and Burns had done for their native lands—make her famous for loveliness, beauty and grandeur.

Newton Kendall said one of the tiresome things for book reviewers was the propensity of different writers to work on the same idea. It was easy for reviewers to say cruel things in a clever way. He regretted this tendency in modern criticism.

* * *

Montreal Branch

A largely attended meeting of this Branch was held on March 15th in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, H. A. Kennedy presiding. The principal guest was Morley Callaghan, who graphically described the writers he had met in Paris, including James Joyce and Michael Arlen. The meeting was also addressed by the National President, Dr. Lighthall, and three of the visiting members of the National Executive Committee, Dr. E. A. Hardy, M. O. Hammond, and John M. Elson. Solos and duets by Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Duckett provided the musical embellishment of the evening.

THE DIFFERENCE

Vancouver, Jan. 10, 1930.

Editor, *Canadian Bookman:*

A Vancouver paper, recently, published an editorial on "What Makes Canadians Canadian," and became so enamoured of the bit that it was sent about as an advertisement for the paper. Its *pièce de résistance* is the statement that "Canadian personality is welded out of the clash between English and American influences," as if personality was a matter of being between the pillar and the post as it were, and not an individual integral part of the person. Such an influence might keep Canadians Canadian, but it could never make them so!

For a long time we had Canadian nationality as an exploitable commodity, now it seems we are to have Canadian personality. There is no getting away from the fact, sidestep it as we may, that one of these days the definition of the term Canadian must be determined. Our apparent indifference has in the past made considerable difference to the business of the Canadian author, artist, actor, musician. Last year a Canadian poet, native-born, declared that "Canadian" might be defined as one who had so absorbed the Canadian atmosphere, traditions, point of view, etc., that he could be called Canadian no matter where born. That, of course, eliminates the young Canadians, who having sold their birthright for a chance at the U.S. magazines (for instance), have wandered New Yorkward, for one fancies their point of view is where their business is. And on the other hand, with the concept "Canadian" in such an indefinite form as at present, and no one endowed with the authority to say what is Canadian, it might also result in claiming products in the literary and art world to which we have little right.

There should be some infallible test. And there is. When Luther Burbank published his first catalogue, *New Creations in Fruits and Flowers*, in 1893, he made the statement: "There is no possible room for doubt that every form of plant life existing on this earth is now being and has always been modified, more or less by its surroundings, and often rapidly and permanently changed, never to return to the old form." That this applies to man as well as other forms of life is no guess, for the Japanese, who keep close records of all their people, whether at home or abroad, will tell you that Japanese children brought to Canada in infancy are taller and more robust than those brought up at home, and those *born* here are better yet. And if it comes to that, is your Englishman who has lived all his life in India the same type of man as the Englishman who has spent most of his life in Canada?

With your eyes so close to the screen, it is rather hard to get enough perspective to see the traits that are evolving as purely Canadian, but they are there and will take definite shape very soon, if they have not already done so. For that reason it behooves us to consider the native born a little more seriously than we have in the past. Time was when few people boasted of being Canadian, now anybody who can claim the name is charmed.

Someone said the other day that so many races were thrown together in Canada that the wonder was that they got on so well. A close observer will appreciate that this is due to a certain tolerance that is typical of the native born if not of those who have eaten bread with us. This tolerance is the result of having some other ideal than that of power, which seems to be the ambition of European nationals. Yet the Canadian is not without his keen ambition, but it runs in another direction, and not a bad one after all for a national heritage. Above everything else the Canadian prizes: Freedom, not power, and there lies the secret of his insouciance, his apparent want of national ambition. He wants it, not only for himself, but others as well, a freedom that is part of these wide lands with the bracing atmosphere, the changing scenes, the sure harvests, the untold greatness of the years to come.

Mrs. W. Garland Foster.

THE WRITER'S CORNER

Conducted by Donald G. French

Notes on Canadian Magazines

The New Goblin, published monthly by The Goblin Magazine Limited, with executive offices at 1070 Bleury Street, Montreal, Que., replaces *The Goblin*, formerly issued from Toronto, Ontario. Joseph Easton McDougall is still editor, but the editorial policy has changed somewhat. *The New Goblin* is not so much a mere "college humor" journal; it is more of a current review (in lighter vein) of politics, sports, arts, music, literature; it carries also a short story or two in each issue, a mystery yarn, and some special articles of varied nature, for example: "Want a Million? Don't Work?", an interview with the world's greatest specialty salesman, or "What Else is Folly?", in which Peregrine Acland tells how he came to write the popular war novel, "All Else is Folly."

Willison's Monthly has passed off the stage; also *The Canadian Mercury*. Their subscription lists have been absorbed by *The Canadian Forum*.

Rod and Gun and Canadian Silver Fox News, formerly published by W. J. Taylor & Co., Woodstock, Ontario, is now being issued from Gardenvale, Quebec.

Canadian Homes and Gardens, published by the MacLean Publishing Company, Limited, 143 University Avenue, Toronto, Canada, edited by J. Herbert Hodgins, is a high class monthly dealing with all aspects of beautifying and improving the home. It carries regular departments on cars, motor boats, books, gardens, notes for the connoisseur, shopping discoveries, and has very fully illustrated articles on landscape design, gardens, houses, furniture of various periods, monthly and seasonal planting guides, etc. Issued monthly, $3.00 a year.

The McGilliad is a new College Monthly issued by the Arts Undergraduate Society, McGill University, Montreal, Que. The editor is Abraham M. Klein. It contains short stories, essays and poems. It sponsors claim that they "feel the need for some forum where they can exchange their intellectual and emotional experiences, where they can present to their fellow beings their clarified conception of some bewildering phenomenon or some haunting passion."

The Beaver Canada First, edited by R. D. Stanley, 159 Bay Street, Toronto, has changed from a weekly to a monthly. It has a Dominion-wide circulation and deals with current politics, finance, insurance, etc.

Canadian Geographical Journal, the monthly magazine of the Canadian Geographical Society, is a newcomer in the Canadian field. The editor is Lawrence J. Burpee. The editorial, advertising and printing offices are 610 Lagauchetiere Street West, Montreal, Que. Articles used deal with Canadian travel, resources, etc.

Acadie is a new semi-monthly magazine, "reflecting the life, thought and achievements of the Maritime Provinces," the first number of which appeared on the sixty-ninth anniversary of Bliss Carman's birth. *Acadie* is published at Fredericton, N.B.

* * *

Poets, Get Busy!

The Poet and the Critic, 920 Avenue St. John, New York, N.Y., offers the following prizes: $50 for the best poem, $25 for the best sonnet, $15 for the best lyric, three prizes of $10 each, and 5 prizes of $5 each. Address manuscripts to the editor, Alan Frederick Pater. No definite closing date. Write the magazine for further particulars.

Mark Twain Society, Mayfield, California, offers a prize of $10 for the best poem on Mark Twain. No restrictions. Must reach the Mark Twain Society by June 1st, 1930.

Poets' Magazine, 55 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y., is in the market for verse, essays, interviews, dealing with poets and poetry.

Poetry World, published by Henry Harrison at 19 Stuyvesant Street, New York, is offering prizes of $200, $150, $100 and $50 for the four best poems published in the first twelve issues of the magazine. The closing date for manuscripts is June 1.

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It is Reported THAT—

—Professor E. J. Pratt has been made a fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

* * *

—a new dahlia, perfected by one of the most noted of California horticulturists, has been named "Jalna" in honor of the novel by Mazo de la Roche.

* * *

—Edgar A. Wallace, the novelist, is to enter politics as a candidate in the Liberal interests in a Buckinghamshire constituency in the next British general election.

* * *

—Mrs. Virginia Coyne Knight has been awarded first prize in the annual competition sponsored by the Women's Press Club, of Toronto, for her play, *A Dollar and a Half an Hour.*

* * *

—speaking on Canadian Art, before the Heliconian Club, Toronto, Mrs. Jehanne Bietry Salinger expressed her opinion that French Canadian painters of the day depicted a happier, easier life and thought, while the Ontario painters, reacting to their environment as well as to their own minds, produced a sombre feeling. In criticism of Canadian painters, the speaker saw that their art only responded easily to themes of nature, that the social things of life were not in the scheme, that there was a reticence and a tendency to play on the safe side in figure work.

* * *

—Professor Garrod, in his second lecture at Hart House, Toronto, described Poetry as an enjoyable form of make-believe. From poetry the student could gather a world of meanings, for it was more full of meaning than the real world. Poetry or art he defined as the rhythmization of the jumble of life; and Aristotle, he said, considered all nature as a vast material striving after rhythm. In so far as it better senses the world's rhythm, poetry was truer than prose or science. But it was not truth in the sense of being a body of knowledge, for it was rather a body of intuition, with emotional processes; and a world consciousness was more fully sentient in some parts of it than in others. The language of poetry was more beautiful than that of real life.

* * *

—speaking in the series of lectures at Foyle's, London, England, on "Women Novelists of the Seventies," Walter de la Mare read extracts from the works of Miss Broughton, Miss Fothergill, Miss B. Edwards and Mrs. Alexander. The free woman was rather frowned upon by these writers. The monk from the monastery was still a danger. Though the swoon and the vapors were dying out, a few tears must still be sprinkled through the chapters and a good cry was an anodyne and a tonic. The simper, the gush, the sentiment, the minx, the cat, and the complete Grundy family, added their forces to make a faintly realistic fiction.

* * *

—Mrs. Anne Anderson Perry and Mrs. Norma Phillips Muir, two clever women writers of Toronto, have collaborated in a one-act play, which is to be presented at an early date by a group of the Junior League of Toronto. The drama is a rollicking comedy said to be based on the journalistic experiences of the playwrights. It is entitled, *Yes, Sir.*

* * *

AN ESSAYIST OF MUCH MERIT

Editor, *Canadian Bookman:*

May I strongly commend the contributions to *The Canadian Bookman* of Mr. C. F. Lloyd, of Winnipeg. Mr. Lloyd reveals, in those contributions, all the breadth of reading, the independence of thought, literary appreciation and discriminating judgment that go to the making of a clever essayist. More than this; Mr. Lloyd, if I mistake not, has seen a good deal of life; and its lyrics and epics and dramas have touched his soul.

It would be idle to liken your contributor, in his gifts as essayist, to Lamb or Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, or any other of our great essayists, English or American; for C. F. Lloyd is simply himself, with vision all his own and personal touch all his own.

In my opinion, Mr. Lloyd is one of the best essayists that have appeared, for some time, on our Canadian literary horizon. Let it not be forgotten, too, that more qualities enter into the making of a first class essayist than that of any other literary artist.

Thomas O'Hagan.

* * *

ART

By Alexander Louis Fraser

"Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty,"—it was so
Keats sang; a rarer word was never said.
The painter, with a world before him spread,
Chooses what's worthy of his art; lets go
The rest. Millet saw beauty in the hoe,
The barrow, and the toiler in the field;
Wordsworth made humble things their tribute yield.

Art's eyes are full of mind; she sees below
Life's surfaces. The senses of the soul
Discern the great and small, the false and true,
What wanders through the world without a name,
What History keeps enfolded in her scroll;
This, at the hand of Art, will get its due—
Fragrance, in leaves; romance, within a frame.

REVIEWS OF RECENT BOOKS

A Little Way Ahead. *By Alan Sullivan. Toronto:* Macmillan. $2.00.

The Flying Canoe (*La Chasse-Galerie*). *By J. E. LeRossingol. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited.* $2.00.

Caverns of Sunset. *By Paul Leland Haworth. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.* $2.00.

Review Comments by John W. Garvin

. . . . . .

In 1916 I made this comment on Alan Sullivan in *Canadian Poets*: "Recently I have read with critical interest most of his output, and am deeply impressed by his keeness of perception, his intellectual grasp, his power of sustained analysis, and by his native sense of the fitness of things. He is not only a distinctive poet, he is a writer of excellent fiction." Since then Mr. Sullivan has published numerous short stories and novels (several of the latter under the nom-de-plume of Sinclair Murray) and has now, as a writer of fiction, wide recognition and appreciation.

A Little Way Ahead is original and more than usually interesting. The plot is centred in the London Stock Exchange, and the author proves himself to be versed in investment trading and in the promotion of joint-stock companies.

Felix Marbury is an insignificant clerk in a brokerage office who unexpectedly sees in a vision a page of *The Financier*, dated a week ahead, on which he reads that 'Silks Preferred' was quoted 15 shillings higher than it was that morning. This was the beginning of his rocket-like financial career. He trusted the vision, which returned as he needed it, and his wealth rapidly increased, until he was in a year or two the outstanding marvel of the city . . . The effect on his home life, on his morals, on his spoken word is admirably analysed, developed and related by the author; and the final collapse and tragic ending is felt to be a logical result of the temptations to which Marbury yielded . . . This novel is profitable reading for brokers in general, and for their margin-investing clients.

. . . . . .

Readers who loved the simplicity and charm of *Maria Chapdelaine*, by Louis Hémon, will relish these stories by LeRossignol. They portray with glamor, legends, characters and customs of the habitants of Quebec, and the intermixture of French words and phrases adds piquancy to the narrative. To illustrate the latter in particular, here is a quotation from *The Stranger*:

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! But why run away like that? What had you done?"

"Nothing at all. Shielding a robber, merely —receiving stolen goods. *Particeps crimimis*, we call it."

"A criminal—you?"

"No, not I—the other one. He who had borrowed some property from the bank—intending to return it, of course. But it was missed too soon. Me, I had to run."

"But why, that?"

"Bateche! Don't you see? To throw them off the scent."

"And make yourself a fugitive, a criminal?"

"Even so. There was nothing else to do. He would have been arrested, imprisoned—for life, perhaps."

"Who, then?"

"A friend."

"Cré nom de nom! Sacré tonnerre! You shall tell me. What species of friend?"

"Well, if you must know, it was the brother of my fiancée."

"Bon Dieu! You save the brother and you lose the sister—is that it?"

"Apparently."

"Tiens donc! Sacré fou! I could not do it, me. No, I would let the brother hang first."

"No, you would not—not if you knew him—and her. He was director of the bank and I a simple cadet. No, it would not do. Think of the disgrace, the humiliation—to the family —to her—to me. Besides, he is an honorable man and will make it all right—same day."

Let me express the hope that this talented French-Canadian author, who has such a mastery of English as well as French, will make a new translation of Louis Hémon's masterpiece. Neither Blake's nor Macphail's translation has fully satisfied me.

. . . . . .

Caverns of Sunset is a novel of adventure that one will read more than once. It pertains to the days of warfare between England and France, in the latter part of the 18th century, and to fur-trading and Indians in the wilds of the great West, beyond Hudson's Bay. . . . Henry Percy, heir of the Earl of Northumberland, is studious and somewhat effeminate to the disappointment of his family, and

when he is called upon to defend his honor in a duel, he flees the country. He takes passage in a vessel of the Hudson's Bay Company, and writes his sister, Patricia, that he will not return until he has developed manhood and muscular strength. He disappears in the Western wilderness.

His sister is his opposite in character. She is athletic and brave, and an excellent shot with a gun. A bullying, cowardly cousin who is hoping to inherit the Northumberland estates, has caused her brother's flight. In sheer desperation Patricia decides to dress as a young man and go in search of him, and many and thrilling are the adventures which befall her. Ultimately she locates him in the Rockies, remade as to muscle and spirit, but a prisoner with his Spanish fiancée of a tribe of Indians. Patricia is assisted in the rescue by a gallant young Englishman who had saved her some months before from a brutal ruffian, and by a young Indian chief of much native nobility, who at the same time kills the murderer of his father, and regains his usurped Chieftainship . . . While returning they come unexpectedly upon the Earl himself, who had ventured into the wilds to search for his son and daughter. They journey together to England, where Henry punishes his cousin, and weds his Spanish sweetheart, and where the heroic Patricia and her brave young rescuer find peace and happiness.

Paul Leland Haworth has given us a Western tale that will delight many readers. The plot is well conceived and the action never lags. The English is good and flows freely. The author is a noted explorer of Canada's far Northwest, where a mountain and a waterfall have each been named for him by the Canadian Geographical Board, and his accurate knowledge of fur-trading and Indians is much in evidence.

* * *

A Challenge Answered—Atheism or Christ? *By Maud Howe. Toronto: Canadian Christian Crusade.* 50c.

In connection with the publication of this book it is interesting to refer to the organization in Toronto of the Canadian Christian Crusade, to combat atheism. The members of the executive in charge of this organization are Henry O'Brien, K.C., R. D. Richardson, Mrs. S. H. Blake, Miss M. Scott and Mrs. Maud Howe, secretary, the latter being the author of the book.

It is a thoroughly orthodox religious organization and as a reason for this crusade, here are some significant quotations showing what is being fought:

"In the field of religious thought, intellectual Radicalism finds its expression in the 'liberal' tendencies of the age, in a breaking away from the old fundamental beliefs and adopting 'modernism.' And to what end?

"To the end that ancient and sturdy ideals be broken down, that the conscience be dulled and weakened, that the established order of things be enfeebled.

"Loose thinking and the chasing after false gods, either in philosophy or religion, bring about this state of mind, and the nation so weakened is as susceptible to the virus of *Atheism* as is the debilitated individual to the germs of disease.

"Summer schools for Radical instruction, which the past few years have graduated more than 300,000 members, are being conducted by college professors and instructors from some of our leading universities.

"The real danger to-day lies in the drive that is being made among the educated and cultured classes among the schools, colleges, and universities, and among the churches and clergy of the various Protestant denominations."

Much information is given relative to the machinations of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, which stands for abolishing belief in God. It is a militant, uncompromising foe of the church and the clergy.

The World Union of Atheists is now being organized and also the Junior Atheist Society.

There is also much data regarding the propagation of atheism in Russia and throughout people of strong religious convictions will find this book to be an astounding revelation of world-wide organization to destroy Christianity.

* * *

DISCOVERY REVISES HISTORY

Henry Kelsey, the young English boy who discovered the prairies of Western Canada, was the subject of an address by Prof. Chester D. Martin, before the Women's Historical Society, at Trinity University, Toronto, on Thursday, March 20th. The lecturer said that the discovery that Kelsey was the first white man on the prairies would occasion revision of history books. Until now it was supposed that La Verendrye was the first white man to visit the prairie lands of Canada.

Kelsey was named the "Little Giant" by the Indians after his adventure with two grizzlies, which he killed single-handed; and this term, said Prof. Martin, was the only personal description to be had of the brave young Englishman. Later on, Kelsey was made governor of York Fort, but was recalled, and five or six years after that, was made full governor of the company.

This dauntless explorer and his exploits are to be the subject of a book shortly to be published, the joint work of Professor Martin and Dr. Doughty, the Dominion archivist at Ottawa.

* * *

Among the varieties in a collection of Johnstonia, recently presented to Princeton University, is a copy of Lobo's *Voyage to Abyssinia*, Samuel Johnson's first published work, for which he received five guineas.

Recent Poetry

GOLD DUST. *By Winifred M. Stevens. Published by the Author, 1972 Kingsway, New Westminster, B.C.*

Mrs. Winifred M. Stevens has been well known for some time in Western literary and artistic circles as a charming and accomplished lecturer on a wide variety of subjects. She has herself made several contributions to literature, being one of the authors whose work is included in the *Builders of the West*, a book of heroes edited by Judge Howay and published by the Ryerson Press, which firm also published her Chap Book, *The Viking's Bride*, in 1929. In her new Chap Book, *Gold Dust*, there is a wider range of subjects than in the other, but all are equally founded upon her robust belief in the beauty, the radiance and the power of life. In some of the poems, the joyousness of life, the sheer wonder of each day, are sung as if they were discovered for the first time.

"Glad am I now and shall be for ever
Joyful for evermore."

This triumphant optimism which runs through the greater part of the book is quite infectious, whether it be exemplified in the poet's love of the sea, in the "age-old strength" of the earth, in motherhood, fairies and faith in the pure healing of nature or of universal loveliness as the end of life; in her negation of the predominance of sadness and sinfulness in the world or her thankfulness for the marvels of the human soul, mind and body.

There is not a sad poem in the book; though the poet deals sympathetically with some of the problems of life, they do not worry her unduly. The peace and yearning of twilight and starlight

"When the soul reviews her losses
Or counts her victories won;"

the tender beauty of "Goodnight," which should be set to music, and the melody of Deucalion and Pyrrha can be matched in many of the poems:

"Dearest, goodnight!
And may the tender moon,
Through the silver cloud-fringe amorously peeping,
Have thee in keeping.

Dearest, goodnight!
And may the silent stars
Throughout the night with watchfulness unsleeping
Have thee in keeping!

Dearest, goodnight!
And may the Lord of Dreams
Of loveliness divine a harvest reaping
Have thee in keeping!

Dearest, goodnight!
And may the peace of God
Over the sleeping earth with healing creeping
Have thee in keeping!"

It is a gay little book and typical throughout of the diversified and vibrant personality of the author who says not without reason:
"I am one with the Eternal Will."

Annie Charlotte Dalton.

* * *

BEYOND THE ROAD'S END. *By Warwick Chipman. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited.* $1.00.

Though a long interval of years separates the publication of Mr. Chipman's first from his second book of poems—*Amber Valley* is now out of print—his restraint in that direction has been commendably offset by other activities as a lover of poetry, with a firm belief in its value as a national asset.

It was on his suggestion that the Montreal Branch of the C.A.A. formed their Poetry Group in 1925. Under his chairmanship were arranged the competitions, now an annual event, which have awakened Dominion-wide interest. As the donor of the prize for juniors, he has encouraged poetic talent in boys and girls of high school age, personally examining and judging their unsigned entries.

In the contests for members of the Group, his own unsigned poems have twice been adjudged the best by Sir Andrew Macphail. These, "The Soul of Beauty" and "Immortality," which first appeared in the Poetry Year Book of the Montreal Group, are included in the present slim volume of twenty-four short poems, mostly sonnets.

The title, *Beyond the Road's End*, is from a a line in the poem "Marching," which describes the soul's progress
"From the unchosen to the unknown goal,"
while its star

—"beyond the road's end, hides."

This sounds the key-note of the contents of the book, a high, serious, sometimes mystical, note.

You might think such a slight volume could be quickly read (only four poems fill more than one page), but not so. The first poem, "Hymn to the Spirit," a noble, impressive invocation to Divinity, is so packed with thought, so arresting, that more than one reading is required to grasp its full content. Though treading on holy ground, indulging in awe-inspiring reflections, Mr. Chipman avoids even a suggestion of heaviness. The ingenious scheme of three-line stanzas, with only five to eight syllables in a line, gives rapidity and clearness to the limpid verse. Eye and ear are charmed with the felicitous word and phrase, the singing rhymes, the perfect cadences.

There is a marked vigor and virility in such resounding lines, describing creation, as

"Up shot the sun, the world
Dropped off like fruit, and all the stars
Had rapture to be hurled—"

In "Immortality" there is a complete philosophy of life in a nut-shell. Take these two short stanzas:

"Behold a marvel!—He that stays
At the utmost fringes of his days,
He only a centre hath always."

And,

"Who builds, but sits not on his throne,
Lest the King come, to him alone
The immortal Kingdoms shall be known."

Very different in matter and manner is "An Ode for an Athlete,"—a tribute to a friend of the poet who fell in the war—which sings of struggle and victory in clarion tones—almost an athletic feat in verse, full of action, of sound, of excitement. I felt pleasantly tired after reading it, as from muscular exercise.

As a lover of Nature, Mr. Chipman will appeal to many readers. He gives miniature verbal sketches of unusual beauty in sky and sea, tree and river, cloud and star, in song of bird:

"Such ecstasy as we too might express
Were we but outlaws from the human creed
That schools the flood of bounty."

Of a poplar by the shore, we read:

"her leaves
Have felt an air no creature else receives
Dancing to secret music."

And here, in three lines, we have a perfect scene of pastoral peace and beauty:

"That dear circumference of an hundred hills,
Those woods descending, under whose dark shores
These valleys nest the climbing kine. . . ."

The lyric sense, the inevitable word, the original phrase or figure affords new pleasure on every page. Could mere words be more alive than these:

"Swift as the arrows of the surf that dart
Athwart the sand-bars breaking spray with spray."

Such flashes of sheer beauty lighten the serious burden of every poem, making it easier to remember the important message the poet seeks to convey. A message briefly summarized in a question and its answer, from "The Millenium":

"What seek we to repair this piteous time?
Our answer lies within us, and our star;
We have to-morrow what to-day we are."

The brief dedication "To My Wife," will give pleasure to all who know how fortunate the poet has been in his marriage, and domestic background.

L. E. F. B.

THE MAGIC HILL AND OTHER POEMS. *By Mary Matheson. A Ryerson Chap-Book.*

That Mary Matheson is a lover of the West is revealed in most of the poems contained in her latest chap-book. The "Magic Hill" is at Medicine Hat. "The Bow River, Alberta," "Prairie Land," "Ashen Beach, Alberta," "Prairie Night" and "Prairie Town," "Returning" and "To-morrow" are all definite tributes to Prairieland.

There are a number of poems in which the devotional note is strong, but the most appealing of all is the very last one in the book, "The Curlew." This, too, has the Western touch. In one of the other poems already mentioned, "Prairie Night," occur these lines:

Across the wilds
The roses keep
Their fragrance drifting
Through his sleep,
And o'er the lake's
Soft-silvered crest
A curlew croons
Her young to rest.

And in other poems occur lines sounding plaintive notes inspired by the curlew.

Perhaps the most impressive picture conjured up by any of these poems is that distinguishing "The Old Grey Men of Gardens":

The old grey men
Of gardens sere
Who dig and delve
This time of year—
They love to watch
The silver rain
Come tinkling through
The boughs again.

The old grey men
Of gardens stow
Beauty in columns
Row on row—
No artist's eye
Could e'er invent
A more alluring
Sacrament.

* * *

COSMIC ORATORY. *By Regis. Reviewed by C. F. Lloyd.*

Through the kindness of a friend a queer little book has recently come into my hands. The title is *Cosmic Oratory*. It is a literary curiosity. Collectors of Canadiana should hasten to add it to their collections. It is one of the Ryerson chap-books. In a biographical note the author describes himself as a bull moose. He is a western man. There is a good deal of the west in his poetry, especially its wildness.

I use the word poetry in the modern sense. Anything that is not prose these days is poetry. *Cosmic Oratory* is not prose. Anyone who reads it can see that with half an eye. It reminds me of Walt Whitman in one of his more rambunctious moods. It would have thrown such a critic as Matthew Arnold into any number of fits. Matthew Arnold in

a fit would have been an interesting spectacle.

There are ideas in *Cosmic Oratory*. I will not positively assert that they are original ideas, but the author's way of presenting them is at least fresh. In one short effusion entitled, "Major Music," occurs the following line:

"The lucent light of a lion's eye is finer than
a Turner sunset."

I never look at a Turner sunset. I prefer actual sunsets, especially prairie sunsets. As for the light of a lion's eye I have never seen it, except through the bars of a cage. It did not appear particularly lucent. If I ever meet a lion in his native forest I shall not remain in his vicinity long enough to look into his eyes.

The author begins another poem by saying:

"O, how wonderfully independent I am,"

Now I only wish I were like that. For years I have dreamed of being independent. I am afraid it will never be anything more than a dream.

The cream of this little book is a poem entitled, "The Unpopular Onion." I must quote it in full:

"I take you to the odious onion.
The most laughed at vegetable that bulges in
the earth.
The mirth excited by it has brought tears to
the eyes.
It is the symbol of mock grief, the instant
divorcer of close friends,
The exuder of an odor from which men and
women shrink.
And yet, derided, feared, associated indissolubly with hypocrisy,
Partaken of in solitude like a forbidden fruit,
This crisp, luscious vegetable is eddied within
its circumference like an evolving star,
And through its close-wrapped jacket discharges a measured wave-length of 200-milli-microns
That stimulates the growth of neighboring
plants."

Now that has at least three of the greatest merits either prose or poetry can possess. It is short. It is original in subject, at least as far as my knowledge of poetry extends, which happens to be from Homer to Walter de la Mare. Lastly it is simple. A child could understand it, all but the second last line. Some enterprising market gardener ought to broadcast it as an advertisement for Canadian onions.

The author deserves encouragement. Some critics will be unkind enough to say the work is not poetry. Well, at any rate, it is not prose.

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A MAGAZINE de luxe! That is how *The Colophon: A Book Collectors' Quarterly*, part one of which has been recently received from the publishers, The Colophon, Limited, New York City, must be described. The magazine is a large quarto in size, bound in paper vellum boards, with an attractive illustration on the front cover, and is beautifully printed, each article in the list of contents being the work of a different press. The articles include the following: "Colophons," by Ruth S. Grannis, librarian of the Grolier Club, who discusses interestingly one of the most sadly misused terms in the bookman's glossary; "Firsts, Issues and Points," by George H. Sargent, "The Bibliographer" of *The Boston Evening Transcript*, who expresses the vain regret which every collector feels at times, that there is no Supreme Court of Bibliography to determine definitely what constitutes "the genuine first edition" or "the first issue of the first edition" of a particular rare book; "On Breaking Into Type," by H. M. Mencken, in which that *enfant terrible* of critics tells the inside story of the rarest of his first editions; "Whitman and the War's Finale," by Emory Holloway; "Illustrating *Huckleberry Finn*," by E. W. Kemble; "Irving's *Washington* and an Episode in Courtesy," by George S. Hellman; "On Being Published," by Sherwood Anderson; "An Unrecorded *Pilgrim's Progress*," by Gilbert McCoy Troxell, "The Bookplates of Bruce Rogers," by William S. Kittredge; and "Getting Into Print," by William McFee, who details the story of the writing and publishing of that scarce book of his, *Letters of an Ocean Tramp*. The issue of *The Colophon* is limited to 2,000 copies, so that it is bound ultimately to be itself a collectors' item of no small importance. It may interest readers of this department to learn that a forthcoming issue is to contain a study of Bliss Carman and the bibliographic problems (and there are a lot of them) presented in his books, by Carl Purington Rollins, of Yale University Press.

* * *

William Williamson, Nestor of Toronto booksellers, having been in business in that city for well on to seventy years, died on March 14, after a long illness. Mr. Williamson came out from Scotland as a young man, and soon after reaching Toronto went into business as a publisher and bookseller, as a member of the firm of Willing and Williamson, and after his partner's death carried on alone. Mr. Williamson published a number of books for the late Dr. Goldwin Smith, among them that masterpiece in miniature, *A Trip to England*. This was brought out first as a pamphlet in 1888, and The Collector, who was then a mere youth, well remembers buying a copy of it in Mr. Williamson's store on the south side of King Street, west of Yonge. It may be of interest to say here that Mr. Williamson once, in conversation, revealed that Dr. Smith arranged with him to bring out his *The United Kingdom*, but that after a good part of it had been set up, he became convinced that it was too big a book to be published out here, and finally induced Dr. Smith to have it published in New York and London. Another book published by Mr. Williamson was *Ave: An Ode for the Centenary of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, by Charles G. D. Roberts, which was brought out in 1892, the edition consisting of only 300 copies.

* * *

Acquisition of the headquarters papers of the British Army in America during the revolution, which contain the largest known bulk of official correspondence between the English and American commanders, is announced by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, dealer and collector of New York and Philadelphia. The manuscripts, numbering about 20,000, were acquired from the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in whose possession they had been since 1804. Dr. Rosenbach declines to reveal the price paid, but says the Royal Institution sold them primarily to finance the reconstruction of its original building and theatre in London. Included in the collection are the colonial declaration of war, bearing the signature of John Hancock, and a letter from George Washington to General Howe in which the declaration was inclosed; a letter from Washington to Sir Henry Clinton explaining the necessity of the death penalty for Andre, the spy; letters from Lord Cornwallis to Sir Henry Clinton after his surrender, and other correspondence and records of the French, British and American forces. Many of the documents have never been published.

* * *

The Marx Engels Institute of Moscow, in competition with the United States and Continental bidders, has recently obtained a set of files of the *London Times* from the year 1800 to 1930. The volumes, formerly in the library of the Royal Statistical Society in London, dating back to the first issue of 1785, were sold not long ago for £600. According to the *London Times*, few even approximately complete sets of the paper are in existence, and even the set at *The Times* office is not perfect, nor that at the British Museum.

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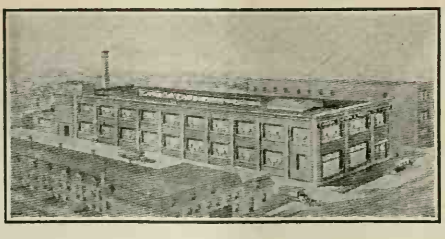

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AN INVITATION

IT IS proposed to form an organization to be known as "The Patrons of Canadian Literature" and **The Canadian Bookman** would be glad to hear from its readers with ideas to be incorporated with such a movement based on the idea that there is to be no membership fee beyond the regular annual subscription price of $2 a year paid to **The Canadian Bookman.** In other words the organization would be sponsored by **The Canadian Bookman,** the interests and ambitions of which are in the closest possible harmony with this proposed movement.

A notable example of the great interest that already exists in the literary achievements of our own country is afforded by the success of The Canadian Literature Club, of Toronto, an organization with a large and increasing membership whose monthly meetings during the winter months have filled Castle Memorial Hall at McMaster University.

Why should not such organizations exist in every town and city throughout Canada, and why should not such a movement be successfully championed by **The Canadian Bookman,** the very existence of which is essentially wrapped up with the interest taken in Canadian literature by booklovers in all parts of the Dominion?

It is assumed that the Canadian Authors Association would welcome and encourage the inauguration of an undertaking intended to promote earnest and intelligent concern with the literary output of Canada and it is to be hoped that the idea will be given some real encouragement at the forthcoming gathering of the Canadian authors at Montreal.

Such undertakings as that of the Lampman Memorial might well form part of the activities of the new organization and there might also be specialized effort along the line of cultivating greater interest in Canadian history and archives.

Upon the interest shown by present subscribers will depend the successful inauguration of this project and it is earnestly hoped that evidence of this will not be wanting for publication in the next issue of **The Canadian Bookman.**

In Praise of the Amateur

By Marcus Adeney

STRANGE that it should seem necessary at this time to insist that life is no mere matter of earning a living and amusing oneself with that living when it is earned. Such a valuation must be about the lowest ever placed upon the worth of man, yet who will deny that it is broadly prevalent to-day—in fact if not in theory? Without essential progress there can be no adequate justification for living at all; existence itself then becomes irrational and all satisfaction contains a lurking devil whose function it is to deny every joyous impulse. Of course progress is a vague and comprehensive term. We may imagine ourselves to be progressive when we are accumulating material which in itself is worthless. There is nothing so easy as to mistake a form in which good may have appeared for an essential good-in-itself. Entertainment, as a rule the cheapest substitute for real satisfaction, will satisfy only the sophisticated. Children, we should remember, and artists, are never entertained. They regard everything, from stage and concert-hall to the behaviour of human beings on the street, in the light of revelation. What could be fresher than reality, or more delightful to contemplate? If the child prefers the stage it is because, to him, the actors and their setting are even more real than the street. Such perceptiveness the artist has recaptured in later life, and so "loves" the drama in a manner unintelligible to one still content to be diverted by the watery pap called entertainment.

An amateur is one who has learned anew the old child-lesson of simplicity. The highest reward of activity is the privilege of greater activity; the monetary returns of specialized labor secure for us a period of leisure which may be occupied in study or creative effort. The studious life, which is to say a life of constant self-cultivation and perceptive enlargement, is in truth one of the few "goods-in-themselves." Such a mode of living, which must often deny immediate inclination (though with no deep regret), allows full scope to the rational and constructive side of our natures. It is, indeed, the only way in which a fully adult and representative intelligence may be truly satisfied.

The amateur chooses to occupy his spare time with entirely gratuitous but well-directed activity. He does not say: I have done a good day's work, the world owes me a period of pleasurable indulgence in return. He says: I have played my part in turning the wheels of things as they are, now I am free for a while to seek understanding, to serve the world as it ideally ought to be, a world in which labor would be not so much a necessity as a joyous privilege, where all squandering of energy would be instinctively avoided. The wisdom of the amateur consists in his preferring effort before idleness; spontaneous, yet controlled, activity before relaxation. For re-

laxation there is sleep. Waking, to be joyous, must be active; it is in the employment of our powers that we appreciate their existence and that synthesis of powers which we term ourselves.

Because entertainment is diversion and all diversion is ultimately sterile, the race of men growing older will tend more and more to neglect the passing lure in favor of more solid satisfactions. The amateur will not pass, though his present place is too often sadly obscure. He will grow in importance as the mastery of earth yields more leisure. He will, perhaps, cease to be an amateur in the present sense, by sublimating his unprofessional activities. A rationally progressive human being does not work because he must, but because it is natural for him to exert himself constructively. In this way the occupation that was begun for private pleasure will end in general profit.

We seldom consider how many great men have attained their full stature through amateur activities. Canada's most distinguished amateur was, perhaps, Sir William Van Horne, who, while playing a most important part in our national affairs, became "not only one of the great art-collectors, as many rich men have been, but himself a real artist as well. He trained his mind so that he could, and did, paint on an excellent picture while dictating his business letters every morning; and at night he cleared business away by painting in miniature, or in making water-colors of his specimens of Chinese porcelain—thus producing an illustrative catalogue that alone would have made him distinguished. No wonder that he could inspire people, and that he had a fund of unflagging energy. No critic or dealer knew Cezanne as well as he. All his life he had been drawing while talking—so that his clerks preserved his blotting pads. Here then, was a neotechnic man of business, an artist, though in practical life master of many subjects, in short, effectively living, all round."*

Most booklovers know something of A. E. Newton, the Philadelphia collector, whose writings appeal not only to his own kind but to thousands who will never dream of collecting. (By the way, I see that Mr. Newton has yielded to a lifelong temptation; he has purchased a Shakespeare first edition!) This gentleman, if you please, represents American Big Business in the electrical field. And what about Stephen Leacock? He may be a professional humorist now, but it was certainly as an enthusiastic amateur that he took up verbal caricature. Charles Lamb and Herman Melville were government employees, in their respective places altogether undistinguished. De Morgan, whose novels poured forth in a profuse and brilliant stream during a few years in later life, was a maker of tiles. It is chiefly for his pottery that Chelsea remembers and venerates him to-day.

So let the amateur be of good heart. His place is in the van of human progress, his dignity is unassailable, being proper to a man.

*Patrick Geddes.

His satisfaction increases with his own accomplishment; he labors in a field which is as broad as his own mental horizon and so appears to be miraculously enlarged with every addition to his own mental store. He is, to the extent that his work absorbs him, most enviable of men, having discovered the one true source of rational satisfaction.

Even so the amateur seems a trifle anomalous. The perfect state would quickly utilize for public ends any private interest that was found to be persistently creative. Every opportunity and encouragement would be given to the fortunate one; at the same time he would, strictly speaking, cease to be an amateur, occupying a sort of halfway post between amateur and professional, as we know them now, and improving on both. Free activity, with the joy of giving as its only direct reward, must always be regarded as a rational as well as a most humane ideal. Our best work is never exacted; its impulse is spontaneous, its discipline imposed from within. The amateur ideal is good to-day precisely to the degree that a purely professional one is the reverse. It is as a counter-balance in the social scale that the amateur must be gratefully reckoned with. In a competitive society he is the prophet of a new and better order. In a so-called practical world he is the spokesman of a more truly practical society as yet unborn.

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SONG FOR BEAUTY

By Margery Best

HOW light and casual are the ways of Beauty.
She cannot spring, Athena-like, full born,
And stand revealed for all the world to see,
Her hair unloosed, her banners all unworn.
The breathless rapture in the swallow's start,
The careless joy that sweeps the hills in May,
Will tell you Beauty's breath has found man's heart,
Though Beauty's footstep echoes far away.
Man cries on Beauty as he cries on God,
The same lost questioning behind his cry;
But follows only where her foot has trod,
Lest, having looked on Beauty's face, he die!

Ars Longa Vita Brevis

By C. F. Lloyd

WHEN Shakespeare wrote the lines that suggested the caption for this essay,

"Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive my powerful rhyme,"

he simply put "Ars longa vita brevis" into a good English dress, expressing what every true artist must have felt a hundred times, ever since art itself was born of man's need for self-expression and the passionate longing of all the finer spirits of the race to escape from the brutality of the actual into the changeless beauty of the ideal. The ideal possesses and always will possess one paramount advantage over the actual, permanence; for whereas the objects, people, institutions we see all round us in the world, are in a state of perpetual flux, changing every day and every hour in the day, emerging from chaos into the condition of visibility which we call existence or passing out of it again into chaos, the things of the ideal world undergo no change at all, remaining as fresh at the end of our lives as they were at the beginning. If the beauty of a great picture, a noble piece of music, or a grand line in poetry fades a little with the passing years it is merely because we have lost the freshness of youth, its guilelessness and that strange and precious capacity for enjoyment that was once ours in full measure. We have allowed the brutal accidents of a narrow experience to interpose a barrier of distrust, hatred, cynicism, moral blindness, between us and the loveliness that was once like a rose in our cap, a joyous strain of music in our life. Trust me, a noble work of art is noble forever whether the eyes that look upon it see it as such or not. The eye sees only what brain and heart endow it with the capacity for seeing. He is no wise man who becomes more intolerant, more fixed in his own opinions, coarser, less gentle and broad-minded with the passage of the years. It is so easy for fine gold to become dim, so difficult to preserve down to a late period of life the dewy freshness of the morning; and yet age should be tender not brutal, wide-visioned, not short-sighted, refined, not coarse, and Art as well as Nature—the ideal beauty enshrined in imperishable forms of loveliness, as well as the beauty which is transient because living—can help us to grow old wisely, becoming at last a sort of gracious benediction made manifest in flesh.

"The clouds that gather round the setting sun.
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That has kept watch o'er man's mortality."

Almost no one whom I knew as a child is alive to-day, nor is there in existence any object familiar to my childish eyes save the natural features of the world into which I was born and the things of the spirit, the lovely beings that people the world of art. The Malvern Hills still catch and retain for a time the fires of sunrise and the deep purple of evening. Hereford Cathedral and St. Peter's at Rome still stand, but they are of the world of art. I may still enjoy a line of Virgil or Horace, the poem of Piers Plowman, the best of Shakespeare, a song of Schubert's, a picture by Titian or Constable. These things have not changed for me save to gain an added depth, a more perfect loveliness, a larger truthfulness from my own wider experience of life. But save these serene things, what remains to me of all the bright world of my youth?—a handful of dust in a coffin in an English churchyard, a few old ghosts straying in the dim pastures of memory, pale, formless, like sheep seen by moonlight. The world I once knew and loved has vanished as completely as the world of the Pharaohs. But Art remains.

It is the custom just now, in certain quarters, to exploit the cheap, the vulgar, the so-called popular thing, the ephemeral thing, to decry art done for the joy of future generations, to claim that the proper province of the artist is to please the men of his own day and generation. All this has its good side,

but I doubt that the noisy young radicals who advocate it so strenuously either see or care much about that. There is nothing your born radical, whether in art or politics, enjoys more than annoying somebody, particularly somebody older, more firmly established in life, presumably wiser than himself. The chief function of radicalism is not to discover new truth, a most difficult matter, but to discredit old, to show that it is in the main not truth at all. Now this is never a very hard thing to do since the truest human truth is far from being God's truth.

The good thing about the best of this ephemeral art is that those who produce it work hard and joyously to provide a great many people with poems, pictures, music, which if not the best are at any rate passably good and, being made for to-day only, will perish with to-day, taking themselves swiftly out of a world they have pleased and no doubt brightened for an hour. I am not disposed to throw bricks at the people who are creating these things. There are so few people in any generation who can enjoy the greatest art that I am not inclined to rail at those who write books or paint pictures suited to the limited capacity for enjoying beauty of the million, only let these things be good, honest work of their kind, not botched work, vulgar work, work obviously done for day's wages and nothing else. There is for instance a kind of landscape painting which, while not great, is sound, truthful and of a quite meritorious beauty such as any one of moderate intelligence and fair education can enjoy and be all the better for enjoying. This is no plea for cheap work in the sense of bad work, but for work well done, yet of a kind that that poor, driven devil, the average man, so-called, can appreciate.

While our presses groan under the burden of a multitude of books, mostly bad, and our exhibitions reveal an enormous mass of painting and sculpture of one kind or another, much of which is bad too, there is no doubt at this moment a great deal of good artistic work being done in the world, work which will be more fully appreciated a hundred years from now than it is now, even by gentlemen who pride themselves on possessing a superfine critical judgment. I am, of course, assuming that civilization, as we know it, will continue for another century, and I beg you to observe that that is pure assumption. Name the great works of our own day, prose works, poems, pictures, statues, destined to enjoy what is known as immortality? You would enjoy seeing me put my foot in a bear trap, wouldn't you? Well, you are going to be disappointed for once. All great work of what kind soever, must, by its very nature, be in advance of its time and must usually wait for any widespread appreciation of its merits till a generation of men has been born whose highest thought, whose most refined sense of beauty it faithfully reflects. Despite the high esteem in which the plays of Aaeschylus and Sophocles were held in their own day by good contemporary judges, I doubt that their finest passages were as fully appreciated then as now. We bring to the study of these old Greek plays not a finer sense of beauty than the Greeks possessed, that could hardly be, but minds enriched and broadened by more than two thousand years of experience, experience multiplied a thousand fold and diversified in a thousand different directions. It is one proof of the greatness of Greek art that it is still capable of giving the more sensitive and passionately alive to beauty among us unalloyed delight. The same thing is true of the best of our own art, whether in poetry, painting or music. Time will pass the mud and gravel through its sluice-box but will retain all, or almost all, the gold.

Strange is the fate of the work of men's hands. Not all the art that endures is great: witness the poems of Horace. I fancy I can see the lightning gathering in the eyes of some dear old classical scholar whom I would not offend for the world. What will be the ultimate fate of the novel, of modern poetry, of painting and music hailed to-day as great? Kindly oblivion, my dears, will consume many of these things.

"Time has, my lord, a wallet on his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion."

Only the other evening a translation of a poem of my favorite Catullus sent me back to the original to discover that the passage of the years had given it an added charm. "Ars longa vita brevis," indeed. Here, I reflected, was a poem written more than two thousand years before I was born, yet its beauty is as fresh to-day as that of a new-blown rose. How many hurrying generations of men have passed across the stage of life since that poem was written? That old Roman world seems so unreal to many of us that we can scarcely believe it ever existed, yet the sap is lively in these lovely old Latin lines and they speak to our hearts to-day with as poignant a beauty, as rich a sincerity as ever they spoke to the poet's contemporaries. Empire and philosophy alike are dead and buried but emotion clothed in beautiful words cannot die.

To do that which shall delight not only the best minds, the finest hearts of your own day, but speak with accumulating and ever-widening power to the men and women of a millennium or two hence, is that not a great thing? To me it appears the greatest thing of all, the one thing worth doing. I shall soon perish in the body and my place know me no more forever, but perhaps something I have written may remain, spared by oblivion for a season, to enrich the men of a future age with an added sense of the value of all human experience, the worth of human effort, the immutability of truth, the strange longevity of beauty. If such should prove to be the ultimate fate of any work of mine I shall be content. "Ars longa vita brevis."

The Lampman Memorial

By John Melbourne Elson

LIKE a half joyous, half melancholy young musician who goes piping along a lonely road, making harmonies for the spheres, Archibald Lampman took his brief journey from dawn till eternal night, giving out to the world the lyrics of his soul.

Less than forty years were allotted to him here, but in that short spring and summer of Life, Nature confided to him many moods and he interpreted them in strong, yet tender lines. Among the poets of the last half century he achieved a distinction which will leave his memory in the hearts of Canadian people, as if it were the beauty and wistfulness of a brooding twilight hour. It is fitting that Morpeth, Ontario, the place of his birth, should be publicly marked. It gave him existence; he gave it renown. Too often the busy populace in its course hurries by, conscious in a dim way only that someone of rare gifts was in the bud here, someone whose poetic genius later caught the bashful charms out of landscapes and wove them into the delicate fabrics of verse.

That all may see how lovers of poetic art pay tribute to his creations, an enduring cairn is to be erected on the highway between Sarnia and Rondeau and close to the spot where the stars looked down upon his cradle. As many members of the Canadian Authors Association, scattered from coast to coast, have manifested an interest in this memorial, both in a moral and tangible way, a report of what has been accomplished will no doubt be welcomed.

About a year and a half ago, the London and Western Ontario Branch of the Canadian Authors Association, under the presidency of Dr. W. Sherwood Fox, president of the University of Western Ontario, began to germinate the idea of raising a suitable memorial. A diligent committee was eventually formed to carry out the ambition. It comprised such public spirited persons as Dr. James H. Coyne of St. Thomas; Ruth Holway Higgins, secretary of the London Branch; Canon Q. Warner, judge of the Juvenile Court; Melville Rossie, editor of *The London Advertiser*; Principal C. Cameron Waller, Huron College; Colonel Ibbotson Leonard, R. E. Crouch, Wilmer Scandrett and a representative of the Canadian Club.

This group has proceeded to organize the effort and to raise a fund sufficient to meet the cost of the memorial. The response to the appeal has been such as to assure the building of the cairn this summer.

A design was made by Mr. John M. Moore, Architect of London, Ontario, who gave it as

his contribution. Among other contributors it is to the credit of members of the Canadian Authors Association that they have already given between $400 and $500. The Hesperian Club of students of the University of Western Ontario; London Teachers' Association, Kent County and Chatham Teachers' Association, Public School Teachers' Association, Toronto; London Canadian Club, Canadian Literature Club, citizens of London and others have contributed. There will be other names to add, of course, when the list is completed.

The cairn is to be built of split stone taken from the fields around Morpeth, and will be surrounded by an open space enclosed by a low chain fence.

When the memorial is finally completed it is proposed to mark the occasion by a public ceremony to which all may go who are desirous of joining in the event.

As one who has participated in a modest way in getting this memorial brought into being, I hope the Canadian Authors Association may take the initiative in seeing that similar recognition is given to other outstanding authors and poets who have passed away, leaving work of national importance.

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JOURNALISTIC PIONEERS

In an interesting account of pioneer journalism in the Red River Valley, J. W. Dafoe, editor-in-chief of the *Manitoba Free Press*, speaking before the Manitoba Historical Society, gave the following information regarding the first newspaper of the settlement, *The Nor'wester*:

"It was printed in a small shack—and a pretty little building it was, as a picture that was screened later showed—and the men who started it were William Coldwell and William Buckingham, two young men from the east.

"They were their own editors, reporters, compositors, pressmen, newsboys and general delivery agents, besides having to undertake a house-to-house canvass throughout the entire settlement.

"Mr. Dafoe showed that it was talk about taking that part of the country into Canada that led to the publication of this paper, a movement that was initiated by A. K. Isbister (in whose honor a school has been named and scholarships have been established), espoused by the Toronto *Globe* and strenuously advocated by the redoubtable George Brown. It was with the intention, consciously or subconsciously, of helping on the work that Coldwell and Buckingham came west."

The Nor'wester continued to appear until the time of the first rebellion of 1869-70, when it was seized by Riel, a like fate meeting *The Red River Pioneer*, subsequently launched by Coldwell.

It is Reported THAT—

—Robert Watson, Winnipeg author, when in Hawaii a few weeks ago, visited the site of the massacre of Capt. Cook, British navigator, who discovered and named the archipelego the Sandwich Islands. He chatted with an ancient Hawaiian who had been a member of the first government of the Islands. By chance he was present at preparations for a native wedding and brought back moving pictures of the scenes.

—Dr. Thomas O'Hagan has been invited by Grenoble University in France to address, in French, the Summer School students on the subject of the French-Canadian language and literature.

—more extended observance than ever before is indicated for Magna Charta Day, Sunday, June 15th. Of this event St. Loe Strachey has said: "We should make Magna Charta Day the Main Tie of the English-speaking nations.

—Mrs. Alice M. Winlow, president of the Vancouver Branch of the Canadian Authors Association, was the guest of honor the other day at a dinner of the Pacific North-West Academy of Arts in Seattle, Wash., where she spoke on "Beauty in American and Canadian Literature." During a recent visit to England, Mrs. Winlow spoke before the Poetry Society of London, of which G. K. Chesterton is president.

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TAGORE

The life and work of Rabindranath Tagore was the subject of an address given by Miss Kate Eastman before the Vancouver Poetry Society on Saturday evening, May 17th, in Vanderpant Galleries. Miss Eastman touched on changing phases of the poet's life and showed how each phase resulted in some work of beauty and power, notably his school at Shanti Niketan. The lecturer pointed out that in this school, with its professors of many nationalities, Tagore is true to his Ideal of Universal Harmony. Miss Eastman dealt briefly with the poet's plays, *Chitra*, *The Post Office*, *King of the Dark Chamber*, quoting from each. *The Gardener*, *Fruit Gatherers* and *Fireflies* were mentioned with readings bringing out their beauty and depth of thought. Miss Margaret Fewster, accompanied by Miss Julia Massey at the piano, gave solos, the words by Tagore. Readings from *Gitanjali* were given by Dr. Ernest Fewster, and from *The Crescent Moon* by Miss Valerie Robinson. Mrs. Alice M. Winlow read an original sonnet on the poet's message to Canada. Mr. Kartar Singh, personal friend of Tagore, told of the poet's recent work. Dr. Ernest Fewster presided.

GOOD-BYE TO ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT. *By Robert Graves. Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons.* $3.00.

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS. *By H. M. Tomlinson. Toronto: Musson Book Co.* $2.00.

Reviewed by Marcus Adeney

There is a certain kind of disillusionment that demands expression; its negations crave utterance; its loneliness breeds eloquence. Robert Graves evidently feels in a simple, unaffected way that he is a voice crying in a wilderness, and it makes him delightfully irresponsible.

He doesn't damn anybody in particular; and he doesn't specifically denounce institutions, systems, codes or conditions anywhere. But he does something much more drastic—tells precisely how the grand old muddle which was Charterhouse school before the war, and the grand old muddle which was the war, affected him and other reasonably sane human beings like him.

We learn that at Charterhouse one really important thing happened. He met George Mallory and "he told me of the existence of modern authors." He mentions casually that "at least one in three of my generation at school was killed." It was awkward having German relations. His uncle boasted of having removed a French observation post from Rheims Cathedral. "I only needed to fire two rounds and down came the pinnacle and the Frenchmen with it. It was a very neat bit of shooting. I was proud to have limited the damage like that. Really, you must go and have a look at it."

The book tells of a German newspaper account by Herr Wolff, an exchanged prisoner, of his experiences at Lancaster in 1914. *The Times*, in which it was reprinted under the heading "Through German Eyes," found very amusing Herr Wolff's allegations that he and forty other waiters from the Midland Hotel, Manchester, had been arrested and taken, handcuffed *and fettered*, in special railway carriages to Lancaster under the escort of fifty Manchester policemen armed with carbines. "But it was true," says Graves, "because I was the officer who took them over from the chief inspector." He writes about atrocities: "We no longer believed accounts of unjustified German atrocities in Belgium; knowing the Belgians now at first hand. We did not believe that rape was any more common on the German side of the line than on the Allied side. It was unnecessary. . . . The troops that had the worst reputation for acts of violence against prisoners were the Canadians (and later the Australians). . . . There was no patriotism in the trenches. It was too remote a sentiment and rejected as fit only for civilians. A new arrival who talked patriotism would soon be told to cut it out."

I suppose that after reading this, half a dozen loyal Canadians will write furiously to the editor of *The Canadian Bookman*. The purturbations of such people would amuse Robert Graves, who was a good soldier and tremendously admired good soldiers. He is certainly attacking nobody. His detachment, indeed, is almost deathlike. That is why, for all its irrelevencies and hasty excess, this autobiography really means something. It records very faithfully what an inglorious modern war can do to sensitive young men. Confusion and clamor and death and misery. And afterwards all the sordid business that went by the name of reconstruction! It is easy to find reasons for playing the old game in the old way with the same old wordy idealism back of it all; easy until we read such books as this and begin to think simply in terms of human beings. . . .

Mr. Tomlinson is not just reminiscent; he is historical. Here, he says, is the progressive state of mind which led through such easy stages as the Boer War to the cataclysm of 1914; and here are the lights (radical journalists, etc.,) by which the great, gullible public could have been guided to salvation. The test of a villain is the power he wields. The greatest statesmen are the greatest crooks, the best men are the lowliest here on earth—a severely Biblical estimate. Unfortunately these variously classified persons obstinately evade all the author's blandishments. They remain, throughout, mere mouthpieces for an unconvincing discourse.

If only Mr. Tomlinson could see people as he sees jungles! He would have written the greatest contemporary novel as he has already written the best travel books of our time. But no! People must embody ideas. The jungle struggles through an infinity of blind, groping forms towards perpetuity; and Mr. Tomlinson broods darkly, poetically, marvellously, upon its convulsive efforts. He cannot, apparently, realize that mankind does little more, that all our wars and revolutions and passionate egotistical strivings are just phases of that same

terrific, unreasoning, convulsive effort towards self-preservation, self-perpetuity. . . . He is a moralist, and moralists have no business to be writing novels.

As far as the construction goes both Graves' and Tomlinson's new books reveal the same faults. There is practically no deliberate, hard, condensation, too many words. *All Our Yesterdays* contains much that is superb. The way the war gradually crept over and absorbed the quiet lands of northern France, the reactions of the common folk, the dramatic effects of progressive disaster, these things will never be more vividly, poignantly described.

Mr. Tomlinson loves generals about as much as he loves politicians. But then, neither he nor Robert Graves expects to be read by officialdom. They speak to the wide air, and each in his own way is gloriously irresponsible. I say gloriously because these two books, for all their faults, are tremendously worth while. And all their explosiveness will really hurt not one single living thing.

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THE TIGER HAS THE LAST WORD

GRANDEUR AND MISERY OF VICTORY. *By Georges Clemenceau. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.* $5.00.

Reviewed by Mrs. Garland Foster

In this book M. Clemenceau makes the statement that this book must not be taken as in any sense his memoirs. Were it not for this, one could wish that he had written them before he had read Foch's book. For there are wrapped up with the facts as he saw them so many personalities, which were drawn from him by the Marshal's statements, so often at variance with the facts as the French War Minister saw them, that the casual reader is tempted to think the whole only the outpouring of a disgruntled old warrior. But the imperious Clemenceau has written for posterity, which will put its own estimate on the relative parts played by the war minister and his Field Marshal. For that reason, he is, perhaps, justified in having his say. There is a certain asperity of the outspoken, which will have lost its sting in the years to come. But those little byways of thought, those too easily obliterated trails of thought, which are so intriguing to-day, will they be as plain to posterity as to us?

Foch was himself to blame for disturbing the old Tiger's last days. Unless we endow these men who fought our battles and who directed the policy of the campaign with the foresight of gods, (which sometimes they seemed to be), we must admit that there were mistakes, disagreements and all the paltry clashes of personality against personality, but if the results justified the policy of the moment, why stir the scars of old wounds?

This book should put an end to those queries as to "who won the war?" for Clemenceau is quite definite on the subject, as well as in his summing up of the United States preparedness and the method of carrying on. Clemenceau's estimate of Woodrow Wilson is such a just and fair one that even though now there seems a personal bias in Foch's case, it may be that time will present another view. But it is absurd to think that either loses credit for individual achievement. It is merely that they give the impression which each got of the same picture. The insistence on the Unity of Command saved the situation. It was Clemenceau who pushed for that, and having got it, it was Foch's duty to carry it out to the best of his ability; whether he found it easier to suggest or command, was his method to choose. Neither could undertake everything, although there is the chance that Clemenceau would have made the best attempt at it. The high praise for Colonel House must leave finally answered all the questions that a doubting people put forward at the time. It would appear, too, that the rank and file of the U.S. could not travel as fast as their President Wilson, for when the war had ended they were at the gateway of isolation, where he had been at the beginning. Clemenceau evidently thought that Wilson was really representing his people, when all the time he was ahead of them.

But it is his delightful humor that one is apt to overlook in this revelation of the Tiger. What pleasure he must have taken in describing all those diplomats at the Peace Conference; and how he chuckled over Wilson coming between him and Lloyd George in a strained moment with his: "Well, well, I have never come across two such unreasonable men!"

And by the same token he never thinks it worth his while to mention the Canadians, except to describe Doherty at this conference as, "good looking, but with an expression of limited intelligence." There is some satisfaction in knowing that had there been anything really wrong with us we certainly would have been mentioned. His description of the Germanic cult of the Bierhaus is inimitable, especially just now when the pendulum has swung so far out on the "love your enemies" extreme. For his chapter on The Unknown Warrior one is prepared to forgive much.

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THE LOVE OF JEANNE NEY. *By Ilya Ehrenbourg. Doubleday, Doran and Gundy.* $2.

Russian portraiture, whether in pictures, books or plays, is a thing etching-like, composed of pen and ink rather than of color.

Russian "color" is a thing that people enjoy talking about. As a matter of fact, nearly all slavic art is fuller of shadow than of light.

A book of Ilya Ehrenbourg's is apt to be like this. Certainly it is true of *The Love of Jeanne Ney.*

Ehrenbourg is probably the most considered of modern Russian novelists, and of his output, so far, this story of a French girl of sixteen and her Bolshevik lover, of Gabrielle, her blind cousin, and of the mad-house world in which they were set, is the most poignant and moving. The pictures are terrific, but the style is romantic, restrained, full of a moving, irresistible quiet.

Katherine Hale.

THE HASTING DAY

Dr. George Herbert Clarke, who is Professor of English in Queen's University, has published a second volume of his poetry, *The Hasting Day*. Dr. Clarke's verses deal with life, philosophy, love, the beauty that is found in the mind of a child, descriptions of places, nature, friendship and the understanding bond between man and those we call the lesser creation. Several of the most pleasing of his verses are addressed to Toby, a Cocker Spaniel, or to his Irish Terrier. It is especially in his poems of places, however, that Dr. Clarke's gift of song shows to its best advantage.

Over Salève I heard a skylark singing
  Blessèd be Beauty, Beauty! He soared and swirled,
In very ecstasy of flight outflinging
  His breathless music on a broken world.
Joy, the sole faith of that so tiny flyer
  Twining unnumbered notes in psalms of praise,
Lifted him on high and ever higher
  Till the blue heaven hid him from my gaze.
Still he adored, flooding the sky and mountain
  With delicate waves of sound more silver-sweet
Than the pure flowing of a pebbled fountain
  To desert-farers fainting in the heat.
Beggar am I for Beauty's least caress;
The little lark knows all her loveliness.

Of the fine lines descriptive of nature one would choose "Eyebright (Canso, Nova Scotia)":

In all my wending
  I've seen no sight
So full of friending
  As you, eyebright!

The Hasting Day reveals a sensitive, reflective spirit, trained by much dwelling on the thoughts of great poets, by life and friendship. It is surely fortunate when students have for instructor one who cares for literature as a practising poet must. In the last section of *The Hasting Day*, Dr. Clarke proves that he possesses an unusual understanding, beautifully expressed, of the mind of a child. "A Small Boy Prays" should be read as a whole; its concluding stanzas are:

You're living, mother says, in Heaven this minute;
Come down, and you can have my top and spin it!
She says that you can understand me, hear me,
And that the Christ-child somehow can be near me;
Look, then, I'll ask her, and you ask your mother,
To let you stay a while and be my brother.
I like you fine; we'll climb a tree together,
And play ball after school (mine's regular leather),
And sit beside each other at the table,
And you can tell me all about that stable.
You'd love my mother: she's little like a fairy;
She'll sing, and tell us tales, my mother Mary;
She knows what boys like—six and going on seven;
She says your mother Mary's Queen of Heaven.
Queens' sons in books are princes, and important,
But hurry an' come quick, even if you oughtn't;
And when it's good-bye time, we'll trade each other
Marbles and stamps, and I'll have had a brother.

Marjory Willison

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PICTURE APPRECIATION. *By E. V. K. Grayson. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited.* 287 *pages. Price* $4.00.

There should be tremendous rejoicing over this new book.

It is intended primarily for the use of teachers, but I can think of others who will enjoy its carefully planned pages. All picture lovers will be attracted by the well reproduced illustrations and concisely informative articles that accompany each painting. Parents who take their responsibilities seriously will wish to possess a copy of their own, for there is material in it for countless wonderful story hours. If read in the home circle or used in the schools by this generation, it would undoubtedly prevent to-day's children, when they are to-morrow's men and women, from saying about Art, "I know what I like, but I don't know why," or, what is perhaps still more pathetic, "I don't care for pictures, they don't mean anything to me."

The scheme of the book is to arrange lessons in picture study for the ten months of the school year, for six successive grades or years. One picture is studied each month. Realizing that to attract and hold the interest of a six-year-old child in Grade One is a very different task from teaching a ten- or twelve-year-old, the author has exercised a good deal of originality in planning the book. To quote her own words, "In the lower grades more emphasis is placed upon the story which the picture tells . . . . while in the upper grades more stress is laid upon the art qualities and general technique than on the theme." Brief biographical sketches of the artists, alphabetically arranged, are included in the volume.

The choice of picture subjects could hardly be bettered. Thirty-seven of the world's best known artists have been chosen, including representatives of all the famous schools of painting. Of these the British school is overwhelmingly preponderant, closely followed by the Dutch, French and American schools. In such a galaxy of the world's best artists, the Canadian school is in honored company. It is fittingly represented by Paul Kane and Tom Thomson, while the Canadian work of James Henderson, a painter of British birth, is also included.

The author, E. Vaughan K. Grayson, must not be confused with her cousin, E. K. Grayson, whose recently published novel of Western life, *Willow Smoke*, has been well received by the critics. The two cousins have spent the last year travelling leisurely around the world. Miss Vaughan Grayson, whose chief interest has been in Art since her student days at Curry School of Expression and Columbia University, remained some months in Europe devoting her attention to twenty of the world famous art galleries; with many of those in Canada and the United States, as well as South America, she was already familiar.

A brief glance at any one picture will serve to illustrate the scheme of the book. Opposite Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," accompanied by a quotation from Rossetti's "Ave," we find a page of commentary on the theme, design and coloring of the picture, given in the form of questions and answers. Then follows a page of interesting suggestions: the painting is compared with Botticelli's "Madonna and Child"; suitable music, including "Silent Night," is mentioned; correlations with other school work are indicated, such as the designing of a Roman-patterned scarf; Swinburne's "Babyhood," and Marjorie Pickthall's "Christmas Morning," are among the suggested literary themes.

All the picture comparisons are happy in the extreme: Reynolds' "Miss Bowles" with Raeburn's "Boy with Hare"; Murillo's "Grape Eaters" with Millais' "Boyhood of Sir Walter Raleigh"; Tom Thomson's "Jack Pine" with Homer Martin's "Harp of the Winds." Equally valuable are the literary illustrations throughout the volume, making in all a book that is for the child a liberal education in itself.

D. L. Ross.

BRIEFER MENTION

A new Zane Grey novel, *The Shepherd of Guadaloupe,* will be ready in June.

* * *

Very Good Jeeves, by P. G. Wodehouse, is to come forthwith.

* * *

Among the books down for early appearance is Stephen McKenna's *The Datchley Inheritance.*

* * *

A novel which won the $2,500 Harper-Heineman Prize is Bernard Guttman's *The Knight of Reason,* to appear in the autumn. It is being translated into English by Ludwig Lewisohn.

* * *

Paul Morand's *New York,* which has already sold to the extent of 100,000 copies in France, will be published in New York in the late summer.

* * *

Forthcoming fiction includes: *The Little Dog Laughed,* by Leonard Merrick; *The Shepherd of Guadaloupe,* by Zane Grey; *The Family,* by Francois Mauriac; *The Royal Woman,* by Heinrich Mann; *The Hound of Florence,* by Felix Salten.

* * *

With his book, *The Renaissance of Irish Poetry,* ($2.50), David Morton has done a great service to Irish genius. Another appealing new volume is Curtis Canfield's *Plays of the Irish Renaissance,* ($3.00).

* * *

The Book of the New Canadians, by D. J. Dickie, contains stories told by the children of twenty different nationalities. It has just been published by Dent's at 65c.

SONNETS FROM A LOCK BOX AND OTHER POEMS. *By Anna Hempstead Branch. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.* $2.00.

Reviewed by John W. Garvin

This great woman poet—in the opinion of Edwin Markham, the greatest the world has known, (Dr. Albert Durrant Watson told me this after Markham had visited him some years ago), is scarcely known in Canada, and not nearly so well-known in her native land as she should be. She was born in New London, Connecticut, and has lived most of her life in the family residence, "Hempstead House," one of the oldest houses in the state . . . The poems upon which Edwin Markham based his opinion were issued by the above publishing house in 1910, under the title, *Rose of the Wind.* This book contains several poems of such exceptional, extraordinary merit that they have to be read and re-read to realize fully their super-excellence. "Nimrod" is an amazing imaginative effort—a new *Paradise Lost*—divided into seven parts, and with more than 2,000 lines. "The Wedding Feast" is a lyrical poem of more than 800 lines, divided into six parts. It overshadows "The Hound of Heaven," by Francis Thompson—the hound in this instance being her *"deep eternal self."* When thinking of this poem the word "marvellous" comes to my lips. "The Monk in the Kitchen" is an exquisitely charming lyric. Here is an extract:

When I polish the brazen pan
I hear a creature laugh afar
In the gardens of a star,
And from his burning presence run
Flaming wheels of many a sun.
Whoever makes a thing more bright,
He is an angel of all light.
When I cleanse this earthen floor
My spirit leaps to see
Bright garments trailing over it.
Wonderful lustres cover it,
A cleanness made by me . . .
Whoever makes a thing more bright,
He is an angel of all light.
Therefore let me spread abroad
The beautiful cleanness of my God.

About five years ago, Miss Branch attended an international convention held in Toronto, and for an evening was the guest of Mrs. Garvin and myself. Dr. Watson joined us at tea in the afternoon. We had loved and revered Miss Branch and her poetry for fourteen years, and to have her in person for several hours, all to ourselves, made that particular evening memorable and sacred.

Sonnets from a Lock Box and Other Poems is Miss Branch's third volume of verse. It was issued in October last. It opens with a sonnet sequence—38 in number. The thought is often profound and highly imaginative. To illustrate:

XXVIII

Here is the Harp of stars which was so strong
It shook the air and earth with god-like dreams,
Heroes in mirth assembled to its themes.
Its bright strings glittered with the fires of song.
Then richly every planetary stone
With number shone as if with bronze or gilt
For Number is the god's invisible throne.
With music struck from gold Great Thebes was built.
Since music moves and governeth all things
Let us reflect before the golden lyre.
Here lies the will that in its coined strings
Confoundeth Kings and altereth desire.
Here stretched in pain along the broken wire
The God still breathes creative numberings.

After the sonnet sequence the most important poem in the book is "The Night in Paradise." It opens with these stanzas in italics:

Where have you been? What have you seen?
What is it you have done?
What is the strange and mighty thing
That you have looked upon?

The sign was set—the crowing cock—
And we are comrades three.
The trusty skipper pledged his word
To sail you out to sea.

Your brow is wet with sweat and blood!
Your pistol's gone—your eye
Is calm with an exalted light—
But yet at noon you die.

You might have lived your life out, lad,
And led your pack of men.
You that were thief to twenty towns
Shall never steal again.

The thief replies in fifty-four stanzas, closing with the following four:

Bury me in the Northern Woods
While the full moon still is on.
Lads, what it was I did last night
I could not leave undone.

And I shall get up I think—sometime,
When the great Spring Towers move,
Because of the hour I spent with her
And faith and pain and love.

For in that hour I watched with Her—
Gay, beautiful, and free—
Three ghosts of murdered men shone out
Like blossoms in a tree.

They did not fight with pistols, lads,
Nor by the powers of Hell,
But by the grace of Paradise
They fought exceeding well.

Canadian Authors Association

THE JUNE CONVENTION IN MONTREAL

ON TUESDAY, June 24, the eve of the National Convention in Montreal, the President and Mrs. Lighthall will give a reception at their Westmount home to all members from other parts arriving in time. And earlier in the day visitors will have the opportunity of seeing the French-Canadian procession of St. Jean Baptiste.

The convention opens next morning, in the Royal Victoria College of McGill University, with the president's address and reports from the secretary and treasurer. A discussion on the working of the Association in its branches will be followed by a luncheon, given by the Quebec Provincial Government. In the afternoon, papers in the "regional" series will be given by Walter McRaye and Prof. W. T. Allison on the contributions of Ontario and Manitoba to Canadian literature. An address from a spokesman of the French section will follow. At 4 o'clock the visitors will be taken for a motor drive up the island to St. Anne's, returning, after tea at MacDonald College, by way of the Senneville Forts. In the evening a conversazione will be held at the Royal Victoria College.

On Thursday morning, under the title "Reaching the Reader," the publication and circulation of literature in Canada will be discussed by authors, editors, publishers and booksellers. The City of Montreal gives that day's luncheon, when Archbishop Gauthier will speak. The afternoon topic will be "Literature and Life," including "Putting Life Into Literature" and "The Effect of Literature on the Social and National Life." Afterwards some of the delegates will be taken on a steamboat excursion down the harbor, while others visit the Seminary of St. Sulpice and the Chateau de Ramezay.

"Authors' and Composers' Rights in the Reproduction of Their Works,"—copyright, radio, and motion pictures—with resolutions on other subjects and the annual elections, will occupy Friday morning. The afternoon sitting will be in Tudor Hall, where Canadian musical composition and pictorial art will receive special attention. At night the members will gather for the closing reunion and annual banquet.

Among others likely to be heard at the convention, besides those mentioned, are Frank Packard, Miss Marshall Saunders, Sir Arthur Currie, Premier Taschereau, Mgr. Camille Roy and Jean Charles Harvey of Quebec; Miss J. S. Foley, B. K. Sandwell, H. Napier Moore, Hector Charlesworth, Dr. Salem Bland, Prof. W. H. Wright, Mr. Justice Surveyer, J. Murray Gibbon, Dr. C. G. D. Roberts, Canon Chartier, and E. Wyly Grier, president of the Royal Canadian Academy.

* * *

BRANCH REPORTS

Toronto Branch

The National President, Dr. W. D. Lighthall, was the chief speaker at the annual meeting of this Branch on May 9, at the Arts and Letters Club. He made a strong appeal to Canadian writers to take their work seriously and so help to build up a greater Canada.

Tributes to Dr. Lighthall's high place in Canadian letters were paid by Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, John Garvin, and the chairman, Dr. E. A. Hardy. John M. Elson reported the progress of the campaign for the erection of a memorial to Archibald Lampman at the poet's birthplace, Morpeth, Ontario. Success was assured, most of the required $1,100 having been raised. The Association of Canadian Clubs had become interested, and would cooperate with the Canadian Authors Association in future movements to honor the memory of Canada's poets and authors. The officers for the ensuing year are: Hon. president, J. M. Elson; president, Dr. E. A. Hardy; vice-presidents, Prof. G. M. Wrong and Dr. Lorne Pierce; secretary-treasurer, Miss Bessie G. Ferguson; assistant secretary, Miss Hilda M. Ridley. Executive committee, John Armitage, Donald G. French, Prof. F. H. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Constance N. Lea, Mrs. S. Frances Harrison, Mrs. Gertrude Pringle, Dr. E. J. Pratt, Miss Marshall Saunders, Mrs. Virna Sheard, Owen Staples.

It was decided to invite the national organization to hold the 1931 convention in Toronto, and John Armitage brought a motion favoring the holding of the 1932 convention in London, England.

The programme included a bright skit, "Shakespeare in Modern Dress," by A. Munro Grier and Edgar McInnes, and readings from her own poems by Miss Anne Sutherland of Guelph, Ont.

* * *

Saskatchewan Branch

At the April meeting, in the Regina Public Library, Col. Garner presiding, Mrs. Bothwell was elected as Archivist. Mrs. Green's suggestion for group work or a competition was discussed; and Mrs. Saunders contributed a poem, "The Language of Flowers." The president called attention to the film "High Treason," a British production, and afterwards read his annual report. It was decided to subscribe $5 towards the Lampman Memorial.

Members having reported on their writing activities, Miss Moore took charge of the meeting and set the members a task of writing a good Love Letter, a Bread and Butter Letter and a letter of Farewell.

* * *

Calgary Branch

The officers elected by this Branch for the year are: President, Mrs. Nellie McClung; first vice-president, Archdeacon Tims; second vice-president, Mrs. G. W. Kerby; secretary, Miss Vera McKim; treasurer, W. S. McDonald.

Vancouver Branch

The annual meeting on May 5, in the Stanley Park Pavilion, elected this executive: President, R. L. Reid, K.C.; vice-presidents, Prof. W. N. Sage, Mrs. C. R. Townley, A. R. Woollacott; secretary, Dr. E. E. Harper; treasurer, Norman M. Clarke; with Miss Maud Mattley, A. Fraser Reid, and A. M. Stephen.

The members and friends, to the number of 90, then joined in a banquet, when Mrs. Winlow gave her valedictory as president. Mrs. F. A. Grondahl, of the Pacific North-West Academy of Arts, author of "The Music of the Spheres," was the guest of honor. Among others who took part were Mrs. Holt Murison, Mrs. C. R. Townley, Miss M. E. Colman, Miss May Judge, Mrs. Irene Moody, Mrs. Schooley, Dr. Harper, A. M. Stephen, Dr. E. E. Harper, Mr. Lister, Stephen Golder, and Mrs. G. Houston.

At the February meeting in Vancouver, the names of Mr. and Mrs. W. Dalton and President Friff were among the guests of honor.

* * *

Winnipeg Branch

At the meeting of the Winnipeg Branch, April 29th, after hearing advance information regarding forthcoming convention at Montreal, six or eight members of the Branch signified their intention of being in attendance. Mr. Robert Watson gave a most entertaining address on "A Holiday in the Hawaiian Islands," with moving pictures.

* * *

Victoria and Islands Branch

The Victoria and Islands Branch held, on April 10th, its annual commemorative meeting for the late Marjorie Pickthall, who founded this branch. Miss Ethel Bale, of the B.C. Dramatic School, gave Miss Pickthall's poem, "St. Ives' Poor," and Miss Noel Cusack, also of the Dramatic School, gave a selection from "The Wood-Carver's Wife." The chief speaker, Lewis Wharton, dealt with the appeal and spirituality of Marjorie Pickthall, whom he compared to Rupert Brooke, the English poet. Mr. Wharton read and analyzed "Mother in Egypt."

W. B. Lanigan gave a short talk on the late Madame Albani, the Canadian prima donna.

Mr. Lanigan knew Madame Albani, who was born in the same county, Chambly. He remarked that Quebec, "the most romantic province in the Dominion," was the natural birthplace for great singers and musicians, as the French-Canadians were a race of music-lovers. He then read Drummind's habitant poem, "When Albani Sang."

Mrs. Mabel Corbett, with Mrs. F. Wright at the piano, sang "Duna" and "May Morning."

Among those present who knew Miss Pickthall and gave personal reminiscences of her life in Victoria were John Hosie, Donald A. Fraser, Miss M. Eugenie Perry, Mrs. C. d'A. Henderson, and C. C. Pemberton. Mr. Pemberton also moved a vote of appreciation of the works of J. R. Anderson, the local author, whose sudden death had been greatly mourned. Mr. Hosie, in seconding the motion, stated that a volume by Mr. Anderson would be issued shortly by the Ryerson Press.

* * *

New Brunswick Branch

The annual meeting of the New Brunswick Branch, in St. John, on April 7th, elected the following executive: Hon. president, A. M. Belding; president, Major H. G. Christie; first vice-president, Rev. George Scott; second vice-president, Dr. George Frederick Clarke, Woodstock; secretary-treasurer, C. W. Gilchrist, *Times-Globe*, St. John; with Mrs. Margaret E. Lawrence, Miss G. Helen Mowat (Saint Andrew's), Ven. Archdeacon H. A. Cody, Mrs. H. H. Steeves (Shediac), Carl P. Wetmore, C. E. Lund (Sackville), and Dr. William MacIntosh.

* * *

WINGED WORDS

In March, when the air mail service was started, the Winnipeg Branch of the Canadian Authors Association sent by the first plane the following letter:

"Winnipeg Branch, Canadian Authors Association, extends, through the air, heartiest greetings to the Regina Branch."

E. K. Marshall,
Secretary.

Back in a few hours came a letter from the Regina Branch:

"Greetings from the Regina scribes to the Winnipeg Authors:
High o'er the prairie's glist'ning snow,
Our warmest wishes winging go;
Returning greetings, heartfelt, true;
Regina now is nearer you!"

Geo. A. Palmer,
Asst. Secretary.

The Regina man is just a little better at handling words; but the Winnipeg chief thought of it first; he could not put it into verse, however.

E. K. M.

* * *

Papini's *St. Augustine* is an important book coming this month. Readers will recall the remarkable success of this author's *Life of Christ*.

* * *

It will interest novel-readers to learn that "John Lebar," author of *The Lighted Lantern*, one of the new Spring novels, is a son of Harold Bell Wright.

THE WRITER'S CORNER

Conducted by Donald G. French

Ten Commandments for Authors

Gordon Dorrance, talking before the National League of American Pen Women recently, gave the following Ten Commandments for authors:

1. Don't starve to death. If you can't write, work. Read "Martin Eden."

2. Don't show your work to friends. Show it to enemies. They'll criticize it.

3. Don't tell every one you are writing a book. Get it accepted.

4. Don't write long handwritten letters about your MS. Use a typewriter; be brief.

5. Don't send an "Arabian Nights" to a Bible publisher. Know your market.

6. Don't submit your fall novel November 15th and expect the publisher to "have it in the stores by Christmas." He won't.

7. Don't use a pen-name. Your publisher doesn't.

8. Don't criticize first and inquire afterward. Information is understanding.

9. Don't bother the bookseller. He has one show window and ten thousand new books every year to put in it.

10. Don't change publishers. Old friends are best.

Prize for a Novelette

Scribner's Magazine offers a prize of $5,000 for a novelette of 15,000 to 35,000 words. Contest closes September, 1930. Manuscripts should be addressed to: Contest Editor, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Notes on Canadian Magazines

The Chatelaine, 143 University Avenue, Toronto, uses short stories of about 3,500 words; serials, in two, three, or four parts; feature articles of 2,000 words of interest to the household.

The Western Home Monthly, Stovel Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba, uses short stories of about 3,500 words, short articles of general interest, serials.

Toronto Star Weekly, 80 King Street West, Toronto, uses serials, short stories, articles. For its "Page About People" it requires short, human-interest sketches or anecdotes about prominent Canadians, or persons of prominence in any field of action.

MacLean's Magazine, 143 University Ave., Toronto. Issued twice a month, uses novelettes, and novel-length serials; short stories up to 5,000 words, adventure and business; original fact articles on Canadian topics, from 1,500 to 3,500 words. Photographs should accompany articles. No poetry used.

A Pulp Weekly

Argosy, 280 Broadway, New York City, is issued weekly, and uses adventure stories of all types. It bars domestic, sex, or morbid themes. Foreign adventure, Northern stories, sea stories, war stories, railroad stories, circus stories, sport stories, mystery stories—it uses them all; keeps four serials running regularly; uses short filler articles up to 500 words on natural wonders and informatory articles.

The Question Box

Question: Should dad, mother, aunt, dear, etc., be capitalized when they are used as a form of address? As, "Come to dinner, Dad." I thought there was considerable authority for this, so tried it out in some of my manuscripts, but the editors, almost invariably, changed the capital.

Answer: If there ever was any authority for this practice, I think common sense overruled it long ago. The only excuse for capitalizing these words is that they sometimes become part of a proper name, such as "Aunt Jane," "Father Kelly," etc. There does not seem to be any more reason for capitalizing them at any other time than for capitalizing any other word used in a similar manner.

Question: Do you think Canadian writers would be justified in sending the same manuscript, simultaneously, to several houses? In view of the fact that some houses keep a manuscript five months or so, before replying, it would seem that even should the writer get into the most unlikely mix-up of having the manuscript accepted by all the publications, this might be preferable to entirely losing the sale of the manuscript for at least another year—as often happens.

Answer: No more justification than there would be for a young man to propose by mail to several different girls at the same time. Of course, no house should keep a MS. five weeks, let alone five months, without at least a tentative proposition regarding it, although publishing conditions are not always such that a publisher is able to fit a manuscript into his plans at a few weeks' notice. Authors fail to realize that the publisher must plan a year ahead, or even more. But if any house keeps your MS. for longer than a few weeks without a report, ask for a decision.

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The Man in the Sandhills.....Anthony Marsden
A Voice from the Dark.....Eden Phillpotts
Jig-Saw.....Eden Phillpotts
Blind Circle....Maurice Renard and Albert Jean
The White Menace.....John Rhode
The Mystery of the Singing Walls.....William Averill Stowell
The Barge of Haunted Lives....J. Aubrey Tyson
The Sign of the Snake.....Derek Vane
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The Patriot.....H. C. & A. E. Walter

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The Perilous Quest.....T. Nicholls
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The Avenging Brotherhood.....Ivan Tattersall

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We wish to purchase Chemical, Medical and Scientific periodicals in all languages, unbound or bound. Books on the History of Medicine and by the older authorities. Also magazines along Botanical lines. B. Login & Son, Inc., 29 East 21st Street, New York.

WANTED—Single works or complete libraries—Canadiana, Americana, First Editions, and Standard works and sets. Books on the Red River Expedition, Hudson Bay, Western Canada, Indians, County Histories. Write Albert Britnell, 765 Yonge Street, Toronto.

WANTED—*The Story of Canada*, by Howard Angus Kennedy. Also first editions of same writer's *Professor Blackie, Old Highland Days, New Canada and the New Canadians*, and *The New World Fairy Book*. Duff & Merrill, 240 St. James Street, Montreal.

WANTED—Books of Poems, by Alexander McLachlan, Beggs' History of the North West, United Loyalists' Centenary Souvenir, Number 1885, Ryerson—Loyalists of America and Their Times, Hearne's Diaries. Longstaff's, Box 117, Regina, Sask. 2—0

First Editions

First editions of *Amenities of Book Collecting, Pernassus on Wheels, Huckleberry Finn, Random Candide, Strange Interlude* (1st and ltd.). *Elizabeth and Essex* (ltd.). *Three Black Pennies, Two Forsyte Interludes* (ltd.). *We* (signed) *Scarlet Letter, Waldon, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Sailing Ships of N.E., Further Poems of Emily Dickenson*, and Mark Twain's *A.L.S.* Quote to "*Bookcraft*" c/o Canadian Bookman.

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THE interesting announcement is made by Henry Stevens, Son & Styles, of the London booksellers and publishers, of a proposal to reprint by subscription the rare folio atlas of 16 plates, to Vancouver's *Voyage to the North Pacific Ocean,* in a limited edition of 75 copies. Henry Stevens, Son & Styles, in a circular announcing this proposal, say:

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The subscription price is £10 10s., which after publication will be increased to £15.

* * *

The first public document signed by Sir John A. Macdonald has been added to the voluminous collection of his papers gathered together by Dr. A. G. Doughty, curator of the Dominion Archives at Ottawa. It is an affidavit signed by Sir John on October 6, 1834, upon his appointment as a poll clerk in the Upper Canada election in Prince Edward County. He was 19 years old at the time. With the receipt of this letter, the Dominion Archives now houses most of the important letters written by the first premier of Canada. Among the papers is the first draft of the British North America Act, in Sir John's handwriting.

* * *

The discovery is announced from Calcutta of an illuminated manuscript of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* of a date so early as to prove conclusively that it was the East and not the West which produced the first illuminated copy of the poem. The find was made by Professor Mahfazul Huy of the Presidency College at Calcutta. The manuscript comprises 206 quatrains and was made in 1505—only forty-six years after the priceless copy in the Bodleian Library in Oxford. It was transcribed by Sultan Ali of Mushbad and finely illustrated with miniatures which are splendid specimens of the Persian art which flourished under Tamerlane.

* * *

A four-word order in the handwriting of Abraham Lincoln, signed and dated April 14, 1865—the day of the President's assassination—brought $725 or $180 a word, at a sale of autographs at the American Art-Anderson Galleries in New York City, February 27. Something of a record price for so short an autograph by the Civil War President thus was set in the auction room, although the best price of the sale was $3,100, paid for a lithographed copy of Lincoln's "Emancipation Proclamation," signed by the President.

* * *

What is believed to be the oldest Protestant prayer book in existence, containing, among others, prayers of Martin Luther, leader of the Reformation, as he dictated them to his secretary about the year 1520, is now on exhibition in New York, having been brought to America not long ago by its owner, Hans Trausil, a Bavarian poet, who values it at $25,000. It is a manuscript volume of 136 pages, in what is said to be the handwriting of Johan Agricola, the humanist, who was Luther's secretary, and is believed to be the lost manuscript of the *Libellum Lutheri,* the *"Little Book"* of Martin Luther, referred to by Spaladin, secretary to the Elector of Saxony, as the source of his own prayer book, and never discovered by succeeding generations of Reformation scholars. Among the Luther prayers is one which has never been published and which, it is declared, must have been composed not later than 1520 and not earlier than 1518.

* * *

An official transcript of the Thirteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution, signed by President Lincoln, Vice-President Hamlin and Scuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and 36 members of Congress on December 5, 1864, was sold for £1,500 in London on May 6, at Southeby's Auction Rooms. Only one or two other transcripts of this document are believed in existence. Charles Dickens' own copy of the 1866 edition of *Bleak House,* sold at the same sale for £760—the second highest price of the day. A feature of this copy is the descriptive headlines on every right-hand page, save one, in the novelist's own handwriting.

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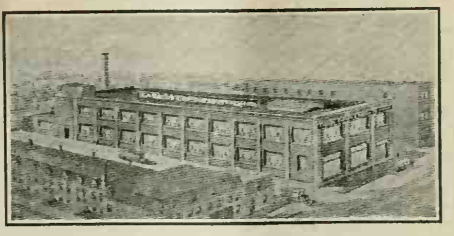

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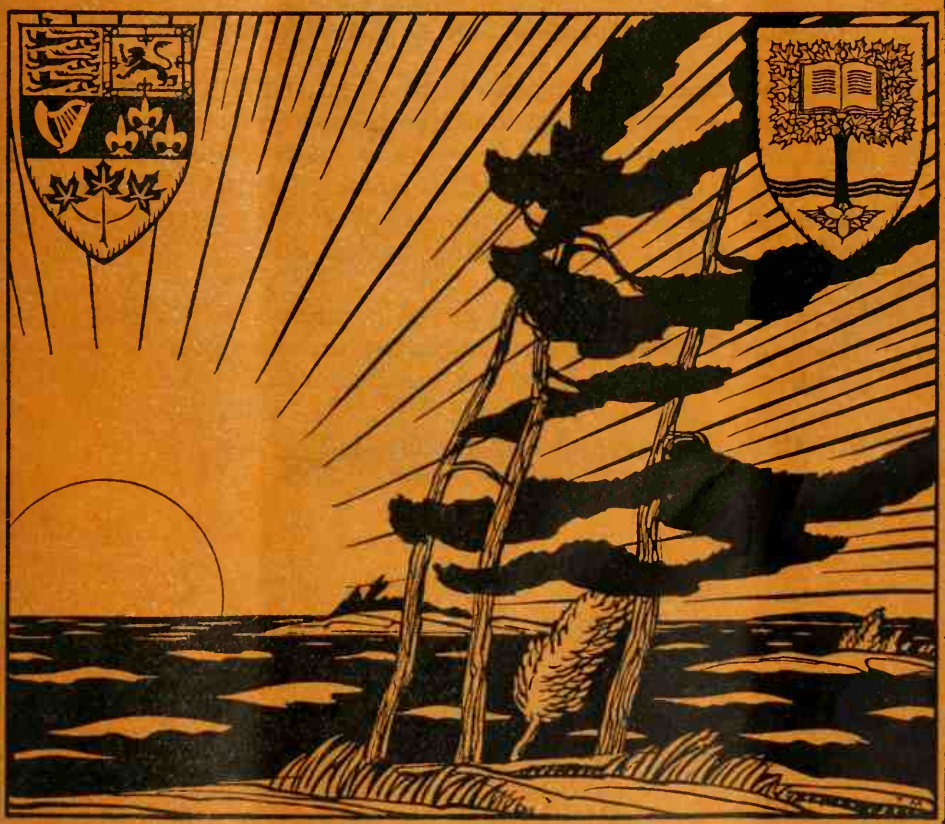

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Vol. XII., No. 7. TORONTO, JULY, 1930. 25c a Copy $2.00 a Year

Some Aspects of Individuality

By Marcus Adeney.

AS CANADIANS, we say that we are practical people living in a practical age, next door neighbors to the most practical country in the world. We want the facts; that is our heritage from a century of materialism. We believe in the slow processes of observation, experiment, correction; we distrust, in our daily life, all absolute authority. But is this the truth about ourselves or just a very small part of the truth?

Of course a man can no more live upon a basis of somebody else's observations, experiments, corrections, than he can live upon someone else's faith. Both knowledge and religion have to be vitalized by personal intuition; as abstractions they are lifeless and meaningless. Their life is that of the individual who founds his intuitions upon them. It is the individual, utilizing his knowledge to advance his control over the world about him and the conditions under which he must live therein, discovering in religion an illumined pathway to the social realization of self, who is truly the measure of all things.

For a practical people, then, we appear to be somewhat confused. For we still trust authority as though it were in itself important, and strongly distrust the individual. When a Toronto newspaper, in the most platitudinous of editorials, raises the old pack-cry, "There is a difference between liberty and license," all the representatives of authority everywhere sit back and lick their lips, knowing that upon those two words you can place any interpretation you like. When the churches of Canada oppose drastic social reforms in the name of Christ, we forget that Jesus was an intense individualist who came preaching the glory of Man; but that the Christian churches, claiming authority in His Name, can do no more than deify abstractions. Man, and not his institutions, exists by divine right (if you must have a social divinity). The churches and their dignitaries are, properly speaking, only his servants.

Strange that we, who believe that we are individuals, should so distrust the soundness, the integrity of individuals! Is it because we feel that, having been taught to renounce personal judgment in favor of authority, brought to maturity under the constantly watchful eye of those who care more for institutions and private interests than they do for men, the individual is no longer his true self but an exploited and exploiting thing, a serviceable automaton in the hands of skilled manipulators?

What man, in our democratic country, takes his neighbor's political, religous, social ethical or philosophic ideas at all seriously? Do we not realize that in this age of high-pressure salesmanship, of political and social opportunism, of gigantic business interests, the still small voice of independent judgment hasn't a ghost of a chance? Our neighbor doubtless had a mind when he was born. We don't begrudge him that admission but we know perfectly

well that unless there is something freakish about him, unless he is a fighter of terrific battles on behalf of a solitary ideal, his mental condition now must be not unlike that of a drug-addict. That is why we expect everyone to have his own opinion—knowing quite well that no man's opinion can be his own.

The mass has always been unable to think. Men may share a knowledge of facts and a system of belief arising from that knowledge; but they cannot share thought because that is an individual process based on personal intuition. Thought is a form of self-expression; it is a way men have of relating themselves, as individuals, to things as a whole. So that all thought is true of and for the thinker. It is in itself a good, both private and social. A thoughtful people is the greatest asset any country could possess "because thought can never be stampeded into violence, either radical or reactionary." No system of belief is altogether secure, since one system may always be ousted by another; but the matured judgment of an independently thinking individual is stronger than the Rock of Ages. It is built upon the whole of a life's experience, involves all the multiple realities of innumerable contacts; "it is as real as the man himself."

Canada is not truly a nation of individuals and hopes never to be one. The mass mind of this country (and the mass mind still exists) may be played on, like a harp by many instrumentalists. That is why we fear Communism. For we have still with us certain deeply ingrained and illogical hopes, fears, prejudices, which, since they have no thought connection with any personal experience, cannot be disproved, cannot be dispersed save by the long, slow process of education. Meanwhile they may be stirred to violence by any skilled hand.

These hopes, fears, prejudices, because they are shared, we call National, and base a superficial unity upon them. Not perceiving that a nation can only be glorified in her outstanding individuals, we cherish a school system which deliberately trains children to believe and to conform. We do our utmost to "prevent" the individual, who must be, of course, a ferment in society, as we would prevent small-pox, by vaccination at school. The vaccine is a compound of belief. The glorification of our country, our institutions, our great men, above all others, is one way of killing thought, of ensuring conformity and obedience to rules. It is also a direct road to international conflict, just as the habit of being always right is a sure way to marital disaster.

It would appear, then, that we are, as a whole, more muddle-headed than practical, more superstitious than thoughtful, more fashionable than progressive, more self-righteous than Christian. Our national "virtues" are so exclusive that in another people we would regard them as reactionary and dangerous to the world at large. Moreover, we ensure that our children, when they grow up, shall be even as we are, by entrusting them, under legal pressure, to a complicated and expensive system of indoctrination. They go in at six or thereabouts, bright, fresh, observant. They come out at sixteen, dull, self-conscious, remote, trying desperately to conform to a society far too elaborate (because far too much at cross-purposes) for the sanity of any youth. Then, with luck, comes a period of rebellion. Upon that one generous outbreak, so soon and so perfectly crushed by pleasure, pain and a hard necessity, our future as a worthwhile nation may depend. The idealism of high school days is no mere calf-dream. Like the passionate loves of our adolescence it is a sure indication of what unsuppressed, unperverted life in some ideal, remote form of society may be. It is our only glimpse into a joyous real world from which Canadians (like everyone else) must remain for a long time excluded.

When We Met At Montreal

By Donald G. French.

SITTING in the assembly of CanadianAuthors in convention on the ninth floor of the Mount Royal Hotel we were reminded by the national president, Dr. W. D. Lighthall, that we might imagine below us the Indian farms through which Cartier approached the gates of the palisaded Indian town of Hochelaga. As the suggested panorama of the past began slowly to unfold itself in the mind's eye, there came, from time to time, the sound of intermittent peaks of traffic meeting at the corner of Peel and St. Catherine Streets—a noise like the recurrent roar of distant waves dashing against a rocky coast.

Again, as we steamed slowly through the largest inland harbor of the world and were almost stunned by the immensity of its wharves and bridges, its floating drydock, its grain elevators, we turned from time to time to vision the outlines of the early shores, sketched for us by that enthusiastic and indefatigable historian of Montreal. Dr. W. H. Atherton.

Later, we motored through the city, and along the mighty St. Lawrence to where it meets the Ottawa and farther, and we gazed with mingled feelings of reverence and awe at the place where Tom Moore penned the "Canadian Boat Song," while still farther along we searched out the almost hidden ruins of Fort Senneville where heroic men kept in check the ferocious Indians who were a never-ceasing menace to the life of the young colony at Montreal.

Our deeper feelings as to our impressions were for the most part unspoken, but I think it is safe to say that, while we were balked with a sort of puzzled wonderment from comprehending the breadth of vision of the builders and planners of this great city and great harbor, we were lost in reverent admiration for the courage of its early founders and defenders.

Is it mere fancy to suppose that this spirit of courage hovered over and dominated even the minds and thought of the speakers? Perhaps. Yet it seemed to me that "Courage" was the key-note of the C. A. A. Convention of 1930 at Montreal. It was the high note that sounded in the president's address as he reviewed the founding and development of the city; it was the clarion call in a stirring address by Rev. Dr. Salem G. Bland as he spoke of the relation of Canada's literature to Canada's national life; it was applied practically by Mr. H. Napier Moore when he asked for stories that were not satiated with gloom—when he asked for "at least one farm story where the crop was not hailed out;" it was the basis of some sound advice offered by Mr. W. A. Deacon in a pithy, pointed talk to the Short Story Section representatives.

This is not an attempt in any way to "report" the Convention, but we could not overlook the friendly gesture of the Authors' League in sending as their representative Mr. Lyman Beecher Stowe; this gave an international touch to the programme and allowed Canadians contact with a rare and charming personality. Dean J. E. Le Rossignol of the University of Nebraska, whose natal city was Quebec, and whose *alma mater* Mc Gill, renewed many acquaintances and brightened the gathering with his genial presence. Two features of the entertainment programme which commanded especial attention were the story of the folk songs of Nova Scotia by Miss Helen Creighton, with illustrative renderings by Mr. Gilbert Hart; and the French-Canadian songs sung by a male quartette of French-Canadians.

(Continued on page 140).

Canadian Authors Association.

The National Convention in Montreal.

THE Annual Meeting and National Convention of the Canadian Authors Association, held in Montreal on June 25, 26, 27, was an emphatic success.

A considerable proportion of the delegates from other parts, —and every Province from British Columbia to Nova Scotia was well represented,— arrived early enough to attend the reception given by President and Mrs. Lighthall in their Westmount home, on the evening of the 24th.

The Convention opened next morning in the Ballroom of the Mount Royal Hotel—pressure on space at McGill preventing the association from carrying out its original intention to meet in the University where it was born.

Dr. W. D. Lighthall in his opening address referred first to the historic associations of the city on the Royal Mount, and closed with an eloquent call to action. Was there not a duty and privilege now for the writers and thinkers of Canada to hold up the heroic in our history, to express the beautiful, to stand for good instincts to strive for kindly and generous fellowship, to battle against public and private meanness, defilement of the white page for gain, and debasement of the pure gold of patriotism, by the brass of the party hack?

Howard Angus Kennedy, National Secretary, reported a membership, after careful revision, of 813, against 796 two years ago and 856 reported last year. The number of actual members was greater than ever, he thought, but a considerable number who might well have been dropped, as practically extinct in 1929, had been dropped in the present year. The Association's objects were to defend the professional interests of writers and other creative artists, and, by raising the quality of their work, to make it more worthy of defence. The Dominion Government this year had recognized the justice of the Copyright Claim and prepared a new law to satisfy them, but Parliament had been dissolved before the bill was passed and in the new house we would again be faced with the determined hositility of a small but powerful group.

Leslie Gordon Bernard, National Treasurer, in his Financial Statement showed a balance on hand of $1.383.00. Dues received had amounted to $3.452.00 —against $2.603.00 last year.

A discussion on the work of the Association in its Branches was chiefly concentrated on a series of suggestions from the New Brunswick Branch. These were mostly received with sympathy. Resolutions were passed requesting the National Executive to prepare the Financial Statement in greater detail than in the past, and to appoint a committee to study the revision of the Constitution and By-laws—a final draft of the proposed amendments to be sent to the Branches by April 1st, 1931. It was recommended that instead of Headquarters being confined to Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Winnipeg in succession, the Annual Convention should be enabled to establish headquarters in any city (the necessary petition for this change in the Constitution, signed by 25 members, has since been received.) It was decided that no change in the amount of the Annual Fees could be made. Twin Resolutions were passed asking the Prime Minister and Opposition Leader, as they both were making an election issue of justice for all working classes, to state before the close of this Convention how they proposed to render justice to the writers of this country, (no reply had been received up to July 6th.)

At the luncheon, in the Salle Doree, the delegates were the guests of the Quebec Provincial Government. The speakers were Georges Bellerive of Quebec, Major H. G. Christie, President of the New Brunswick Branch, and Professor J. E. Le Rossignol, a Canadian professor in the University of Nebraska. Mrs. John Anderson sang and the flowers adorning the tables were the gift of Mrs. R. E. Macdougall.

The contributions of Ontario and Manitoba respectively to Canadian literature were described by Prof. W. T. Allison of Winnipeg and Walter McRaye of Brockville. The election campaign having called Mr. McRaye elsewhere, his paper was read by the Secretary. The papers and addresses to the Convention will be reported in The Authors' Bulletin, to be issued as soon as possible.

After this sitting, as many of the delegates as could be accomodated on board the Harbour Commissioner's steamboat were taken as guests of that authority for a river excursion. Another party visited Notre Dame Church, where Father Louis Bouhier showed them treasures not generally seen. The visitors then proceeded to the Chateau de Ramezay, where the rich historic collections housed in the official residence of the old French Governors were shown by Dr. Victor Morin, President of the Antiquarian and Numismatic Society.

At the evening reception in the ballroom of the Mount Royal Hotel, the chief features of the entertainment were Miss Helen Creighton's account of her discoveries of old sea songs and ballads on the Nova Scotian coast, many of these being sung by Gilbert S. Hart of Halifax, and the performance of T. M. Morrow's "Blue Pitcher," arranged by the Drama Group of the Montreal Branch to which he belongs, under direction of Miss Ethel Wright. The players were Mrs. T. A. Forlong, Mrs. E. Wills Henderson, R. L.

Calder and C. P. Rice. Leslie Gordon Barnard, the new President of the Montreal Branch, and Edmond Montet, treasurer of the French Section, welcomed the visitors. Dr. Lighthall briefly spoke, and Dr. Roberts responded by reading his latest poem. Mlle Blanche Archambault was the chief singer. Music for the subsequent dance was provided by Miss Wynne's orchestra.

THURSDAY JUNE 26.

The first speaker on "Reaching the Reader" at Thursday morning's sitting was H. Napier Moore, editor of Maclean's Magazine. L. G. Barnard, J. M. Elson, Mrs. A. E. Morris and Mme. Boissonnault also took part in the discussion.

Lyman Beecher Stowe, grandson and biographer of the writer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was most warmly received as the fraternal representative sent by the Authors' League of America. He explained that Miss Luise Sillcox, the secretary of that body, was only absent because she had to remain at Washington to promote the Copyright Bill which, if passed, would free the United States from that country's discreditable position, along with Russia and Siam, outside the circle of civilized nations cooperating in the Berne Convention.

Miss Mildred Lowe and Merton Threlfall also spoke.

Mrs. W. Weller, representing the Arts & Letters department of the Toronto Council of Women, asked Canadian authors to send in autobiographical details, as these were often asked for by visitors to the Canadian Literature Booth at the Canadian National Exhibition.

On Mrs. Christine Henderson's motion it was agreed that John Masefield should be congratulated by cable on his appointment as Poet Laureate.

The members were entertained at luncheon in the Windsor Hotel by the City of Montreal, represented by Alderman Trepanier as Chairman. Dr. E. A. Hardy, President of the Toronto Branch, returned thanks to the city. Mr. Stowe also spoke. Mgr. Gauthier, Archbishop of Montreal had been called from town by an unforeseen event, but sent a letter expressing his very best wishes for the success of the Canadian authors in their convention.

Prof. W. H. Wright, University of Manitoba, opened the afternoon sitting with an analysis of literature's relation to national life. He held that literature was not only an important factor in the promotion of national unity, here as everywhere, but had a necessary part to play in producing a national character and distinctively Canadian outlook.

Dr. Salem G. Bland, Toronto, followed with an address in which he frankly expressed a doubt whether we were yet developing a distinctively Canadian consciousness. Some countries had been described as "heaven for the first-rate man and hell for the fifth-rate." Canada, with courage as the dominant note in her life, might well strive for an ideal not yet adopted by any other land,—to be a good country for the plain common people, who after all were the best.

In a fifty-mile drive,—thanks to many private car-owners, reinforced by the Tourist Bureau—the delegates that afternoon were enabled to see the riverside beauties of Montreal at their best. Going first up the bank of St. Lawrence to St. Anne's, and taking tea at McDonald College, they returned by Senneville and the Back River.

The Cunard Line entertained a hundred members that evening on board the "Ascania." Two meetings were thus held afloat on the St. Lawrence. L. G. Barnard presided over the joint meeting of short story writers and dramatists. The chief speaker was Miss Jean S. Foley, who was followed by Newton McTavish, J. L. Rutledge, W. A. Deacon and Donald G. French. At the gathering of poets Warwick F. Chipman presided, and Prof. Watson Kirkconnell spoke of his translations from other tongues and experiments in Icelandic forms of verse. Miss Lily Barry spoke for the Montreal Poetry Group. Wilson Macdonald read an unpublished poem, "Melissa's Broom," and original contributions were also read by Mrs. Alice Townley, Vancouver, and Leo Cox. Dr. E. E. Harper, Vancouver, also took part.

FRIDAY, JUNE 27.

The burning question of copyright came first on Friday's programme. It was introduced by Louvigny de Montigny, Ottawa, who exposed the gross injustice to which defects in the law exposed authors and composers,—amounting, as the President said, often to positive and serious theft, which was not tolerated when other kinds of property were involved. The convention voted special thanks to Mr. de Montigny, and by a further resolution asked Mr. Chevrier and Mr. Ladner, if returned to the new Parliament, to press a new copyright Bill with all possible diligence. J. Murray Gibbon explained the radio situation. If a Government radio monopoly were set up here he said the payment of writers and composers whose works were used would be so restricted that we should see more and more of them leaving the country. John M. Elson successfully opposed a suggestion forbidding attempts at compromise on the copyright question. Dr. Harper, Gordon V. Thompson, Prof. Allison and Lloyd Roberts also spoke.

Dr. Angus A. Graham, Moose Jaw, presented the report of the Resolutions Committee. Toronto's invitation for the 1931 Convention was heartily accepted. So was the idea of meeting in 1932 first at Quebec and then in London, England. The Executive Committee is to consider the practicability of this. The Committee was also asked to consider the question of adopting the "Canadian Bookman" as official organ of the Association, to be supplied to all members. Mr. Elson pointed out that this had

been unanimously declined by the Vancouver Convention, as involving large expenditure.

The four national officers were re-elected, —Dr. W. D. Lighthall as President, Judge Surveyer as Vice-President, Howard Angus Kennedy as Secretary and Leslie Gordon Barnard as Treasurer. The Council elected consists of these four, with the President of each Branch and the following: Prof. W. T. Allison, Winnipeg; Dr. C. M. Barbeau, Ottawa; Mrs. J. R. Bothwell & D. B. McRae, Regina; L. J. Burpee, Ottawa; Dr. F. O. Call, Lennoxville; Dr. Pelham Edgar, J. M. Elson, J. W. L. Forster and M. O. Hammond, Toronto; Donald A. Fraser, Victoria; J. Murray Gibbon, Montreal; Dr. Angus A. Graham, Moose Jaw; R. A. Hood, Vancouver; Major Lanctot, Ottawa; Prof. Watson Kirkconnell, Winnipeg; Dr. Archibald Mac Mechan and Miss Juanita O'Connor, Halifax; Hon Camille Pouliot, Quebec; Dr. C. G. D. Roberts, Toronto; Lloyd Roberts, Ottawa; Dr. Duncan Campbell Scott, Ottawa; Robert Watson, Winnipeg; W. V. Newson, Edmonton; and Mrs. Nellie McClung Calgary.

The Saskatchewan resolution calling for action to remedy the moving picture situation as it concerns our national interests was referred to the Executive Committee, as also was a resolution from Lloyd Roberts and J. M. Elson suggesting a deputation to the Dominion Government in favor of an annual literary prize of $5000, as approved by the Association at a previous Convention.

The development of Canadian Literature Clubs was commended. Hearty thanks were voted to the Quebec Government for its yearly awards for literary work; to the Authors' League of America for Mr. Stowe's visit; and to all who had helped on the occasion of this Convention.

After a statement by M. O. Hammond on the Lampman and Haliburton memorial schemes, a resolution moved by him was passed endorsing the plans and urging every Branch to follow such examples as far as possible.

Dr. Chester New was congratulated on being awarded the Royal Empire Society's gold medal for the best book of the year on a matter of imperial interest.

The afternoon sitting was held in Tudor Hall, by invitation of James A. Ogilvy's, who afterwards entertained the membership at tea. Addresses on pictorial art and musical composition in Canada were given respectively by J. W. L. Forster and Geo. M. Brewer. Dr. Harper also spoke on the music of our time. The programme included songs by Dr. Harper and Dr. Herbert Sanders, of Tudor Hall, rendered by Mrs. Mitchell, and by Miss Ethel Tamblyn, who sang to her own accompaniment. An exhibit of the earliest and rarest Canadian printed books, lent by the library of St. Sulpice, and shown at Tudor Hall, was described by Dr. Victor Morin. Autographs of Canadian interest lent by C. Gordonsmith and Howard A. Kennedy were also exhibited.

The Convention attained a brilliant climax that night in the annual banquet, held in the Salle Doree, where the tables were adorned with flowers sent by Lady Roddick. Dr. Lighthall presided; speeches were given by Lyman Beecher Stowe, Dr. Victor Morin (in French), Miss Marshall Saunders, Frank Packard and B. K. Sandwell; with a few words of farewell from the National Secretary. The singing of the Montreal Male Quartette under Emile . Gour's leadership was received with enthusiasm.

Victoria & Islands Branch.

The May meeting in Victoria College — Mrs. Marion Isabel Angus, Convener, — was unusually well-attended. The purpose of the meeting was to introduce new fields to the free lance writer. Donald A. Fraser described the market conditions of to-day. Mrs. H. M. Hall reviewed Virginia Woolf's novel "A Room of Her Own." A.V. Hall, of the Crawford-Harris Advertising Company, emphasized the possibilities for women in the advertising field.

Little Pauline Haward recited Pauline Johnson's "Ballad of Yaa Da," and two poems of her own, "My Garden" and "Little Things."

Mr. Norval Peterson spoke on "Radio, the Golden Opportunity for the Free-Lance Writer," Eric Edwards, a yong local composer, rendered a "Prelude" of his own, with Miss Betty Dick at the piano, and George Tate and Edwina Hastings, first and second violins. They also gave Brahms' Hungarian Dance, No. 6.

Ontario Historical Society.

"Literary Workers in Belleville" was the subject of an interesting paper, read at the annual meeting of the Ontario Historical Society, held in that city on July 11th in which special reference was made to the works of Major Dunbar Moodie and Susannah Moodie. Tributes were paid to Dr. William Canniff, who founded the "Canadian Medical Journal" and was instrumental in the foundation of Muskoka Hospital. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Rev. John Klimy and Canniff Haight were all eulogized for their litery works of historical value.

The Lorne Pierce Medal.

The 1930 Award of the Lorne Pierce Gold Medal by the Royal Society of Canada for distinguished service to Canadian Literature has gone to Sir Andrew MacPhail. Previous awards have been to Dr. Chas G. D. Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott, Bliss Carman and Monsigneur Camille Roy.

The Exhibition

By C. F. Lloyd.

A WORK OF ART, like a sunset or a pretty girl, is a thing to enjoy and for which to thank the gods, not to talk rubbish about for the purpose of impressing anybody who may be listening, with a sense of awe inspired by your wonderful technical knowledge which is probably not so wonderful after all. I went recently to see an exhibition of water-color paintings by two artists whose names are familiar to Canadians, at least to those interested in such things, a small, but let us fondly hope, increasing band. The name of one of these artists is Phillips, I forget the other but I enjoyed the work of both without knowing which paintings belonged to Mr. Phillips and which to the other man. The paintings were hung in a single row at about the level of the eye, round three sides of a room on the second floor of a down-town building. The light was artificial, worse luck. The hard, bold glare of electricity is to the soft, diffused light of even a dull, northern winter day what the scarlet enamel with which some flappers plaster their lips is to the delicate, pulsing crimson of the healthy blood seen through a film of unspoiled skin.

Some day the kind gods, Jove and Apollo and the Muses nine, will perhaps put it into the heart of a nice, elderly, millionaire Babbit, avid for a litttle immortality, to give this town*, at present the Ultima Thule of barbarism, a real, up to date art gallery, fire-proof and property lighted from above, where the work of Mr. Phillips and his valiant brother artists may be seen as it deserves to be seen, amid surroundings that will be at once a joy to the eye that loves beauty for her own fair sake, and sufficiently restrained in the matter of ornament to create the impression that they were made for the pictures not the pictures for them.

* Winnipeg.

My enjoyment of the excellent work of these worthy gentlemen was marred towards the close of my visit by the arrival of a family party of social climbers and culture hunters made up of one gawky, goggle-eyed boy who enquired at intervals what it was all about, one pale flapper, aged about sixteen, who managed to look decorously tired, one black-browed papa of the successful grainbroker type, who consulted his wrist-watch every two minutes, and one large, loose-jointed mamma who first looked into her catalogue to see what a particular picture represented, then looked at the picture through a pair of Birk's gold and mother-of-pearl opera glasses and chortled ecstatically, "O yes, birch trees by a river," or, "O what a dear, cute little bridge," or, don't you think, Henry, that those cliffs actually look like cliffs?" Henry's reply was to growl something about an appointment and glance at his wrist-watch. I bore the presence of these insufferable barbarians for perhaps five minutes and then eased myself down an inclined plane of other pictures, oils and miniatures and big, foamy sea pieces, into the cold, unsympathetic street, turned a corner and ran head-on into the most gorgeous crimson and gold sunset that I have ever seen save once, years ago when I saw the chaste beauty of Giotto's lovely campanile transformed by the glory of a May evening into a vision for the eyes of just men made perfect.

Previous to the arrival of the artistically inclined Neoliths I had spent an hour almost perfect enjoyment: it would have been absolutely perfect if the light had been all that it should have been. Water-colors should never be looked at under artificial light because shades which constitute not the least of the charms of these delightful pictures become hard and vulgar, like a Cyprian's eye, when exposed

to the glare of Mr. Edison's excellent bulbs. Daylight, my dears, I beseech you, if you want to see your water-colors at their best and their best is very good indeed.

I have loved water-colors ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper. My mother, of lovely memory, was, among many other things, one of the best amateur water-colorists in Great Britain and never missed the annual exhibition at Crewe House. I am no wielder of the delicate camel's hair myself. If I manage to draw a reasonably straight line with the aid of a ruler I consider I am doing very well indeed. But the occasionally kind gods who have denied me the ability to draw have given me as keen and true an eye for color as Titian's or Turner's own and a heart that finds an unalloyed delight, subtle and perfect, in every one of the myriad hues of earth, sky and sea and all their most delicate and rapidly changing shades. Color, the mere sound of the name is a joy forever. I have seen bits of sky, fleeting nuances of pink and white in children's cheeks, delicate, rich, soft browns in a girl's eyes and hair, tints in flowers and waves and the golden gravel of a brook, bands of transparent cloud along the west at sunset and glowing jewels, glasses and enamels, particularly in medieval windows and Chinese pottery, that have set my heart dancing for very joy and caused me to fancy for a moment that I was tasting the delights of Paradise. Part of the awful curse of modernity is the steadily diminishing volume of color. Our buildings are drab, our streets drab and drab or vulgar gray our lights, our vehicles and our dirty paper money. If it were not for flowers and women's dresses the whole beastly world would have grown unbearably drab. You may take my liberty if you like but leave me warm hearts, bright colors and the perfume of flowers or give me the austere silence and undisturbed quietness of death. A world without color is a world for devils, not for men and women.

Almost the first thing my eye came to rest on when I entered that upper room where the pictures were hung was a tiny picture showing the main street of a country town on a hot day. I had no catalogue but I did not need one. I know the country, its sight and sounds, as I know my own soul, know it and love it, even its rank smells. The little picture fairly radiated heat so that it warmed me to look at it, like drinking a glass of rare old wine. There was the old, broken-down buggy and the dog with his tongue lolling out, the general store and further along the street a small house. The roofs were glowing. The shadows lay in heavy bands, like black velvet, on the thick dust of the road. I could hear the brazen solo of a locust and I knew that the fat store keeper was somewhere in the coolest recesses of his establishment mopping his forehead and wishing that the throat down which he was just going to put an icecream-soda, were a mile and a half long. Phew, it was hot!

I went slowly down the line. Here was an exquisite spring scene, daisies and buttercups among lush grass and beyond, under some budding maples, a marshy pool that would be dry in the great heats of August. The next picture was the very spirit of autumn made manifest, a group of trees touched by the first frost, shivering beside a lazily meandering stream with a few cold clouds suspended against the hard blue sky. All the pensive beauty and regret of the dying year was there, etherealized by the artist's fancy which had added to these simple things that divine something which it is the prerogative of art to confer.

Dawdling along from picture to picture I was suddenly halted as by the ringing challenge of a sentry. From beside a lake as unmistakably Canadian as the beaver in the national coat of arms, bold cliffs swept up to meet a sky placid as an aged nun

at vespers. These were the cliffs referred to by mamma as, "actually cliffs, Henry." They were actually cliffs. If one did not know something of what marvels art can achieve one would never be prepared for such a picture. In a space which might almost have been covered by a good-size pocket-handkerchief the artist had succeeded in confining the dizzy height, the bold upward sweep, the dominating majesty of as brave a line of dark-browed cliffs as ever broke the scudding tumult of the storm cloud or listened to the thunder of angry waves flung skyward from their feet. All that great height and the immensity of space can do to lift the heart and satisfy the eye was in that tiny picture. In its strange clarity of outline as well as in the artist's use of sheer space, of unbroken, sunlit air, to suggest vast distance, it reminded me of the work of the great painters of the Umbrian school, Perugino and Pietro della Francesca.

The picture which hung next to the one just referred to was almost as arresting. The elements of which it was composed were the simplest imaginable, rocks and water and the deep shadows and purple half lights of late evening. It might have been called a nocturne in violet and purple for almost every shade of those two colors was in it, not hard and meretricious, but soft and full of air. One saw that the colors were changing every minute and would soon yield to the conquering darkness whose approach could almost be felt.

A little further along the line I paused before the most exquisite cool, dewy vignette that ever delighted a beauty lover's eye, a rush of white water between banks blue with blossoming harebells, the whole seen through an arch formed by the lissome and interlocked branches of two white birch trees. The season chosen by the artist was undoubtedly early June with the chill of spring still lingering in the air and the ice scarce gone.

I have referred to four or five pictures out of perhaps sixty and the others were almost equally good. I feel immensely grateful to these two artists for bringing to me, here in this brutal city, these fresh, unspoiled country beauties. Were I a millionaire I would show my gratitute by buying the lot at a handsome figure just to encourage more good work of the same kind.

Late Spring in Canada

By Laura A. Ridley.

AND EVEN NOW, though May has reached her prime,
The trees reluctantly put on their green;
Slim dryads they, in gossamer attire,
Through which their loveliness may still be seen.

Long since the blackbird's raucous cry was heard,
And robins now their joyous paeans sing,
While lilac buds are swelling and will soon
Flaunt beauty in the face of tardy spring.

Then June will come, and suddenly the woods
Be clothed with verdure—all the gardens shine:
O Canada, your summer comes at length,
A troubadour in purple, drunk with wine!

It is Reported THAT—

—Frederick Philip Grove's new book "The Yoke of Life" is to appear in the autumn.

—Rudyard Kipling before sailing back to England left a message for Canadian writers. "It's an awful trade," he said. "I mean it. Wish them good luck for me." When told of the number of members of the Canadian Authors Association, he expressed surprise that there were that many writers in Canada.

—Mrs. Gertrude Pringle, Toronto writer, won the first prize of $100 for a two hundred and fifty word essay on Vita Glass windows, in a contest conducted by Pilkington Bros. (Canada) Limited.

—The second series of twelve lovely, full-color reproductions of original paintings of Canadian Birds, by Major Allan Brooks, D.S.O., is now being distributed by the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology, Toronto. This makes twenty-four reproductions to date. This movement was started with the presentation by Wallace Havelock Robb, of his collection of twenty-one original water-color paintings of birds, the work of Allan Brooks. This collection has now grown to sixty. The reproduction are a credit to Canadian craftmanship. They are thoroughly Canadian — the originals, the paper and the lithography.

—two memorials to Bliss Carman are being planned. Dr Lorne Pierce of the Ryerson Press, the official biographer of Carman, is organizing a national committee, on which there will be representatives from every Province. A shaft and shrine, designed by. J. E. H. MacDonald, A. R. C. A., Principal of the Ontario College of Art, will be erected at Carman's grave in Fredericton. The other memorial is to be an imposing bronze statue, to be erected on the grounds of the University of New Brunswick. The statue will be designed by Dr. Tait McKenzie, the Canadian sculptor, whose studios of athletic figures have given him wide fame. Dr. McKenzie, who is now connected with the University of Pennsylvania, designed the figure of Wolfe which was recently unveiled at Greenwich, England, the gift of Canada.

Turns to Fiction.

Mrs. Charles Archibald, of Halifax, a member of the Canadian Authors Association, is to have a novel, "Sheila's Token" published this fall in England and in Canada. Ryerson's are bringing out the Canadian edition. Mrs. Archibald, both by birth and by marriage is linked with a family which has given many distinguished sons to the Empire. Her father, the late Sir Edward Mortimer Archibald, who was at one time Attorney-General of Newfoundland, was for a quarter of a century British Consul-general at New York and her grandfather, Hon. S.G.W. Archibald was Attorney-General of Nova Scotia. Mrs. Archibald is the widow of the late Charles Archibald, president of the Bank of Nova Scotia, from 1918—1922. Her early married life was spent in Port Morien, Cape Breton, where her husband, then a mining engineer was in charge of the Gowrie Colliery. The scene of her novel is laid in the mining district of Cape Breton and is a dramatic story of pioneer life some sixty years ago. Besides having written many poems, short stories and articles throughout the years, Mrs. Archibald is the author of an outstanding historical biography, which appeared in 1924, "Life and Letters" of Sir Edward Mortimer Archibald, K.C.M.G.,C.B.

Wilson Macdonald Honored

It is with a note of particular satisfaction that "The Canadian Bookman" records the recent honoring of Wilson Macdonald on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his birthday, by his Toronto associates of the fraternity of authors. This event, following the felicitations of Dr. Charles G.D. Roberts on the occasion of the 70th anniversary of his birthday, as chronicled in the February issue reflects a healthy state of mind with regard to appreciation of our living writers as well as those who have passed on.

APRIL GARDENS.

By Ralph B. Gustafson.

I WALKED in a garden of April
(A garden surrounded by hedge)
Sweet-swept by the odours of springtime,
Warm-washed by the sun on the edge
Of the distant blue heavens of April,
In a garden half-hidden by hedge.

And I listened to spring in that garden
(To spring that fills gardens with song)
That thrilled with the shower of music
From birds buildings nests hid among
The hedges of fir in the garden
That laughed in a cadence of song.

And I saw spring awaken the flowers
(Soft spring that wakes gardens anew)
The scarlet of peony-fingers,
The crocus-cups filled with the dew
That broiders with crystal the flowers
Spring-magic awakens anew.

But spring in that garden of April
(That garden embroidered with dew)
Awoke in the depths of my own heart,
A memory of love — and of you.

A Few of the New Books.

Reviewed by John W. Garvin.

Saguenay. By Blodwen Davies. Illustrations by Paul Caron and C. A. Cuthbertson; and Decorations by Thoreau MacDonald. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Ltd. $2.

Saguenay is admireably conceived, written and illustrated. The author takes the reader by ship from Montreal to 'the river of deep waters,' the Saguenay, and to Tadoussac, a village of surpassing picturesqueness. And as the route is traversed the paragraphs of description are interspersed with historical facts and legends of such interest as to be treasured in the memory. No one can read this volume without desiring to take the trip and to see with real eyes what those of the imagination have visioned. There is, however, one rather serious error in the historical facts related. On page 160 it is stated that Father Albanel's trip from Quebec (1671—72) by way of the Saguenay, "was the first overland journey to the salt water of Hudson Bay." Before Radisson and Groseillers were "badly treated by the administrators of New France" (page 159) and went to England (They were the real founders of the Hudson's Bay Company), they had traveled overland from Lake Superior to Hudson's Bay, and it was because of the first-hand knowledge gathered there, that their hearts were so set on a trading expedition by ships to that great fur-bearing district. Radisson's 4th narrative clearly proves this. After they had travelled for days with a band of Christinos, it is related: "We came to the seaside, where we found an old house all demolished and battered with bullets." "This place has a great store of cows" (Caribous). "We passed that summer quietly coasting the seaside, and as cold began we prevented the ice." etc. On a preceeding page the author names a number of explorers of the West, beyond the Great Lakes, but omits that of Radisson and his brother-in-law, who blazed the trail for all the others. They were the first white men to visit the upper waters of the Mississippi river, and to visit the Sioux Indians of the prairies. And their fur-trading post, near the present Duluth, was the first of its kind established in the Great Northwest of this continent. Is it not time that justice was done these men?

* * *

The Scarab Murder Case. By S. S. Van Dine. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

The Scarab Murder Case is another Philo Vance detective story, the fifth from the pen of S. S. Van Dine (a nom-de-plume). The author is a New York artist, whose real name I have forgotten.

The first of those quite remarkable books read by me was "The Green Murder Case" and it seemed to me at the time the greatest murder mystery novel I had yet read. It is still, I believe, the best of the five.

Philo Vance is not a member of the official force of New York for the detection of crime, but is a friend of the District Attorney, and is called upon in cases of extreme difficulty to help unravel the mysteries. He is a psycologist of exceptional insight, and in certain lines of scholarship possesses an extraordinary amount of knowledge.

Several years ago, Hopkins Moorhouse (J. Herbert Moorhouse of Vancouver, B. C.) published a detective story novel of merit, entitled "The Golden Scarab," which also had Egypt as a background for the plot. It would be interesting to know if Moorhouse's novel suggested to Van Dine the plot of "The Scarab Murder Case."

Dr. Conan Doyle's 'Sherlock Holmes,' Agatha Christie's 'Hercule Poirot,' and Van

Dine's 'Philo Vance' are distinctively original creations, which will likely live permanently in fiction.

In this present volume, a philanthropist and patron of art, Benjamin H. Kyle, is found murdered in a private museum. A statue of Sekhmet, the Egyptian goddess of vengeance, had fallen on him, apparently, and crushed his skull. But evidences of murder are traceable, and they seem to implicate Dr. Bliss, the archaeologist whom Kyle had financed. Dr. Bliss has a young and beautiful Egyptian wife with whom the murdered man's nephew is in love, and who reciprocated his passion. Each inherits half of Kyle's fortune. Are they guilty and have they plotted to get Dr. Bliss hanged? the reader asks himself. Or is an Egyptian retainer the murderer, who resents interference with the sacred tombs of the Pharaohs of his race ... The mystery is well concealed to the end, but the great detective again triumphs. How, the reader must discover.

* * *

The Man Who Was There. By N. A. Temple-Ellis. New York City: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. $2.00.

This cleverly conceived and well written detective story is by the author of 'The Inconsistent Villains' which won the first prize of $2500 in the Dutton-Methuen mystery novel contest.

Temple-Ellis literally packs his pages with unexpected incidents, crowded into two or three weeks, and holds the almost breathless attention of the reader. Montrose Arbuthnot and Sir Edmund King reappear as the sleuths, particularly the former, and the identity of one of the villains is not disclosed until the last chapter. The surprise is then intensified by the discharge of a pistol (probably accidental) and a shot-off finger of the charming heroine. She is the fiancee of Thornton Rodd, a returned electrical engineer from the province of Quebec.

Arbuthnot and King go to the Isle of Wight for a holiday and while walking on the downs, near age-long water-worn cliffs, they are attracted by a woman servant to a bungalow where the tenant lies murdered. Arbuthnot becomes so interested in the case that he and King arrange with the owner to take possession of the cottage. The dead man had been a member of an underworld gang of gamesters and blackmailers and had concealed in the bungalow documents much wanted by others. Hence his murder and the numerous exciting incidents that followed . . . . Rodd was the first person arrested because he was "The Man Who Was There.' Why he made a false confession and risked a sentence for manslaughter, the reader must discover. We may say, however, that it was a true lover who did it.

* * *

His Glorious Body. By Robert Norwood. New York and London: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

A poet of distinction variably writes excellent prose, and Robert Norwood is no exception to the rule. But his prose is more effective than usual because it is the spoken rather than the written word.

This book is a companion volume of "The Steep Ascent,"—a series of twenty-one short Lenten sermons. Dr. Norwood's method in this instance was to read each day an extract from one of St. Paul's epistles and to comment thereon in extempore speech under the inspiration of the moment; then to close with an appropriate prayer. A rapid shorthand writer took down the discourses and the prayers.

The translation of the Bible used throughout is that of Dr. Moffatt, a scholar with a remarkable gift of interpretation an expression. It is probable that this translation will in time supplant the King James' version.

Christ's Resurrection in "His Glorious Body" is the daily theme. Dr Norwood realizes to the full the importance to the Christian religion of Jesus' reappearance, in His spiritual body, after death on the Cross. And he regards the evidence as conclusive. His belief, his enduring faith, has its root chiefly in the testimony of St. Paul. Saul of Tarsus was a scholar and a man of strong intellect and aggressive will. Of the persecutors of the Christians he was for years the most zealous. Three years after his Conversion, he went to Jerusalem, and there met and Communed with Simon Peter, and with James, the brother of Jesus. This testimony convinced him even more, if it were possible, that the Master's appearance to him was no delusion, but a superlative reality for the Redemption of men. And so the Glad Tidings must be given to the Gentiles as well as to the Jews.

A Sunday or two ago, a prominent divine of Toronto preached on the same subject, and one of his utterances was: "The Everlasting Life is quality more than duration, and is for the righteous only." He did not elucidate what he meant by "quality more than duration;" but he was emphatic in declaring that the righteous only inherit Eternal Life.

Dr. Norwood does not contradict this, but he infers from St. Paul's teaching, and doubtless his own reasoning, that all men are born with a spiritual as well as a physical body; and infers further that if we fail to imitate Jesus in centering our thoughts and actions in the spiritual rather than the physical, our etheric bodies will begin life anew in the spirit world, as do stunted and malformed bodies in the earth plane. Christ suffered the agony of the Crucifixion to redeem men from the lusts of the flesh, by proving that each might foster and develop, if he would, a spirit body within the physical to carry on gloriously after the grave.

In his Foreword, Dr. Norwood says in part: "Life cannot be good if death frustrates love. If death ends life, it also ends love, for how can love continue when life is engulfed in the oblivion of death . . . Companions of the path, which Jesus walked for us all, there is no death . . . Jesus died to prove that there is nothing in death for us to fear. Jesus saw man as he will one day be when God is all in all. He believed in himself as son of God. He also believed in us as brothers, sons of that Infinite Father."

Shadowed. By Hilaire Belloc. With Thirty-seven Drawings by G. K. Chesterton. Toronto: Musson Book Co. $2.50.

There are some things no intelligent human being should ever be expected to take quite seriuosly. Grand Opera is one of them; secret diplomacy and the spy organisation of a modern state is another. That is why "The Magic Flute," "Die Rosencavalier," and a diplomatic novel by Mr. Belloc might be mentioned gratefully in the same breath.

Artistically sincere, they all deal frantically with those sub-human attributes of individuals or organizations which persist in following us down through the ages.

Mr. Belloc's farce has all the breadth of his thorough-going pessimism. Like Mr. Chesterton he knows the answer to almost all our problems—knows that is it outside the angle of all our strenuous search and research. It is, in its inexpressible simplicity, a kind of magical answer, an intellectual trump card which may be kept indefinitely up one's sleeve. Not that either of these kindly gentlemen would allow the world to go to pot if it did not so obviously want to; nor do they cheat at cards. It is only that they have a kind of insight which, if you happen to be Mr. Belloc or Mr. Chestenton and attached to the Roman Catholic Church, comes as naturally as sunrise.

Meanwhile, a large part of the world attaches its soul to childishly deceptive hopes, and conducts its affairs, accordingly, in a very foolish manner indeed. You have only to read Mr. Belloc's sleuth story (with one eye on Mr. Chesterton's amazingly collaborative sketches) to realize the world of detachment and a magical formula.

You would not expect a monkey to understand the meaning of monkey-business. To achieve this you must look on with the reflective eye of humanity. That is why "Shadowed" is so vastly superior to all the crook-sleuth-detective stories which serve nowadays as comforters for overgrown babies. It is an appeal to the developed—that is, observing—intelligence, couched in the ideal form of entertainment.

For, say what you will, there is nothing like good entertainment, the kind that keeps you sitting up half the night, chuckling. Good humor and self-forgetfulness are better than a lot of sleep. And they are the most civilizing things in the world. I am not going to tell Mr. Belloc's story for him. It deals with "devious diplomacy in the year of grace 1979" in such a way as to entirely discredit Mr. Wells' gift of prophecy. But even Mr. Wells, I venture to say, could not help enjoying this book.

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When We Met At Montreal.

(Continued from page 129).

Those who were privileged to attend the convention in Montreal will remember with gratitude the many kindly courtesies of provincial and civic authorities, as well as the officials of many institutions and organizations. But what of the real presiding spirit and guardian angel of us all? I have not forgotten. Who could forget the kindly, fatherly, ubiquitous, untiring, unhurried, unflurried, capable, efficient, alert young man?—words fail—but of course you know I mean—Howard Angus Kennedy.

A Rhyme For A Penny. By Dr. H. T. J. Coleman. (Mac.) $1.50.

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THE WRITER'S CORNER

Conducted by Donald G. French.

THE POETRY MARKET.

Judging by the number of poetry collections I receive in manuscript form there must be several thousands of poets in Canada. It seems almost useless to repeat the warning that the poetry market is almost negligible. Each would-be-published poet says, "Oh yes; I know, but — — — —" the assumption being that this particular collection of poetry (sometimes it is only verse) is something of a higher order, or wider appeal; or it may be this particular person has a host of friends asking, "Why don't you get out a book of your poems?" Far be it from me to discourage the would-be poet. On the contrary I may claim without any boasting to have helped or encouraged a number of Canadian poets along the way. But the hard facts remain. The publisher cannot afford to bring out books of verse that will not and do not sell; and it has been demonstrated again and again that volumes of verse which may be praised by every reviewer in the country do not sell, through the regular channels, more than a few (very few!) hundred copies at the outside.

Aside from a few well-known Canadian poets there are scarcely any that have risen above the "few hundred copies" class or are likely to do so. The exceptions have been chiefly some persons whose public connections—platform work and the like—gave them contacts in which personal acquaintance with the author helped the sale of the book.

The purpose of these brief comments is not at all to discourage the younger poets from writing. Aside from the value of self expression and the actual training in writing which results from the writing of verse there is often the satisfaction of knowing that you have expressed for someone else, very often, just what that person has been unable to put into articuate thought.

Why then, you may ask, are you trying to make writers discontinue the writing of poetry? I am not. I am simply trying to make clear conditions that exist. If you feel the urge, go ahead and write; and send your poetry out to the newspapers, magazines, Sunday School papers, anywhere—anywhere that it will be put into print. Send it where you will get paid for it—if you can. Send it even where you don't get paid for it—if it is wanted. By and by it may happen that you will attract attention by your work and build your way towards book publication. No newspaper or magazine is going to withold from you the right to republish any of your work in book form when and if you wish to do so. In the meantime take some consolation from this fact (it is a fact not a fancy): Your poems published in the newspapers and magazines will be read by far more persons than if they were published in book form. Of course thousands of persons read a monthly magazine or week end paper and never see the poems; but it is also true that the circulation of these journals is often hundreds of times what you would get if your poems were printed in book form and had a really good sale for books of that class.

If you will not be restrained from breaking into print, often the last recourse is to finance the publication yourself. Some persons (Oh, not the would-be-published-poets only) will talk in horrified whispers of having been told that if they wished their manuscript turned into a book they would have to pay for publication. I am not advising you to do so; and you will find very few publishers who will encourage you to have a book issued in this way. But really, if you have a message you feel must be put before the public between the covers of a book, and if you have faith in your message, why shouldn't you take the risk? Books are made from trees, and trees grow—but another step in the process is the printing and manufacture of the book and this has to be paid for.

How is that so many authors (and I am not trying, at all, to be sarcastic) talk about the publishing of a book as if all the publishers had to do was to accept the manuscript and the book would blossom out of the air like the flowers (they say) the Hindu fakir can produce for you out of the empty air? Nor do they understand that 200 or 500 or 1000 copies of a book cannot be produced economically because the cost of typesetting and many other preliminary operations is the same for 200 as for 2000 or more. As a matter of fact an edition of 3000 or upwards is the smallest that will enable the publisher to sell at a really reasonable price and make a mere working profit.

In spite of all this, if the urge is upon you to write poetry (or anything else) keep on writing it—and keep on trying to market it or to get it into print, somehow, in spite of editors, publishers, or critics.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR WRITERS.

1. Your MS. should be typewritten, double-spaced, with a wide margin at the top and the left side.
2. It should be written on a medium weight white bond paper. Never use flimsy tissue. Avoid colored paper.

3. The paper should be the size of an ordinary business letter head—8½x11 inches. Never use foolscap size; it is a long, awkward, unwieldy sheet.
4. Your name and address should appear on the first and on the last page.
5. Page the sheets consecutively throughout, not by chapters.
6. Estimate carefully the number of words. Write this number at the top of the first page (short sentences in dialogue should be counted as full lines.)
7. Punctuate carefully. Attend to the most minute details of punctuation, spelling, capitalization, etc. Before sending out any MS. read it closely and see that it is prepared exactly as it is to be printed. (The Printer charges $2 an hour for corrections.)
8. Always send sufficient postage to prepay return of your MS., including insurance or registration fee.
9. Do not ask the editor or publisher to criticise your MS. He has no time for this.
10. KEEP A CARBON COPY of everything you send out. Accidents may happen.

How to mail MSS.

Manuscripts consisting of only a few sheets may be folded once and mailed in a pamphlet envelope (6x9 inches.) A large number of sheets should be mailed flat in an envelope 9x12 inches, protected with a stiffener made from a piece of cardboard. Book manuscripts should be mailed flat, either in a box, or protected by cardboard, corrugated board, etc. Never mail manuscripts rolled.

The Clayton Magazines

"Clayton Magazines," 80 Lafayette Street, New York City, is an organization publishing a group of magazines offering a steady market to the fiction writer. "Ranch Romances" and "Rangeland Love Story Magazine" use the Western type of story. "Clues" and "All Star Detective Stories" use mystery stories of all lengths. "Ace-High," "Cowboy Stories" and "Western Adventures" use cowbody and Western stuff; air stories are used in "Flyers" and "Sky High Library;" adventure, fantastic and otherwise, fills the pages of "Wide World Adventures" and "Astounding Stories; Forest and Stream" takes articles and non-fiction stories on hunting, fishing, and kindred sports.

Fiction Wanted

"The Country Guide," Winnipeg, Manitoba, George I. Chipman, editor and manager, is now being issued monthly instead of semi-monthly, and is in the market for good serial fiction and short stories suited to its clientele. It has a circulation of 134,000, its readers being 90% rural. One of the associate editors, Miss Amy J. Roe, writes: "We are now buying first and second rights of short stories and our prices vary from $20 to $40, depending on length and rights."

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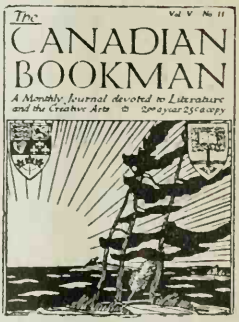

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THE COLLECTOR

The interesting announcement is made by William Farquar Payson, of New York, of the publication of the first edition of a work by James Fenimore Cooper, entitled "New York," with an introduction by Dixon Ryan Fox, Professor of History, Columbia University. The work consists of the introductory essay with which Cooper intended to open his novel, "Men of Manhattan" which never succeeded in reaching the light in book form, as the manuscript was destroyed by fire in a print-shop, only the introduction being saved. This ran as a serial in an obscure little magazine issued on behalf of a Charity Fair, for Union Soldiers, held in New York during the Civil War. This introduction, which is in reality a complete monograph, and runs to about 12,000 words, deals with the New York of that day, and forecasts with strange prescience the future of the metropolis and the nation. The edition is limited to 765 copies, of which 750 are for sale at $10 each.

* * *

An appeal for $150,00 to save the Luttrell Psalter and Bedford Book of Hours for the British nation has been made by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons and the trustees and director of the British Museum. It will be recalled that last July these two celebrated illuminated manuscripts of historic and artistic importance, were offered for public sale and obtained for the British Museum through money advanced by J. Pierpont Morgan. The Museum was faced with the necessity of raising 6,483 pounds, of which amount 3,500 pounds has been so far raised.

* * *

Memories of an old-time Toronto publisher are recalled by the death in Montreal on May 26, of William Henry Maclear, at the age of 82. Mr. Maclear, who was well known in Montreal and Chicago as a printer, was born in Toronto, his father being Thomas Maclear, founder of the Maclear Publishing Co., then one of the leading firmns in the Dominion. The firm name was later changed to the Copp, Clark Co., under which name it is still operating.

* * *

The sale of the lobrary of the famous French bibliophile, Edouard Rahir, was held in Paris, May 8—10, and realizes a total of approximately $509,000, the largest sum ever obtained at the Hotel Drouot for so small a collection—250 volumes. Most of the rarest books were purchased by agents for United States and British buyers. Included were: a book of the Apocalypse, illustrated with drawings by Albrect Durer and dated 1511, which sold for $12,000; a copy of Dante, printed at Venice in 1544, in a splendid binding with the arms of Henry II of France and Diane de Poitiers, $6,000: a small quarto volume, Marully hymns and epigrams, printed in 1497, from the collection of the celebrated French bibliophile, Grolier, $10,000; Jean Jacques Rousseau's "Village Divine" autographed and inscribed by him to the Marquise de Pompadour, $2,000; Mme. de Sevigne's Letters. $4,000; Voltaire's "Maid of Orleans," 1755, $14,000; Perrault's "Fairy Tales," 1697, $10, 000; Ovid's "Metamorphosis, 1767, $11,820; 'Commentarium Procli," 1534, $10,000; Antoine Watteau's "Works," 1740, $16,400. Bidders sustained in order to permit the National Library to acquire the Rousseau volume.

* * *

Long-sought newspaper files containing the writings of Mark Twain, described in his autobiography as "my first literary adventure," have been discovered in Hannibal, Mo., his native home. They comprise copies of the old "Hannibal Journal," published by Orion Clemens, elder brother of Mark, in 1851 and 1852 and 1853, during which period Mark worked on the paper. His contributions reveal the boy Sam Clemens in his 'teens as substitute editor of his brother's newspaper and striving to "liven up" the columns of the paper with his wit, and also as a budding poet, the contributions including two poems, one entitled "Love Concealed," and addressed "To Miss Kathie of H——l," which Mark in later years was wont to call "To Mary in H——l," explaining this to mean "Mary in Hannibal," and the other "To Bettie W——e, of Tennessee." Both poems, like Mark's other contributions, are signed "Rambler," now revealed as his earliest nom de plume.

* * *

Catalogue No. 193 from Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston, Mass., is entitled "Indians and the West," and offers many important books of Canadian interest, particularly as regards the Hudson's Bay Company and the Red River Settlement, the Canadian Northwest, etc. Some which may be mentioned are: Long's "Voyage and Travels of an Indian Interpreter and Trader," London, 1791, with the folding map, $60; Hearne's "Journey from Prince of Wales' Fort in Hudson Bay to the Northern Ocean," London, 1765, large paper copy of the first and best edition, $135; Henry's "Travels and Ad-

ventures in Canada," New York, 1809, in original boards, uncut, $50; Amos' "Report of Trials Relative to the Destruction of the Earl of Selkirk's Settlement on the Red River," London, 1820, $65; Douglas' "Statement Respecting the Earl of Selkirk's Settlement," London, 1817, $50; M'Donnell's "Narrative of Transactions in the Red River Country," London, 1819, with the folding map, $80; McLean's "Notes of Twenty-Five Years' Service in the Hudson's Bay Territory," London, 1849, $45; "Narrative of Occurrences in the Indian Countries of North America Since the Connection of the Right Hon. Earl of Selkirk with the Hudson's Bay Company," London, 1817, first edition in the original paper wrappers, $75; "Papers Relating to the Red River Settlement," London, 1819 (very scarce; no record of sale found), $75; Selkirk's "Sketch of the British Fur Trade in North America," London, 1816, second edition, $65; "Statement Respecting the Earl of Selkirk's Settlement of Kildonan," London, 1817, privately printed first edition, $62.50; "A Short Statement of the Countries and Trade of North America, Claimed by the Hudson's Bay Company Under Pretence of a Charter for Ever," London , 1749 (extremely rare), $175; Strachan's "A Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Selkirk," London, 1816, $75; Umfreville's "The Present State of Hudson's Bay," with the folding tables, London, 1790, $90; Kane's "Wanderings of an Artist Among the Indians of North Americe," London, 1859, $60; document signed by Sieur Pierre de la Verendrye, discoverer of the Rocky Mountains, lease of the trading rights of Lac La Plume (Rainy Lake) and Lac des Bois (Lake of the Woods), dated October 22, 1748, at Fort St. Charles, $100; Mackenzie's "Voyages from Montreal to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans," London, 1801, first edition, $65; "Papers Relative to the Affairs of British Columbia," 2 parts in one volume, London, 1859, (very scarce, not in Sabin or Smith and no record of a sale)) $65.

* * *

Many rare and early editions and translations of the works of Virgil are now on display in the New York Public Library in an exhibition in commemoration of the two thousanth anniversary of the poet's birth. Among them are only six known copies, and the only known copy of the first edition of Virgil's works printed in Paris, in 1470. The exhibition also includes two leaves written on vellum in the ninth century in a French handwriting and containing part of Book VII, of the "Aeneid," believed to be the oldest manuscript of Virgil's work in America.

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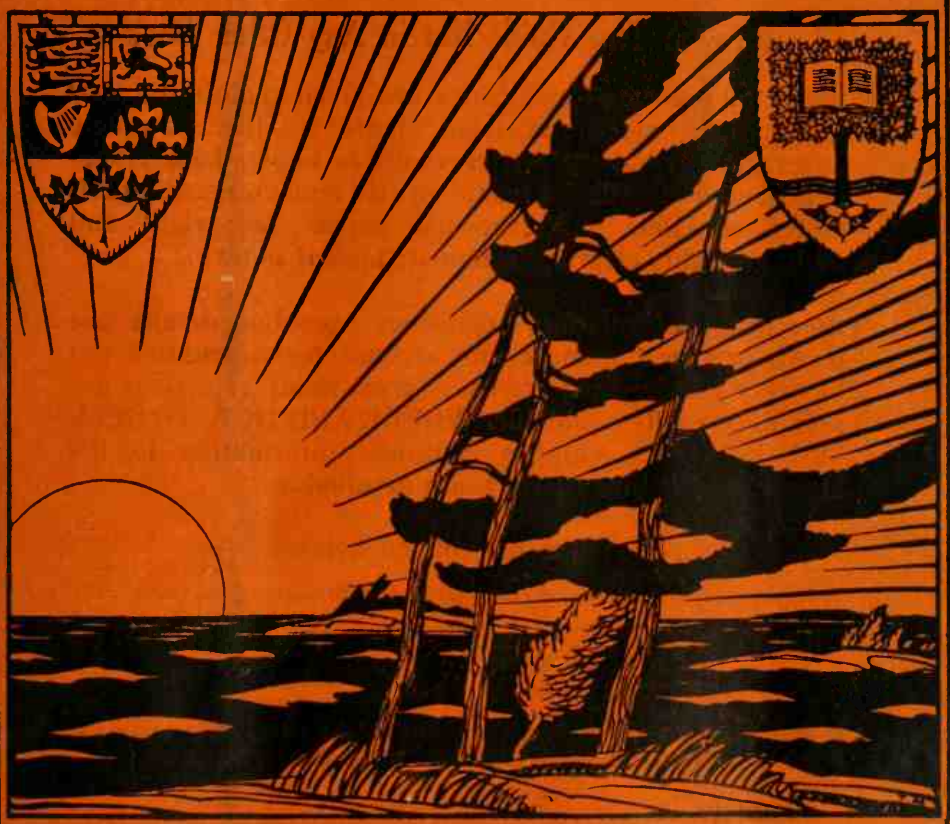

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Who's Who In Canadian Literature

WILLIAM DOUW LIGHTHALL

By *John Mebourne Elson*

There are, of course, different kinds of achievements in letters. Some represent devotion, over years, to one branch of verse or prose. Others are the sum of many efforts in various fields. To the latter belongs William Douw Lighthall, K.C., LL.D., F.R.S.L., F.R.S.C., who has just been re-elected President of the Canadian Authors Association.

Though the name of this tall, distinguished looking Montrealer is familiar to most Canadians of literary marrow, comparatively few, no doubt, are aware of the diversity of ways in which he has expressed his abilities and his human interest. It is refreshing, in this age of glorified materialism, to find a type who, while flourishing in practical things, has enriched citizenship generally by giving part of his time to the welfare of the State. It makes one fondle the thought that all men of high public ideals did not pass with the departure of noble Romans and aesthetic Greeks!

This may need interpretation. That is easy. When one looks over the bibliography, following this sketch, one might well say: "This man must have spent all his days writing." Not so. Dr. Lighthall, since called to the Bar in 1881, has engaged in a general law practice with emphasis on corporation, estate, municipal, parliamentary and commercial law. That would seem to have been enough to have kept the average person busy, but when you add that he founded the Union of Canadian Municipalities and was at one time its President, that he was former Mayor of Westmount —that little city of expensive homes which casts its domestic glory over the Dominion's metropolis—that he has headed the Royal Society of Canada and been active in enough other directions to pack a whole harvest of data into "Who's Who," well, you see why his fellows exalt him!

And here, perhaps, it may be well to note how he progressed up the ladder from the first rung, when he was born in Hamilton, Ont., long enough ago to challenge the allotted span, to the present when he can, from his residential verandah, look with calm eye and serene mood down over the far sweeping places of historic Quebec, which he loves so profoundly.

Dr. Lighthall came of stock which played no inconspicuous part in the early story of this Continent. His father was William Francis Schuyler Lighthall, and that name Schuyler is written large among the chronicles of early figures who participated in the conflicts of eastern America. Montreal gave the young scion shape in youth for he was graduated from High School in that city and then entered McGill University to earn in time a B.A., an M.A., a B.C.L., and later LL.D. (hon). These attainments have been accompanied by a liberal investment of talent and spirit in the altruistic as well as the professional with the result that citizenship at

large has benefited. When not engaged in reading, study and writing, he has contributed his energies to the betterment of society. He has become an outstanding antiquarian and is now honorary President of the Montreal Antiquarian and Numismatic Society. His concern in historic spots has been earnest and he has done a valuable work in giving leadership that the notable sites of Montreal might be properly marked with commemorative tablets. As another expression of his public zeal he founded the Great War Veterans' Association, now merged in the Canadian Legion, British Empire Service League, and drew up its constitution. He also founded the Chateau de Ramezay Historical Museum, and was among those who brought the McCord Museum into existence. These two well known places are of infinite interest to writers with an historical turn as well as to hundreds of tourists and other sight-seers.

In the literary world he has been constantly diligent. A list of over forty titles, from pamphlets, brochures and published addresses to anthologies and novels, is evidence. Indeed it was his anthology, brought out forty years or more past, that first drew far-reaching notice of people in Britain, as well as in Canada and the United States, to the high quality of poetic creation existent in the Dominion. *Songs of the Great Dominion*, published in London, Eng., at once attracted the eye of the discriminating. It was the first pretentious effort of the kind in this country to invite the outside world to hear the singers of his native land. It gave a large audience to those who, in most cases, had previously been known only locally.

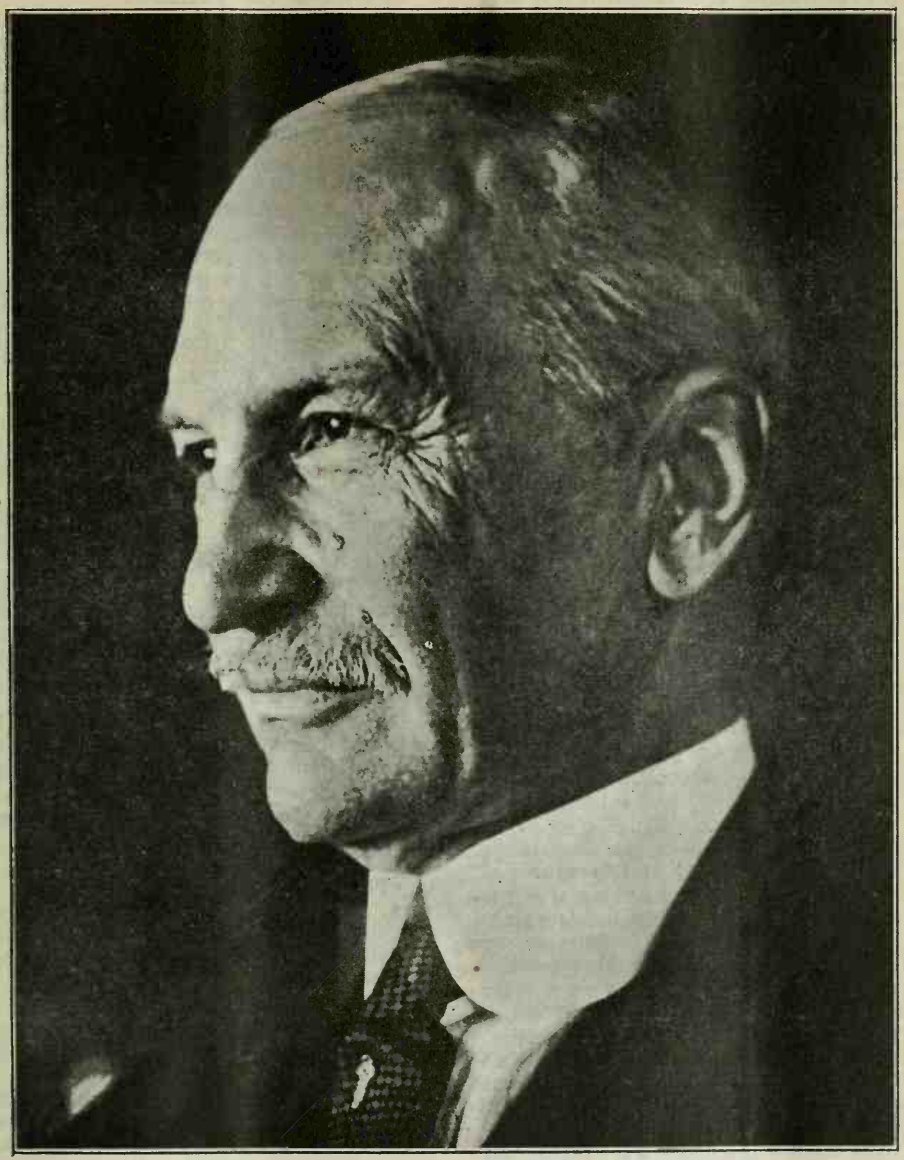
In this connection his generosity again came into expression. Believing that they would prove to be valuable documents to posterity, he presented to McGill library the letters he had received from all the poets appearing in his anthology, together with copies of their works, autographed. Some of these little volumes are now very rare. The gift forms a precious legacy.

Though he has been steadily writing ever since 1882, when he first ventured out onto the sea of letters with *Pure Ethics*, a fifteen page pamphlet, Dr. Lighthall, in some mysterious way, still finds time to carry on research and composition. This year he has two things in the press: *The Person of Evolution*, being studies of instinct as contributions to a philosophy of evolution, and a book on *Prehistoric Montreal*.

In earlier years poetry and fiction fascinated his mind, and had it not been for a decision to make a profession of law, undoubtedly he would have developed into an historical novelist of renown for his *The False Chevalier* struck a gratifying point in fiction. It had then, and yet has for readers, a deep, lively romantic interest and a flavor distinctly typical of the French regime. Those who have had the pleasure of spending an hour or two in Dr. Lighthall's library, filled as it is with countless treasures of many kinds in arts and letters, will know with what delicate care and pride he cherishes a small, thick bundle of beautifully written pages in French. They are the actual documents on which *The False Chevalier* was founded, as mentioned in the preface of that novel and partly quoted in the volume itself.

Space is jealous of its realm so that it is not possible here to mention other facts that reveal ceaseless industry and activity, such as his collection of paintings, engravings, antiquities, curios and books, his wealth of extensive travel and his fidelity to the cause of education, but what has been omitted may easily be imagined by anyone who is received by himself, his gracious wife or his charming daughter at the door of his fine old red brick residence and who has a chance to look around at his collection.

Dr. Lighthall in 1890 married Cybel Wilkes, daughter of Rev. Dr. Wilkes, a gifted Congregational minister of the days of Zion Church, Montreal, and of this union were born two



Dr. W. D. Lighthall

Canadian Author and Litterateur

President, Canadian Authors Association

From a Photograph taken by M. O. HAMMOND

daughters, Alice Margaret Schuyler, Cybel K. Schuyler, now Mrs. Dr. A. Edgelow, and Capt. William Schuyler, B.C.L., D.F.C.

A check list of Dr. Lighthall's writings is as follows:

1882. Pure Ethics—pamphlet—Montreal 15 pp.

1885. An Analysis of The Altruistic Act,—pamphlet—Montreal, 20 pp.

1887. Sketch of a New Utilitarianism—pamphlet—Montreal, 40 pp.

1887. Thoughts, Moods and Ideals —pamphlet—verse, Montreal, 24 pp. (A supplement was added some years later) Montreal 19 pp.

1888. The Young Seigneur; or Nation-Making—a romance, Montreal, 200 pp., under nom-de-plume of "Wilfrid Chateauclair.

1888. Canadian Poems and Songs, —Anthology—London XL—465 pp. In the the Canterbury Poets series.

1889. An Account of the Battle of Chateauguay—pamphlet—Montreal, 32 pp.

1889. Songs of the Great Dominion —Anthology—London XL—465 pp. In the Windsor series.

1890. Spiritualized Happiness — Theory—pamphlet—Montreal, 10 pp. Lecture before the Farmington School of Philosophy.

1892. Montreal after Two Hundred and Fifty Years—history—Montreal 10-152 pp.

1892. Sights and Shrines of Montreal—historical guidebook, Montreal 151 pp. (2nd edition in 1903 and later editions).

1897. The Conditions of Colonial Literature—pamphlet, London—13 pp., (In Trans. Royal Society of Literature).

1898. The False Chevalier or The Lifeguard of Marie-Antoinette, —a romance., London, VII—328 pp. 2nd and 3rd edition same year in Montreal).

1898. A New Pre-Hochelagan Burying Ground discovered at Westmount, pamphlet—Montreal, 11 pp.

1899. Hochelagans and Mohawks; a Link in Iroquois History. (In trans. Royal Society of Canada) pamphlet—Ottawa—14 pp.

1900. French-Canadian Literature. (in Trans. Royal Society of Literature) London—18 pp.

1901. "The Glorious Enterprize." The Plan of Campaign for the Conquest of New France; its origin, history and connection with the Invasions of Canada, pamphlet—Montreal—37 pp.

1901. Hiawatha the Great.— (Trans. Royal Society of Literature) pamphlet—London—18 pp.

1901. History of Our Natural Monopolies.—Leaflet Montreal, 4 pp.

1902. To the Boers, A Friend's Appeal from Canada.—pamphlet—Montreal, 4 pp. (An Appeal to Settle down and accept the Empire).

1902. Westmount, a Municipal Illustration—pamphlet—Toronto, 10 pp. (The author was Mayor of Westmount).

1902. The Union of Canadian Municipalities—pamphlet, Montreal, 7 pp. (Founded by the author).

1903. Valedictory as Mayor of Westmount, Montreal, 4 pp.

1903. The Horizon, — (in form of a Newspaper, only one issue). Montreal, 8 pp.

1904. Thomas Pownall. His Part in the Conquest of Canada. Trans. Royal Society of Canada). Ottawa, 5 pp.

1904. Canada a Modern Nation—pamphlet—Montreal, 78 pp. (Views with resources of future of Canada).

1908. The Master of Life: an Aboriginal Romance. Toronto, 200 pp.

1908. La Corne St-Luc—pamphlet, Montreal, 8 pp.

1904. Histoire du Montreal, by Dollier de Casson. (Not completed nor published).

1910. The Governance of Empire, —pamphlet—Montreal 15 pp. (Hon. Mention in the London Standard Competition).

1914. The Manor House of Lacolle, pamphlet—Montreal 8 pp.

1916. The Beginnings of British Settlement in the Province of Quebec. (In The History of the Dominion and the Provinces), Toronto, 44 pp.

1916. Sign Posts of Prehistoric Time. (In Trans. R.C.S.. pamphlet — Ottawa, 6 pp.

1916. The Land of Manitou,—poems —pamphlet—Montreal, 18 pp.

1918. Canadian Poets of the Great War. (Presidential address, Royal Society of Canada) pamphlet—Ottawa, 22 pp.

1922. Old Measures. —poems —book, Montreal 140 pp.

1922. The Westmount "Stone-lined Grave" Race. (In trans. Royal Society of Canada) pamphlet, Ottawa 3 pp.

1922. Lieutenant-General Garret Fisher, A Forgotten Loyalist. pamphlet (in Trans. R.S.C.), Ottawa, 8 pp.

1924. Hochelaga and "The Hill of Hochelaga"—pamphlet, (in Trans. R. S. C.) Ottawa, 15 pp.

1926. The Outer Consciousness—A Biological Entity, book, Montreal, 115 pp.

1930. The Person of Evolution; Studies of Instinct as contributions to a Philosophy of Evolution. (in press) 216 pp.

1930. Prehistoric Montreal. —book (in press.)

The Voice of Evening

By C. F. Lloyd.

Each hour or the day has its own characteristic medley of sounds forming, when heard at a distance, a single sound, the voice of the hour. There is the twittering of birds before dawn, followed or accompanied by the rolling of a country cart, the clink of milk bottles, the whir of an automobile, perhaps a doctor's. In a city there is of course at all hours the clang and rattle of street-cars but as this does not belong to towns in general, or the open country, we will say no more about it. Later in the morning the voice of day grows loud, strident. Cars dash past, delivery vans and rigs begin to arrive, children's shouts and laughter ring unceasingly while the pavements resound to the tramp of an army of workers bound for factory, store or office. Towards the middle of the forenoon a curious stillness falls on the outlying streets of the city. The children are in school, grown up folk are at work and the morning delivery being over, the flood of traffic withdraws to the busier down-town sections, the heart of the city. If it be summer one hears the swish of a broom on the pavement where some oldfashioned housekeeper not content with sweaping her rooms and verandah, is tidying up the walk in front of her house. Noon brings children's voices again and after the lunch-hour crowds have returned to work and the afternoon delivery is over, there comes what is, I think, the quietest hours of the twenty-four save the dead hours of night, namely the short period from about half past two till the noisy flood of young people comes pouring out of school at four. Walk along one of the quieter streets of any Canadian city that I know, between two and four of a midsummer afternoon, and you will meet scarcely any living thing save a dog hunting for a shady spot to lie down in and perhaps a meditative policeman trying to look as little like a formidable myrmidon of the law as possible. After four o'clock the voice of the city, or if you like it better, the voice of the hour, waxes steadily till about eight or nine oclock, depending on the season or the weather. The voice is of course lower, less strident in winter than in summer and on wet nights than fine, also it is different. In January the voice is muffled by snow as though it came through wool or fur. In July it is harsh and high-pitched save when the heavy midsummer rain falls with a steady plash on the asphalt and then the most pleasant part of the voice, which is furnished by children, sinks into silence while the rush and rumble of passing autos is accompanied by the swish of thrown water.

There is one neighborhood sound that constitutes no small element in the voice of evening as I know it and that is the rattle of lawn-mowers. It is astonishing how often my neighbors have to cut their grass. My own scanty allowance of lawn is lucky if it finds the big clippers trimming its back hair once a fortnight, but some one in the vicinity seems to be engaged in this pastoral occupation every night in the week except Sunday. It is said that that coquettish young beauty, Lady Sarah Lennox, used to dress up in the guise of a sylvan shepherdess and rake the new-mown hay on the lawn of Richmond House with an eye cocked to attract young Prince George, afterwards King, the third of the name. I have not observed any of the flappers in my neighborhood attempting to beguile George or Jimmy into a closer contemplation of their dangerous charms, while glancing from under the rim of a hat over a hayrake. Lawn mowing in our day appears to be left chiefly to the middle-aged paterfamilias or an unusually industrious pair of boys intent on collecting dimes and nickels to be expended on some mild form

of dissipation, the movies for instance.

The stopping and starting of automobile engines is another familiar sound of evening in the city. Between seven and midnight people who own cars, or at least drive them, visit their less, or perhaps more, fortunate friends who do not own cars, while young bucks go courting. I can nearly always distinguish Romeo's car from that of the elder Montague, because while the latter glides up silently, stopping without much fuss, the former makes a great deal of unnecessary noise. It would almost seem as though Miss Stenographer, or Milliner, gauged her young man's intelligence and force of character, also perhaps the depth of his pocketbook, by the amount of racket he can make with his siren when enquiring whether she has her hat on or not, and the thunderous explosions emanating from his engine as he drives off. Human nature does not alter much in the main. I am old enough to remember the golden eighties and nineties when young swells talked about rubber-tired buggies, blood horses and the latest thing in carriage lamps and attracted Mildred's attention to the fact that they were waiting by cracking a whip or imitating a tomcat. The horse and buggy could not cover quite so much country of an evening as the neat little Ford or McLaughlin, nevertheless they got over the ground at a fairly good clip and occasionally there were spills and even collisions in those antediluvian times, though I do not seem to recall any fines for fast driving.

Another note in the composite voice of evening is the sound of sparrows preparing to retire to whatever nooks and crannies they may chance to spend the night in, but by the time darkness settles down it has ceased, like the sudden hushing of an instrument in an orchestra. If it were not for the sparrows, there would be but few bird voices in the city but one of them is among the wildest, most plaintive and in a sense most poignant in nature, the clear, haunting call of the robin, most frequently heard on still, hot evenings, immediately before or after rain. It is not a song, like the lark's or the thrush's or the nightingale's, or a merry, Punchinello performance, like the blackbird's. It is a series of detached notes, like single blasts of the bugle, following each other at regular intervals, the whole conveying some simple message, repeated again and again. This haunting call seems to transport me to a time before time was, a myriad years before man emerged from the brute, a period so inaccessibly remote from ours as to have nothing in common with it.. There is something in that clear bugle note of the robin that suggests a cold aloofness from all our petty quarrels and schemes, a primal simplicity, like the paintings on cave walls of the earliest men, an affinity with eternal, unchangeable things, the isolation of the soul in space.

Of late years the voice of evening has been disagreeably swollen in summer time by blaring of innumerable loud-speakers. Commerce has a knack of selecting telling names for its wares. Your loud-speaker is for the most part a very loud-speaker indeed, a regular Roman demagogue bent on capturing the ear, both ears, of the mob. I am no enemy to that tireless eddy of changing appliances, systems, beliefs, which we call progress. Radio is an admirable discovery, or invention, it is of course both, but when a loud-speaker on one side of you is singing at the top of its voice, "Hallelujah, I'm a bum," while another a few yards off on the other side is delivering a lecture on the nature of hog cholera and still a third, across the street, is playing madly, "You're my Alabama coon," the thing ceases to be a pleasing addition to an already large volume of sound and becomes a nuisance, worse than cats on the roof or angry women exchanging the family pedigrees over the back fence.

Not the most ancient but certainly the most pleasant of the sounds that go to make up the voice is the blended clamor of children at play. From across the street a boy calls lustily,

"Hi, Jimmy, wait, I've got something to show to yer!" A tot of three commences to cry and then one hears a girl's shrill voice first scolding some other child for hurting the little one, anon dropping to a soft crooning note as she soothes the baby into merry laughter. .Small boys playing marbles or ball or hide-and-seek break out into loud bursts of excitement, expostulation or anger mingled with not a little harmless profanity. Little girls chatter in low tones, comparing dolls or bits of neighborhood gossip or discussing the intricate details of that mysterious game, invented by Lilith, Adam's first wife, which they play on the sidewalk with a piece of chalk, hopping on one foot from square to square. At intervals the low chatter is broken by a peal of laughter, sweet as fairy bells.

On certain nights in the week, church bells make up part of the voice of evening and I am not forgetting dogs, but then one hears them at all hours. The voice of the wandering cat belongs exclusively to night. On the whole it is a pleasant voice this voice of evening, even in the city where pleasant voices are scarce enough to be noted.

"I Seek You Through The Starry Dusk"

By Constance Davies Woodrow

I seek you through the starry dusk,
By lonely hill and shore,
My spirit-self a crying thing,
A desolately-questing thing,
That beats on every door.

I call you where the pebbles gleam
Beneath a moonlit sky:
I only hear the wakeful winds,
The sorrowful and tender winds,
Make answer to my cry.

I run through flowering meadowlands
And through the wooded wild,
To stand outside of paradise —
A thorn-encircled paradise, —
A lonely, wistful child.

I steal along a shadowed aisle —
Ah, surely you are there? —
I only find the crucifix,
The dark, deserted crucifix,
Beside the altar-stair.

The Law Of Beauty

By Laura Bedell.

The trees draw closer at the eventide,
Night like a bird swoops down with wings spread wide
And in their purple folds the stars abide.

Across the world the incense of a rose
Rises and falls with every wind that blows,
And who shall tell us whither either goes?

A petal thrown upon the flowing stream,
So rudely taken from her flower dream
Someday may more than rose or rosebud mean.

The trees draw closer at the eventide,
The night swoops down where they stand side by side,
And little winds catch secrets they would hide.

God meant the wind these secret things to hear,
To broadcast over earthland far and near
Where sea shells wait and lily-bells give ear.

Across the world the incense of a rose
Rises and falls with every wind that blows,
And who can tell us whither either goes!

But onward, upward, outward to the end
Each seeming trivial thing its way must wend
Through earth's reverberant music to ascend.

We know not whence, nor whither, nor the why,
We only sense through beauty God is nigh
And scatters gifts for every seeing eye.

The rose whose petals wither in the rain,
May never be a perfect rose again,
Yet something sweeter blossom for her pain.

But if a rose could live and breathe and pass
As withered beauty through the greening grass,
What hope would lesser beauty have? Alas!

Permanence In Short Stories

By *Helen E. Williams*

SOME of us were startled, not long ago, by an Oxford professor's assertion that "Bernard Shaw's plays which claimed to be the intellectual novelties of their day are dead..... Certainly they bore everyone now, and it is difficult to trace in what their interest lay, so tedious they are become." Without taking up cudgels for the iconoclast, who is amply able to defend himself, this animadversion of his work evokes an interesting train of speculation as to what constitutes permanence in literature, the more especially as Canadian writers are taxed with lack of it in their short stories.

In her *Short Stories That Stay* Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward once defined the elements of this permanence as originality, humanity, force and finish. And she went on to say, "In most of the passing stories that have selected me for their captive, there would, I think, be found some shock of surprise and novelty; some hell or heaven of human feeling; or some grip of absolute strength.

The writer of a short story must know how to tell it, but it is more important that he have something to tell."

Melville Davisson Post—himself the author of legal tales of ratiocinative skill and arresting quality—in similar vein reiterates that if we would appeal to the whole people, "We must have a plot that is a complete unity, complicating itself by an inevitable sequence of events, unravelling by a like sequence, and to contain a surprise at the end of it." Every tyro will tell you that all that is necessary is to devise a plot with characters to suit, or vice versa, or generalize an abstract idea into concrete action.

But excellent receipts do not always insure the desired results. It takes time to make writers as well as cooks. Talent is not transmitted but evolved. "There is no training," writes Howells, "that can make the true artist's work easy for him, and if he is a true artist he will suspect everything easily done as ill done. What comes hard, and slow, and hopelessly, that is the thing which, when we look back at it, we find was the thing that was worth doing."

Short stories are not abbreviated novels, any more than novels are agglutinated short stories. The problem is not a new one, nor is Canada its sole habitat. Maupassant, we are told, toiled ceaselessly under Flaubert before he attained to the *soubriquet* of king of short story writers. Stevenson professed himself the sedulous ape of those he wished to emulate, prior to writing "Markheim" and "The Body-Snatcher". O. Henry was seven years achieving his ambition of "getting into *Harper's*". Neophytes everywhere discipline themselves by self-imposed study and imitation of their masters, from them learning how to marshal their ideas, how give the mind a problem, how wind up the crisis.

Newspaper training is invaluable in that it not only develops the "story" instinct, but makes it imperative that one concentrate, and cover the assignment quickly and well. The journalist's case is the reversal of the non-observant man's in the Russian proverb, who goes through the forest but sees no firewood. For him everything is firewood. But the attitude of an observer is not enough. He must be possessed of a mystical sense of lives other than his own, must actually feel what he describes down to the springs of action and passion, if he would have others feel them, too. Journalism, however, is not conducive to intensiveness. It is not sufficient to have your medium under control and give a dialogue from life verbatim. In the latter so much is not said that must by inference and the removal of surplusage be conveyed in the story or the image is incom-

plete. "James does not say," remarked William Dean Howells of Mrs. Wharton's prototype, "he insinuates. It is what he does, not tells, that counts."

Genius, of course, is fettered by none of these restrictions, having a divining-rod of its own. Untrained, it gets across with elemental, gripping realism, however narrated; untold, knows that "he who allows every common soul to tell its own story arrives in time at the wonder of the world."

Is permanence but another name for the vital? The artist is known by his skill in sounding the keyboard of words. Now he strikes a stirring chord of life history. Now his touch is softened to the minor strains of the human heart. Again we hear it as the ringing of chimes. But however it varies, it must bring with it beauty, or strength, or vision, or it will share the fate of things that pass.

Inside Stuff

An Inspiration

Daily we are alarmed by a distressingly large pile of unanswered correspondence and harbor the further disconcerting knowledge that it is gaining on us!

The inspiration?

It is the following blanket reply to be accompanied by a marked copy of the journal and the return of Manuscripts not fitting in with present requirements:

"We regret being unable to use the contributions so kindly submitted and trust that this will not deter you from submitting further MSS. Please accept our thanks for your interest in 'The Canadian Bookman' "

* * *

Notice To C. A. A. Members:

Despite the notices that have appeared in these columns to the effect that membership in the C. A. A. does not include a subscription to "The Canadian Bookman" cases continue to crop up in which subscribers write to the effect that they consider this to be the case. Such an arrangement has not been in effect since July 1924. As we have repeatedly pointed out, every member of the C. A. A. was so notified at that time, including the sending of a government reply postcard for use if the subscription was to be discontinued and bills were subsequently sent only to those members who did not return the reply card with instructions to discontinue sending the magazine.

Laura Bedell, in a recent letter to the editor wrote:

"I find THE CANADIAN BOOKMAN interesting and would not be without it. You are most fortunate in your selection of authors whose contributions bring something worth while every month. C. F. Lloyd is my favorite essayist and I always look for articles by Donald French. I wish he would continue his talks on the sonnet.

It is Reported THAT—

—Paddle and Palette. The Story of Tom Thomson, by Blodwen Davies, is to be published shortly by Ryerson's.

This short story of his life will be illustrated with reproductions of several of his best known pictures, with art notes by Arthur Lismer, a friend of Thomson's and now Director of Art Education at the Art Gallery of Toronto. The manuscript has been compiled from material collected for a life of Tom Thomson, which will probably be published next year.

Thomson was commemorated this year, by an impressive memorial ceremony on Canoe Lake, where he was drowned in 1917, about six hundred people at the Taylor Station camps taking part in a pageant at the Thomson cairn. A Thomson totem designed and carved by Camp Ahmek boys, was unveiled during the ceremony.

— a most unique ceremony took place on August 14th in the annual literary week at Muskoka Assembly when the largest tree on Tobin's Island, a huge maple, was dedicated to the memory of Bliss Carman while five other trees were dedicated to five living Canadian authors who have been prominently identified with this annual literary event at Muskoka Assembly — Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, Sir Gilbert Parker, Wilson Macdonald, Marshall Saunders and John M. Elson.

Rev. A. I. Terryberry, president of the Assembly conducted the proceedings and Rev. C. S. Applegath, of Middlefield, Conn., read one of Bliss Carman's poems and spoke of his life and work.

About Authors

Stewart Edward White is accused of the serious offense of having shanghaied Robert E. Pinkerton and carried him off for a cruise of several weeks along the Alaskan coast just at the time when he was in the thick of writing his History of the Hudson Bay Company. Fortunately, Mr. Pinkerton had the foresight to grab his notes and other data before he was kidnapped.

An ameliorating circumstance is that Mr. White is going to do an introduction for this book.

A Few of the New Books

Reviewed by John Garvin

Dramatic Episodes in Canada's Story. By C. W Jefferys. Toronto: The Star Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto, Limited. $2.00.

Before referring to this important contribution to Canadiana by Mr. Jefferys, let me express my sincere appreciation of what the publshers have long been doing to foster in the minds and hearts of our people, particularly the young, a more accurate knowledge of what constitutes good art and a keener desire for it. The Star Weekly with its reproductions in colors of valuable and often famous paintings, is having an educative influence that cannot at present be measured, but its far-reaching effect can safely be conjectured.

C. W. Jefferys., R. C. A., has studied the history of this country, from the first visit of John Cabot in 1497, and the many and varying customs of the different races of inhabitants, more than any other Canadian artist. He has done this to become an historical painter and pen-and-ink illustrator of pre-eminence, and he has succeeded.

It has not been known to many, I think, that the author writes about as well as he illustrates. He compresses much data in a short space, but there is no lack of clearness or interesting arrangement. And I am led to hope from this, that the present volume may be the beginning only of a series.

The Dramatic Episodes are sixteen in number, and are entitled: 'Cabot and the New Found Land'; 'Champlain's Fight with the Iroquois'; 'Champlain on the Ottawa'; 'Maisonneuve's Fight with the Indians;' St. Lusson at Sault Ste. Marie;' 'Frontenac on the Way to Cataraqui'; "Hennepin at Niagagara Falls;' 'The Brothers La Verendrye in Sight of the Western Mountains;' 'The Founding of Halifax;' 'The Battle of Ticonderoga;' 'Wolfe Chooses His Battleground;' 'Captain Cook at Nootka;' 'Loyalists Camping on the St. Lawrence;' 'Mackenzie at the Arctic;' 'Father Lacombe and the Blackfeet;' and 'The Battle of Batoche.'

It will be news for many that the American Indians of he 17th century used in warfare, bucklers or shields of wood, and also chest and leg protectors. (In the far West thick buffalo hide was preferred.) This is correct, for Radisson, as well as Champlain and others, makes reference to this kind of armour.

* * *

The Spell of Acadia. By Frank Oliver Call, M. A., D. C. L. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. (Cloth decorative, 8vo, with 2 plates in full color, 48 illustrations in duotone; decorative end leaves and map; gilt top; boxed, $4.00.

One cannot praise too highly the beautiful, charming, instructive books, which the L. C. Page Company of Boston has been publishing for some years, as The Spell Series. This is the thirty-second volume, and the second of which Prof. F. O. Call of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P. Q., is the author. His first was The Spell of French Canada.

Dr. Call is one of Canada's poets of distinction; and his prose style is lucid and graceful, and elegant in its finish.

The author had difficulty in tearing himself away from his peony garden, in Lennoxville, but finally started in his 'bluebird' motor car with a chauffer, for the maritime provinces. All along the route there are bits of description, one feels like reading twice, because of the vivid beauty brought before the mind's eye.

Painful historical facts are not avoided, and certain acts of British officers in the 18th century, were scarcely less brutal and merciless, than the acts of the Iroquois in the 17th century towards their Huron and French prisoners. The conduct of one Lieutenant Hazen was particularly execrable. The Acadians had a thriving village at St. Anne's on the St. John River (long since Fredericton). It was located at the frontier between the French and English. In 1758, a detachment of English soldiers, under Captain McCurdy, left Fort Frederick, 90 miles farther down the river, to spy out the land about this French settlement. McCurdy was accidentally killed by a falling tree, and Lieutenant Hazen took command. On their arrival the villagers fled to the woods, and he had the whole village destroyed by fire,—147 dwelling-houses,, and every barn, stable and granary. It was a ruthless, cowardly act, but the worst is yet to come. On his way back, he came upon a house in

the thick forest, where there was a fire in the chimney, and a number af cattle, horses and hogs in outlying enclosures. These he slaughtered, and then pursued in the woods, the human inhabitants. Six men he killed and scalped, and took prisoners, four men two women and three children . . . . The dastardly wretch should have been court-martialled and shot at the earliest possible moment. Those Acadians were inoffensive fishermen and tillers of the soil, taking no part in the war. The whole incident brings a blush of shame to the cheek of a present-day British-born subject.

I have never been able to read of the Expulsion of the Acadians and of the destruction by fire of many of their homes,, without a feeling of intense indignation, and Dr. Call's account arouses the same feeling. It is one of the most shameful blots on the escutcheon of the British nation. They were a thrifty, honest, religious people who had migrated from Port Royal in 1675, to get away from the war zone. And by 1755—the year of the Expulsion—they were a well-to-do, kindly, simple, happy, religious people. Apparently, Governor Lawrence ordered the Expulsion without instruction from the British Government, and their orders, not to do so, came too late. But that does not lessen the cruelty and criminality of the act. And had the Home Authorities at once dismissed the Governor, and restored the Acadians to their homes and farms, there could be little ground for indignation, but that was not done. It is computed that 14,000 were expelled from their farms in the Maritimes before 1763, and that more than half of them died from despair, destitution and disease. But all were not banished, for some escaped. Later, in the course of years, others found their way back to the land they loved. And today many of their descendants are there, living much as their forefathers lived,—contented, happy, thrifty lives.

No part of the Maritimes is over-looked, where Dr. Call could find scenic, historic or other interest. But as our space is limited, I can only indicate the varying "spell" by citing names of a number of other chapters: 'A Low and Beautiful Land' (Prince Edward Island); 'La Tour;' 'Historic Louisbourg;' 'The Lilac Trail to Louisburg;' 'Acadia in Poetry;' 'Along Acadian Trails;' 'The Magdalen Islands;' etc., and to draw attention to the fitting references to such distinguished writers as Haliburton, Roberts, Carman, L. M. Montgomery and others.

* * *

The Break of Day. By Basil King, Toronto Musson Book Co. $2.00.

This twenty-fourth volume from the pen of the late Basil King came as a surprise, and its appearance has led us to hope there may be others still unpublished. Few novelists have written more lucidly or with a keener insight into human nature. Basil King had a broad, thoughtful, sympathetic and well informed mind, and a spirit essentially noble. He was a lovable man, whom it was good to know.

The Break of Day has an element of mystery in its plot, the final solving of which is wholly unexpected. A woman had gone to her box in the vaults of The First National Bank in Englefield, a city of Vermont, to get another $1000 bond to sell. She had been living beyond her income, and she observed with alarm how the principal was disappearing. While throwing a scrap of paper into a wastepaper basket she noticed it was leaning over. In straightening it, she found a package of bonds amounting to $60.000. which had been carelessly dropped by some one. As no one saw her find them, and it was not at all probable she would be susspected, she decided to keep them.

These bonds were not missed for months afterwards, when the time came for them to be handed over by a guardian to the legal owner. Then the fat was in the fire. The guardian though very wealthy did not regard them as a trust fund as there had been no writings. And the young man whose inheritance they were, was forced to live in more or less powerty after his marriage, because of the theft.

Two women, guiltless, were suspected, and each suffered in a measure from the suspicion. In the end, $57.000. of the bonds reached the rightful owner, but two of the characters only, the thief and a certain discreet young man, ever knew the truth. The shades and grades of society in Englefield are presented with fidelity and occasionally with a humorous aspect.

As this novel is a true presentation of life in a section of the New England states, it contains love, marriage, death, heart-burnings, and holds the effortless attention of the reader from the first page to the last.

H. M. TOMLINSON

Author of "All Our Yesterdays."

ioneers Of The Cross in Canada. By Dean Harris. Introduction by Thomas O'Hagan, LL. D. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited. $2.00.

Reviewed by JOHN W. GARVIN

My interest in the Jesuit Huron Missions of the 17th century, began when I was a young teacher of twenty-one years. My first school was at Wyebridge, about six miles from Penetanguishene, and one Sunday I walked several miles towards Midland to see what was left of the old mission of St. Mary's-on-the-Wye. Tall trees were growing over the spot, but the old stone foundation was traceable. The building had been larger than I expected.

The reprinting of Dean Harris' book, first published in its present form in 1912, is very timely, inasmuch as the eight martyred Jesuit priests, John de Brebeuf, Isaac Jogues, Gabriel Lalemant, Noel Chabanel, Charles Garnier, Anthony Daniel, John de la Lande and Rene Goupil, were recently canonized at Rome.

It seems strange that the canonization should have been so long delayed, for the world has never witnessed more ardent self-sacrificing zeal for souls, in circumstances often revolting to sensitive scholarly men, and in dangers so frightful that martyrdom was almost certain.

The Iroquois Confederacy, whose villages were in the present New York State, were the merciless, persistent enemies of the Hurons whose villages were in the northern half of the present County of Simcoe. The latter, it is believed, were about 20,000 in number, a sedentary people chiefly, who grew corn and vegetables in suffiicient quantities for their needs and for more or less trade with nomadic tribes.

Before the almost complete massacre of the Hurons by the Iroquois, in the later 1640's, the Jesuit Fathers had Christianized most of them. They were taught to love their enemies and to pray for them, and it may be that such teaching lessened their fighting qualities and made them an easier prey for the Iroquois.

But the Dutch of Fort Orange (later Albany) had for years been supplying the Iroquois with 400 muskets per annum, which gave them a big advantage over nations and tribes less well equipped. The Dutch wanted the furs that the Iroquois ambushed the Hurons and Algonquins to get, and hence the supply of firearms.

Dean Harris and Dr. O'Hagan both quote the American historian Bancroft, as saying in "The Annals of French America": "Not a cape was turned nor a river entered but a Jesuit led the way." This statement should not have been made by a historian, for it is not true. The Recollets or Franciscans preceded the Jesuits in New France. The first Jesuit priests to arrive, reached Quebec, June 19, 1625: Fathers Charles Lalemant, Enemond Masse and Jean de Brebeuf. And the Jesuit Fathers did not lead the explorers, they followed them. Champlain and others preceded them to Georgian Bay and Lake Huron. And the first white men to reach the Upper Mississippi, to visit the Sioux Indians on the prairies, to establish a trading post west of Lake Superior, to travel overland from Lake Superior to Hudson's Bay and back, were Pierre Esprit Radisson and his brother-in-law Medard Chourt Groseillers and they had no Jesuit Fathers with them. But the zeal of the latter to save the souls of benighted savages has never been surpassed. They seemed at times almost to crave martyrdom.

Lute And Scimitar. By Achmed Abdullah. Irwin & Gordon. $2.00

A good many years ago Achmed Abdullah, being afflicted with bitter-sweet imaginings about the Central Asia of his early youth, went home. And on the way he collected "not bits of cracked Persian porcelain in dove-blue or frayed scraps of silken Bokkaran rugs, but memories—nostalgic pictures—rapidly etched impressions of mosques swelling like the tolling of bells beneath a steel-grey vaulted sky; of purple nights on the steppes and the green stars sneering down with a sort of cosmic insouciance; of ruddy harvests climbing up to the hyacinth of the lower hills; of the high, far, lonely mountains where—as we say in the Afghan tongue—the free men, the strong men, the hearty men live on the wind and the pines and the grey rock's lichen."

Dozens of impressions. Still homesickness persisted. It persisted until, cutting clear away from the last Russian and British outpost ("the same cauldron of cheating and lies—international trade and international politics in other words") he travelled 'native' —in dress, speech, food, drink, mode of thought—through Afghanistan, through Russian and Chinese Turkestan, and into Outer Mongolia." And now he collected folk-poetry, "the very spirit, the very marrow of our Central Asian life."

So we receive a book of far-off, naive, barbaric, intimately human things, composed in the flawless English that survives only by the grace of Orientals. Our gratitude once more to Achmed Abdullah, who has resurrected the ancient glory of dark, unhappy, passionate life.

There, in the night's great purple box,
I hid my seven jewels:
My woman, my children, my horses,
My honor, my sword, my faith, and my race.
Solitude watches carefully,
So that none may steal them.
Three stout locks has the box which hides
my jewels.
Let him who has jewels lock them with
three locks:
With silence, and mockery, and laughter!

One Hervey Allen has written a banal preface, presumably historic, which (Allah be praised!) it is not necessary to read. The idiotic irrelevancy of some people passeth all understanding.

MARCUS ADENEY.

The Discovery Of Canada. By Lawrence J. Burpee. Ottawa: The Graphic Publishers.

An excellent book this. It is small—only ninety-six pages—but prepared with great care by one who knows Canadian history and who also understands how to write in an interesting, useful way.

Not only is the dramatic story of the discovery of the Dominion here, moving engagingly from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific slope, but the work is interspersed with maps and illustrations. At the end of each part, too, is a complete bibliography which is most valuable to thorough readers who want to pursue study farther.

It would be a good thing if every mature Canadian were to take a copy of this little book and go through it often enough to master the essential facts underlying the basis of his country. The information is presented in concise, accurate form, and both author and publisher are to be commended for making the pocket volume available.

* * *

The Sky Through Branches. By T. Morris Longstreth. Toronto: Geo. McLeod, Ltd.

Though many Canadian readers are familiar with the name of Mr. Longstreth through his books, "The Adirondacs", "The Laurentians" and "The Silent Force" they will be interested to learn that he now has a small volume of verse to his credit. In the poetic field, however, he does not reach the high literary standard which marks his prose works.

Though a Philadelphian, if memory is accurate, Mr. Longstreth has made Canada the background for some of his best accomplishments. His effort in handling the subject of the North West Mounted Police was particularly able in its faithfulness to a great force in this country. But though his poem titles suggest that inspiration for them came from environment and scenes in the Dominion, his introduction limits itself to an appeal to the aesthetic tastes of the United States. He would have done well to have acknowledged the parenthood of some of his musings, for such captions to his poems as "To Banff in the Rockies," "The Homesteader," "Northern Lights" and others are obviously of Canadian origin.

To those who are not highly critical, his lyrics in the latest volume will no doubt give pleasure. They are rather simple in form, unpretentious and wholesome, and breathe the spirit of the great out-of-doors. They are marked, also, by sincerity and strong sentiment, but do not rise to the major class. Two or three quotations will suffice as examples of their quality:

THE SCHOLAR

When I was a young thing
  Aching to be wise,
I sat indoors the livelong day
  Reading out my eyes.

Or in another, equally moderate in every way:

WHAT IF A DREAM

What if a dream does break!
  The brave build on,
And lay, for the old dream's sake
  The broader stone.

Much better in poetic quality is this:

INVITED

A wind ran down the hills that stand alone
  Bending the birches, trampling in its flight
The song of thrushes blown to the failing light
  And rode the darkness, calling to its own,
    And fled
Over the wood, and over the lake, and over my head.

Castle Gay

By John Buchan

Author of The Courts of the Morning, etc

Mr. John Buchan's new novel "Castle Gay" is a continuation, six years later, of the adventures of some of the characters who appeared in "Huntingtower." Mr. Dickson McCunn, who plays the chief part in the story, has now retired from business and becomes a country gentleman. Douglas, the leader of the Gorbal Diehards, is a journalist and labour candidate for Parliament, and Wee Jaikie is a celebrated International Rugby player. A walking tour undertaken by Dougal and Jaikie one autumn in the Scots' hills lands them in surprising adventures, the chief of which is the freeing of a newspaper magnate from a dangerous entanglement, the results of his unwise excursions into foreign policy.

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Miss Barrett's Elopement. By C. Lenanton (Carola Oman) $2.50

Reviewed by Katherine Hale.

Few people will read this novelized love story of the Brownings without rereading poems and recalling letters which are perhaps more self-revealing than any others in the decades in which they were written. It was a desperate thing to publish those love letters—yet such a delicate annal as this comes out of the emotional history they contain.

The author made a great impression last season with "Crouchback"—a novel of the Wars of the Roses. Here is the same touch applied to a very different affair. It is really a history of the heart, rather than the art of the two concerned—poetry second to passion, and the whole thing set out like a costume play, in which each detail is so perfect that one goes back into the period naturally—as though to breathe its very air.

Here is, first of all, the much-published Elizabeth Barrett—the depressed, sentimental but how intrepid "Ba", firmly rooted in the ample bosom of her Victorian family. But they are all here; testy Papa, admiring sisters, ill-fated 'Bro,' Wilson, 'Flush' even Jemima who let 'Ba' out on the historic morning. And the surrounding court of intellectuals; Mr. Hugh Stuart Boyd, 'The author of Luceria,' who early instructed the young genius in the literature of poetry, Miss Mary Russell Mitford, the 'celebrated authoress', who came bringing Mr. William Wordsworth to visit the invalid, Anna Jameson, "just back from her unfortunate Canadian experiment," and at last—through the medium of a second cousin, Mr. John Kenyon —that much discussed young man about town and most radical poet, Robert Browning.

And although the ringletted figure of Elizabeth holds the centre of the stage, this book of the elopement is valuable if only for the rediscovery of the Robert Browning of the poems. The stilted figure of the Browning Societies disappears. Here is an ardent youth that matches up to that early report of him as "a fierce male child,"—a being whose work is a reflection of his vigorous, assertive and often flamboyant mind.

But the whole thing is beautifully done.

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The Break Of Day

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BASIL KING

A woman enters a safety deposit vault and discovers a bundle of bonds, negotiable, and worth $60,000. Knowing they are not hers, she takes them, and so begins a strange story, part mystery, part romance.

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THE WRITER'S CORNER

Conducted by Donald G. French.

THE PREPARATION OF MANUSCRIPT

WHY do writers give so little attention to the preparation of manuscript? I mean to the mechanical details of punctuation, paragraphing, spelling, capitalization, etc. Do they not realize that it is not the business of the publisher, nor of the compositor, nor of the proof reader to attend to this — but it is the business of the author to see that his manuscript is correct down to the last comma.

So forcibly was this negligence brought home to me recently in connection with several manuscripts that I exclaimed, rather petulantly I fear, to another literary editor: "Do you ever find any authors who know anything about punctuation?" The reply was: "They never do."

The situation is scarcely that bad, but it does seem to me advisable to stress the advisability of giving every manuscript a careful final reading, with your mind concerned solely with these mechanical details, bearing in mind that it will be set up by the compositor exactly as the "copy" is given to him.

A short time ago I received a manuscript to be passed along to the printer; upon looking over the sheets I saw that each was as solid as a blank wall — not a sign of a paragraph division anywhere. It was returned to the writer with the suggestion that it be broken up into paragraphs. When it came back, there were one or two paragraph divisions to each page, although embodied in each was considerable dialogue. It was necessary to spend the greater part of a day going over the entire manuscript again and marking it off into paragraphs.

Quotation marks are often very carelessly handled. Especially is this true in the case of quotation within quotation. I shall not attempt to illustrate or discuss this point here. There are numerous works on punctuation, plenty of examples of the use of these marks may be found in printed books. (And I might suggest that the study of punctuation in actual printed books is far better than the learning of rules.) The position of the quotation mark with reference to period, comma, or other mark closing the quotation either completely or temporarily is a matter that is to some extent settled by the style preferred by individual publisher, but, I can see no good reason against the practice which is becoming more and more the general usage, and that is to place all such marks inside the quotation marks. Typographically, this is more artistic; and by adopting this as the general position, the work of the compositor is simplified: and the relation of the quoted portion is quite clear (after all punctuation marks are employer not necessarily to indicate pauses but to show the connection and relation of the words.) In the case, however, of the inclusion of quoted excerpts of any length — a stanza or two of a poem, or a paragraph of prose — it is best to omit the quotation marks ("quotes," the printer calls them,) and to set the quoted passage in a slightly smaller type.

There are certain arbitrary rules for the use of capitals — of course you know that proper names should be capitalized, etc. But there are cases where it may be thought better to capitalize certain words for the sake of emphasis. Sometimes, for instance, the words, "'Father, Mother," might be capitalized — if throughout the entire manuscript the references are to the father and the mother who are the parents of the leading characters of the story; and the names are used by these children in speaking of or to their parents. It would not be wrong to write these without capitals. Nor would it be wrong to use capitals — what would be wrong would be inconsistently to use capitals in one place and "lower" letters in others.

A misspelled word can, of cource, easily be corrected, but sometimes an author gives two or more spellings for a proper name. Now, whether this name be historic or fictitious, it is the business of the author to go to the proper source and get correct spelling and having found it to adhere to it consistently.

One simple word is constantly misplaced. Printed books are no safe guide — it can be found time and again in its wrong position. It is the little word "only." Scarcely a manuscript that I have read in twenty years has used this word correctly throughout. And yet all one needs to do is to place it next to the word, phrase, etc. which it modifies: For example, consider this — —.

(1) I only saw him last night.
(2) I saw only him last night.
(3) I saw him only last night.

Almost invariably form (1) is used when it is really form (2) or form (3) that is required to express the meaning intended.

No matter how long or how short your manuscript, make a rule to read it over very carefully and give attention to all the mechanical details.

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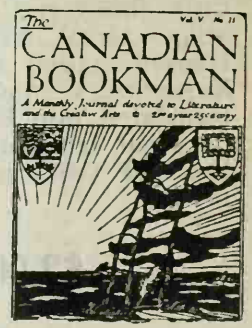

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THE COLLECTOR

One of the finest Shakespearean collections in the world has come into the possession of the American people through the recent death of Henry Clay Folger, former vice-president of the Standard Oil Co., it having ben willed to the nation by Mr. Folger. The collection, which is estimated to contain more than 20,000 volumes, including not only some of the rarest folio editions of Shakespeare's plays, but also of the rarest of the separate editions of the plays, as well as many other books of Elizabethan drama, will be housed in a building adjacent to the Library of Congress in Washington.

One of the unique treasures of the Folger collection is a copy of the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, for which he is reported to have paid $100.000. the highest price ever paid by an American for a single book. This volume was printed in London in 1619 for Thomas Pavier by William Jaggard, who printed the first folio edition of Shakespeare in 1623.

* * *

The famous Bedford Book of Hours is to stay in the British Museum, having been saved by the response to a last-minute appeal for funds by the museum authorities. A loan of 33,000 pounds made by J.P. Morgan to buy this finest of old manuscripts, with a time limit which was to expire July 29, was completely paid when the appeal brought in the necessary 19.000. pounds. Mr Morgan had planned to give the volume to the Metropolitan Museum in New York City if the money had not been forthcoming.

* * *

A sixteenth-century manuscript describing the life and the voyages of Christopher Columbus, written by Anvers Barnaldez, priest of a village near Seville, was recently discovered in a Spanish library, and has been bought by Dr. A.S.W. Rosenbach, the American bookseller-collector. The manuscript is declared by competent authorities to be the greatest historical find of the generation.

* * *

Columbia University has acquired a library of weights and measures, including works from 1520 to the present and forming what is said to be the most comprehensive collection on the science of weights and measures in the possession of any educational institution.

The collection, which is the gift of Samuel S. Dale of Boston, former editor of The Textile World Record and an authority on weights and measures, in memory of his father and mother, comprises between 1,100 and 1,200 volumes, together with some 700 pamphlets, and represents the accumulation of thirty years' research.

One of the most striking features of book collection to-day is the increasing interest taken in the books of Sir Walter Scott. This was evidenced at a sale which took place at Sotheby's auction rooms in London on July 15, when some of the highest prices ever realized for first editions of the novels of the great Scotch romancer were paid. The most sensational price of the sale, and also the highest, was 1,200 pounds for a set of the first series of "Tales of My Landlord," published in 1816 in four volumes. This same set had been sold in recent years for 45 pounds, although as long ago as 1904 copies had fetched as much as 106 pounds. Other sales were **Guy Mannering** 1815, 380 pounds; **Rob Roy** 1818, 130 pounds; and **Kenilworth** 1821; 90 pounds. All these books were purchased by the Rosenbach Co., of New York. Maggs Bros., London, paid 1020 pounds for a copy of Waverley (1814), which has always been regarded as the scarcest of Scott's novels, and which, in previous sales, has always brought the highest prices.

* * *

There does not seem to be any sign of wavering in the interest of collectors in J. M. Barrie. Two very interesting Barrie manuscripts were sold at a recent Sotheby's sale, one of them, the autograph manuscript of "Better Dead," Barrie's first book, entirely in the author's handwriting, complete on 79 pages octavo, bringing 2,040 pounds. The manuscript was described as the property of a gentleman to whom it was given by the author. The second Barrie manuscript was that of an entirely unpublished and unrecorded work, "Bohemia," a comedy in three acts, on 106 pages quarto, written while the author was a student at Edinburgh in 1880. It was the property of Robert J. Younger, of Mansfield, Callander, and fetched 440 pounds.

* * *

A series of twelve Tennyson manuscripts formed the chief items at a sale at Sotheby's on July 8, five of which were purchased by Gabriel Wells, of New York, realizing a total of 4,975 pounds. The top price of the day was 1,750 pounds, paid by Mr. Wells for an early draft of "The Princess," which was published in 1847. Mr. Wells' other purchases included the manuscript of two plays. "The Falcon" and "The Cup, produced by Henry Irving at the Lyceum in 1881, for which he paid 500 pounds each; "Aylmer's Field." 600 pounds, and "Vivien," one of the "Idylls of the King, 180 pounds.

* * *

The United States Senate, following similar action by the House of Representatives, recently voted unanimously to authorise an

appropriation of $1.500.000 to acquire for the Library of Congress the famous Vollbehr collection of incunabula. This collection, which was formed by Dr. Otto H.F. Vollbehr, of Berlin, covers the period from the invention of printing by movable types by Gutenberg about 1450 to 1500, and is said to be unusually complete. It includes a copy of the famous Gutenberg Bible, the first of all printed books.

The Department of Manuscripts at the British Museum has acquired the original typed copies of Rubert Brooke's five war sonnets, together with the autograph letter which the young poet sent with his sonnets to the editor of Poetry, Chicago. Rupert Brooke wrote from Blandford, Dorset, about three months before he died off Lemnos on the way to the Dardanelles.

Speaking of Rupert Brooke, it may be of interest to remark here, that Brooke's first book, "Poems," published in 1911, and the only one of his books he was destined to see, except for the play "Lithuania," which was brought out by the Chicago little Theatre, where it was first produced, in 1913, is in its first edition, among the rarest and most sought after of modern books being catalogued usually about 30 pounds. The collector ventures to add that he is the proud possessor of a copy with the authograph signature of the author on the fly-leaf, written at his request on the occasion of Brooke's visit to Toronto in 1913. Everybody knows the name of Rupert Brooke to-day, but not more than a dozen persons in all Canada, perhaps, had heard of it in 1913.

Dominion archives are being so enriched with historic documents and other Canadian material obtained from France that Charles Baudoin has been appointed assistant archivist in Paris to seek further light on Canada's early history.

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And I find the joy of a glad embrace
As we lie in love in that leafy place.

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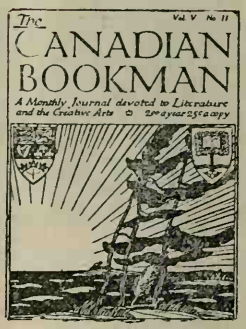

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Lampman's Memory Honored

Impressive Ceremonies at the Dedication of a Commemorative Cairn in Trinity Churchyard at Morpeth

TRINITY churchyard near the little village of Morpeth in Kent County Ontario, on the highway between St. Thomas and Windsor was the scene of a literary gathering of significance on Saturday, Sept. 13th, marking the dedication of the Lampman Cairn recently completed.

Two years ago the London and Western Ontario branch of the Canadian Authors Association began to develop a proposal offered by Arthur Stringer to put up some kind of marking at the birthplace of Archibald Lampman.

Out of this grew the more pretentious monument in the shape of a noble cairn embodying vari-colored stones gathered from the fields around the Morpeth churchyard.

Archibald Lampman

J. M. Moore, architect, of London, designed the memorial and oversaw its construction as a contribution. The effort was carried on through the zeal and public spirit of a committee comprised of Dr. W. Sherwood Fox, president of the University of Western Ontario and also president of the London branch of the C.A.A.; Dr. James Coyne, St. Thomas; Ruth Holway Higgins, Col. Ibbotson Leonard, Wilmer Scandrett, Canon Quinton Warner, F. Landon, Rev. Dr. C. Waller and Melville Rossie, all of London; M.O. Hammond, John M. Elson and R. H. Hathaway of Toronto.

A thousand people or more were present to witness the proceedings which began at 2.30 p. m., with an invocation by Ven.

Arcdeacon Sage. The unveiling ceremonies were under the chairmanship of Dr. Fox, who, in a brief address, declared the event one of national importance, not alone because of the nation-wide representation shown in the achievement and in the attendance of outstanding people, but because of the well-deserved tribute thus paid to a Canadian poet who had quickened and deepened national sentiment.

Brig.-Gen. E. A. Cruickshank, chairman of the historic sites and monuments board, speaking on the "National Importance of Memorials," declared that Europe abounded in markings to its great and that Canada, too, whose history was filled with significant deeds, should acknowledge in permanent shapes the debt it owed to its creators of the past.

Arthur Stringer, in a thoughtful address on "The Poet in Everyday Life," stressed the thought that the poet was as essential in the eternal scheme of things as was the man of the soil or of the market place. Lampman had loved his native Canada, and it was affection for her fields, forests and streams that had stamped beauty and power in his poems.

Dr. Duncan Campbell Scott, Ottawa, who was a close personal friend of Lampman, paid a tribute to the poet's mother as a person who had stimulated the genius of her talented son. Dr. Chas. G. D. Roberts was introduced by the chairman to the audience as one of the notable group of which Lampman had been a distinguished member. Nathaniel Benson of Toronto, one of the younger poets then read a sonnet to Lampman, and Dr. Fox read a stanza from Wilson Macdonald's tribute to Lampman's memory.

Following this Dr. Fox unveiled the cairn and deposited in a receptacle of the monument a volume of Lampman's poems and a list of contributors to the cairn. A dedication prayer was then offered by His Grace Archbishop Williams, archbishop of Huron and primate of Canada. The "Last Post" was then sounded.

A Woman At Her Door

By Constance Davies Woodrow

Still as the drooping willow by the stream,
What is it that she hears?—
The far-off music of a fading dream,
Or but her own heart's tears?

Beyond her leaf-strewn patch of russet lawn
What is it that she sees?—
The haunting splendor of an April dawn,
Or but the naked trees?

What drifting odor fills her autumn hours?—
Is it of woodland fire?
Is it the scent of burning leaves and flowers,
Or of her own heart's pyre?

On Marys in Life and Literature

By C. F. Lloyd

THAT a rose by any other name would smell as sweet and that a girl named Margaret may prove as pleasant a companion as one named Mary may be all very true; none the less Mary has always been a favorite name of mine and I am no more able to assign any sound reason for the preference than for my fondness for certain flowers or operas, Carmen, for instance, and the wild violet. It is fortunate that logic has nothing to do with determining our likes and dislikes. In matters of taste we are still, thank heaven, as unreasonable as children: may we long remain so!

Mary is a name that has played a brave part in life and letters. It must not be forgotten in this connection that the stately Maria is only another form of Mary and so, by the way, is Marie, a name which for some reason I detest. Marie always suggests to me a pert, tricky, somewhat vulgar lady's maid, yet it is a name that was borne by two queens of France, one of them that clever, subtle Medici, wife of my favorite Henry the fourth.

That the spread of Christianity had much to do with making Mary a popular name is beyond dispute. Under an older, half forgotten Semitic form, now little used, this pretty name was no doubt common in Judea centuries before the sweet maid of Nazareth made it immortal, clothing it with unearthly beauty, a strange dignity, a rare charm, through becoming the mother of the Man of Sorrows, whom I prefer to think of as a wise man of profound if carefully restrained mirth and infinite tenderness, supported by infinite strength and courage, like a great sword sheathed in flowers.

Even while the fires of the earliest persecution still burned hotly, before the Church had emerged triumphant from the catacombs, Mary must have been a favored name among Christian mothers, for the martyrology is full of Marys. To give a little girl this most gracious of all names must have long seemed an earnest of good fortune, like taking a bond of fate. Even if the possession of the sweet name of the Virgin brought as a necessary consequence the red rose of martyrdom, was that matter for tears? Can one imagine a better fate for a girl than to enjoy a few years of innocent existence crowded with simple pleasures and then before disillusion comes to be released by a single brief pang from the weariness the wickedness, the filth and slow-creeping paralysis of life here to enter upon life eternal, or, if you must be ultra-modern eternal sleep? Throughout the ages of faith Mary seems to have held its own easily as the most popular of girls' names and if one may judge by its frequent recurrence in city directories and other such lists it has not gone under a cloud even in this unbelieving age. What manner of woman was she who first made it famous? From the writings of Evangelists and poets, from the legends of the Church, from the works of great painters, Sansovino, Fra Angelico, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and from that divinely inspired Pieta of Michael Angelo in chaste marble, we have derived a clearer image of the Jewish maid than of any other woman in history, not excepting that splendid tigress, Cleopatra, or Joan of Arc or fair Rosamond or any great woman of a later day, Florence Nightingale for example, and this image we can carry in our hearts continually. A strange, tender beauty, a graciousness as of wild flowers or warm sunlight, clings to the personality of the first and greatest Mary, the mother of the central figure in history.

Among the shadowy queens who move like dim ghosts across the crowded stage of English history, keeping ever in the background, felt rather than seen, not the least interesting to me is Mary Bohun, wife to that fierce, crafty, capable schemer, Henry the fourth and mother to wild

Prince Hal, Falstaff's crony, the persecutor of the Lollards, the victor of Agincourt, one of the kingliest of English kings, a brilliant soldier, perhaps a statesman, summoned too early from the hot press of life by the pale horseman, Death. What share of all that brilliance, high courage and mad zest for life that was Henry's did he owe to the lady Mary, his mother? Much, I'll be bound, though we know little enough about her. Even Shakespeare is for once silent.

Pity it is that so gracious a name as Mary, fit to be borne only by the wise, the merciful, the gentle, must forever be coupled with the appalling adjective, "bloody," to designate the most unfortunate of England's queens. There is much to be said for poor Mary Tudor. That she became a persecutor was her misfortune rather than her fault. As Henry's daughter, Philip's wife, the unwilling scourge of her people, the queen who lost Calais, she seems to me to have been one of the most unhappy women in history. There are few more pitiful figures in life than those men and women called by fate to rule over their fellows yet driven by an inexorable law of their being to set their faces like flint against all the deeper, more vital tendencies of their age and country. Mary was one such figure, Julian the apostate was another, poor Louis the XVI was a third, whose queen, by the way, was a Mary, disguised in its French dress as Marie. Poor, brave Marie Antoinette, she too was an unhappy woman, an unfortunate queen who deserved something better than the scaffold for there was much that was noble in her character and not a little that was lovable. Despite the venomed tongue of slander she was a good mother and a good mother is seldom, if ever, a bad woman. .

It is with a reasoned loyalty and the deepest respect for her great qualities both as sovereign and woman that I pass by our present gracious Queen,—God bless her!—and remember another Queen, her namesake, who wore the crown of the three kingdoms, little Mary Stuart, the wife of Dutch William , to whose memory her cold, able husband built that home for old soldiers and sailors than which no finer monument to a loved and no doubt lovable woman was ever erected, even by a king. If the Muse of history is not a lying jade, as I suspect she too often is, Mary of Orange was not too happy nor her William too faithful. Alas for human frailty! The perfect marriage, which is a marriage of the spirit as well as of the body, is as rare among the great as among the lowly, perhaps rarer.

Over against the stainless, radiant figure of our Lord's mother we may set those other Marys who will forever be associated with His name: Mary the sister of Martha and Mary Magdalene. I don't care for Martha, I know her type too well, an exellent housewife no doubt but gey ill to live with. A man would have no peace with her at all, at all; he would be eternally hewing wood and drawing water. Mary Magdalene is one of the most supremely human and appealing figures in history or legend, the very quintessence of that large tenderness that has learned through sinning, suffering and repending, how to pity and forgive others.

Of Mary in literature there is, like the making of books, no end. Poets and novelists have created so many Marys that I don't pretend to be acquainted with a quarter of them. They run the whole gamut of human nature from childhood to old age, from meekness to sombre strength, from the engaging Mary who is forever followed by a little lamb, to the dignity approaching grandeur at times of Maria Chapdelaine.

I think my favorite Mary in English literature is Mary Garth. There is at once a womanly sweetness and something approaching a man's strength in that delightful girl. She is perhaps George Eliot before that great writer ceased being a woman to become the most dreadful of bluestockings. "Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

There are several Marys in Shak-

espeare, presented under the guise of Marias. The best of them, I think, is that wild and witty chambermaid who plays the outrageous practical joke on poor, over-serious Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*. She is a vulgar hussy for all her bouncing liveliness. I suspect she became in time a horrible old woman, dirty and malevolent.

How many of our younger readers of fiction have made the acquaintance of that priceless fool, Mary Bennet, in Jane Austen's brilliant story? What a pity that she, instead of Miss Lucas, did not become the wife of Mr. Collins! It would have been a perfect match: two fools with but a single thought. She would have exactly suited him and perhaps they would have had a clever son. Nature plays that trick on fools sometimes, as she frequently sends foolish sons to clever people.

Among recent books I can recall only one Mary who will remain as vividly present to me, as long as I retain consciousness, as though I had known her in the flesh, namely Mary Lou Wingate, that perfect Southern gentlewoman of the old regime in that fine American Iliad, *John Brown's Body*. She is strong, gracious, brave, passionate, a little narrow. Strange that nearly all the Marys I have been intimiately acquainted with in the flesh should have been very like Mary Lou, strange but true. Did not Mr. Walter Shandy, Esq., of Shandy Hall, argue eloquently in support of the doctrine that the choice of a child's name was a grave matter, involving his or her happiness here and hereafter?

A Voice From Israel

By Marcus Adeney

What nation hath statutes and judgments so righteous as the law which I set before you this day? Keep therefore and do them; for this is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of the nations which shall hear all these statutes and say: Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people!

'True love of country,' writes Mr. Lewisohn,*) 'which evil forces turn to evil issues, arises from the early establishment of a harmony between the soul and the world.' He dwells upon this possible harmony, idealizing 'a normal human life (that) finds itself instinctively united with landscape, speech and folk.' As a Jew in a world of Christian traditions he has suffered in countless small ways. To be always an outsider, never to quite believe in the things one's friends take most profoundly for granted, is hard for a sensitive man. But the artist in him refuses to regard the problem as a purely individual one. His integrity as a human being, affectionate, aspiring, but alien to the Gentile world about him, becomes a Jewish integrity. He stands for a Race, the peculiar virtues of which, he feels, have been too often despised, too often betrayed. Knowing his own differences, sensing their world-importance (since every great human tradition has something unique to contribute to the progress of civilization as a whole), he appeals to all men, Gentile as well as Jew, on behalf of a Cause, for the preservation of certain unique values in a casually destructive world.

The justice of this cause would seem almost self-evident. As we respect the influences that have gone to make the best that is in us, so must we at least honor another's sources of good. And Mr. Lewisohn writes in such an intimate, appealing fashion that we cannot help feeling for him as a man and brother. He is so hurt, trusting, spontaneous, so clear within himself, so clamorous for the purest kind of justice.

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* MID-CHANNEL. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Musson Book Co.

It is with a periodic feeling of surprise, therefore, that the reader reminds himself that Mr. Lewisohn is advocating a kind of separatist movement—namely, the spiritual autonomy of the Jews. As a conscientious individual he has become aware of his isolation in opportunist America; as an artist he wishes to transcend rather than break down that sense of isolation, to create a harmony of meaning out of factual disharmony. He exalts, then, not himself, but the Jewish consciousness that is within him; loses himself, as it were, to find salvation in the Race. Not for him a universal religion, a kingdom of mankind. He is a 'modern', acutely conscious of group differences. Jewishness, for him, has become a profounder sort of nationalism; it is a dedication of self suited to an irrevocably (in the old sense) irreligious world; in fact, something which is common to most of the aspiring men of our time. He is *religiously* Jewish in much the same way that many of us feel it our duty to be *religiously* Canadian; only with, perhaps, deeper cause. He has clashed with a pseudo-Christian world, clashed painfully and, being horrified to the very core of his sensitive soul, he flies to his own people, to an ancient yet mobile tradition, to the ideals with which he feels himself to be intuitively at one.

Of course it might be said that ideals and actualities never can meet; that a law-court in New York and the best of the Talmudic texts represent two different kinds of reality. Indeed, it would be possible to show that Mr. Lewisohn, fleeing New York and an unpleasant divorce case was merely exchanging an intractable world of circumstance for a more pliable world of the imagination. But such criticism would be unjust. As I have said this is not merely a book for Jews; it is the expression of something universal. In his recoil from the ways of the worldly-minded Mr. Lewisohn was affirming not merely his Jewishness but Humanity itself. And his transcendence of private suffering was essentially different from any mere mechanism of escape. Imaginative effort is not dreaming. Religious intuition is the supreme reward of a certain kind of personal integrity. And it is a religious ardor that illumines the pages of *Mid-Channel.**

Mr. Lewisohn believes in an enlightened Judaism, in the development among Jews of every characteristic difference, because he would have them function as a necessary leaven in the now-developing world civilization. The Christian tradition, it appears, has definitely failed. And the more he thinks about that failure the more certain he is that the fault lies not in our imperfect application of a perfect religion but in the religion itself. 'You were turned from your paganism not by the Jew Jesus who proclaimed the ethics of the fathers, but by your Hellenizing apostle who, from the un-Jewish notes in the character of Jesus—his asceticism, his moral pessimism, his assumption of superhuman authority—built up the religion of Christ. In the sign of the Cross in which Constantine conquered, you conquered the world. But evil you could not conquer; peace you could not gain. The history of Christendom is a history of warring sects and warring nations, of cruelty, of hatred and slaughter.'

The thought of war, that nightmare

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* Julien Benda, in "La Trahison des Clercs", is particularly disturbed by the new Jewish Nationalism. "In the past, when the Jews were accused in various countries of forming an inferior race, or at any rate a peculiar people not to be assimilated, they replied by denying their peculiarity, or by refusing to admit the reality of race. But in the last few years we see some of them laboring to assert this peculiarity, to define its characteristics — or what they think such — taking a pride in it, and condemning every effort at assimilation with their opponents (see the works of Israel Zangwill, of Andre Spere, and the "Revue Juivre"). Here I am not trying to discover whether the impulse of these Jews is not nobler than the efforts of so many others to have their origin pardoned them; I am simply pointing out to those interested in the progress of peace in the world that our age has added one more arrogance to those which set men against one another, at least to the extent that it is conscious and proud of itself.

of the twentieth century, has become definitely associated in Mr. Lewisohn's mind with the Christian ethos. 'You persecuted and made war and hated in the name of Christ and of his Church. You would not have dared to do so in the name of Jesus, the teacher of a Jewish tradition.' And again: 'That we crucified Christ is an old wives' tale. For Christ is a myth. That you have crucified Jesus and his Jewish righteousness through us, day by day for innumerable generations, is the central fact of history..... It is not, I repeat, our problem. It is yours.' I quote thus at length, even at the risk of offending, because such vehemence in a sincere and honorable man deserves our attention. That he has over-stated his case is obvious. What is not so clear is our right to complacency as a socially enlightened *Christian* nation. Mr. Lewisohn has fairly raised the question: just how does our Christianity influence the moral attitude and conduct of nations?

It will be noticed that he constantly refers to Jewish righteousness. 'You have all gifts, all graces, all genius. We have the secret of righteousness.' This has not always been clearly apparent, even to readers of the Old Testament, because there the Law is often expressed in brief, codified form, made explicit without being interpreted. The Jewish tradition, we should remember, includes such interpretation. It was not until after the 'dawn' of the Christian era that Judaism fully developed, in written form, as an exhaustive Way of Life. Mr. Lewisohn quotes largely from the Talmud and also from those later interpretive writings which Christianity has generally overlooked. Beautiful quotations they are, but often strangely familiar. Can it be that our theologians have wished to conceal the traditional nature of much of our Lord's teaching?

All this must not conceal the fact that Mid-Chanel is primarily a piece of autobiography; and because Mr. Lewisohn has an exquisite conscience as well as an exceptional mind, the story of his own intimate affairs disarms criticism. It was, for instance, impossible for him to be frivolous about love and an unhappy marriage. There had been a terrible mistake; he resolved to correct it. 'I am looking for something which is supposed to be common but which is in fact exceedingly rare. Yet that is not a strange circumstance. All the very great and supposedly common things of life are tragically, unbelievably rare. Therefore men embrace the supposedly uncommon because it is easy and cheap and to be found for the asking along Forty-second street.' When Mr. Lewisohn writes it is a sort of flowering of his own sensitive soul. He pours forth lovely streams of words, spontaneously, without effort. He rides the wave of his own eloquence, which seems to embody the singular purity of his own nature. At the same time it is worth noticing that he is revolted by all forms of asceticism, especially by the idea of Original Sin. Purity, for the Jew, is a form of consistency; it is a thoroughly attainable ideal. It is not redemption that man must seek, but wisdom and a temperate life; in a word righteousness.

Those who, like myself, have been brought up in the Christian tradition (which certainly includes materialistic reactions), will be tempted to dismiss the more disturbing parts of this book as 'egotistical'. We see life more dramatically, are in many ways much less candid about our real selves than the Jews. That is why we are so much less humane, so much more willing to subscribe to impossible ideals of perfection. Our life still rests upon a magical basis, whether we realize it or not, whether we be scientifically minded or 'primitively' Christian. And it is this magical element, in our worldly optimism, our hardness, our national fervors, our racial pretentions, which makes it almost impossible for us to form genuine contacts with the sceptical Israelite, whose ties are always sentimental, whose life is forever, at bottom, a little sad.

Only one thing I am sorry for in

this otherwise extraordinarily persuasive book: that Mr. Lewisohn should nowhere observe that his efforts on behalf of a Jewish consciousness parallel a great many other developing forms of group-consciousness. Violently nationalist movements in France and Italy he would wholly deplore, insisting that his own aims were justified in the vision of a bettered humanity everywhere. He might be reminded that Napoleon, after he had conquered most of Europe, planned to unite all men under one beneficent rule. It cannot be denied that Mr. Lewisohn is laboring on behalf of a separatist cause and that all such causes, especially before the establishment of a true International Community, must be fraught with dangers for everyone.

Historical Research in Ontario

Valuable Work Being Done by the Women's Institutes

SINCE 1925 valuable work in historical research has been carried on by the Women's Institutes of Ontario. This has resulted in bringing to light a great fund of information in connection with the pioneer life of this province and is consequently of value to writers who choose subjects involving the use of Ontario historical data.

At one of the sessions of the meeting of The Women's Institutes of Ontario, held in the Women's Building during the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, Miss E. Applebe, convenor of the committee on historical research said: "As a rural organization, we feel that we are in the position to make an important contribution towards recording the lifework of our forefathers who cleared the land, built the homes and made this country what it is to-day. We are gathering in from all parts of the province, stories of courage, endurance, ingenuity and customs of the pioneers. To many of our members it has meant hard work and considerable self-sacrifice. Busy home-makers have spent hours in searching old records, or interviewing old neighbors and writing out their stories. Hands more accustomed to domestic work than to writing have penned many an interesting family or local history.

"Here and there throughout the province there have been county historical societies. A few continue active, many have ceased to function, several have been revived by the active interest and co-operation of the Women's Institutes.

"We are inclined to believe from our own experience that perhaps our work on historical research is beginning to mean something more, that it is fostering a pride in the land, and that is something greatly needed in Canada.

"Time was when some of the descendants of these pioneers thought it necessary to apologize for living on a farm. Many others sold the homesteads for which their parents or grandparents had toiled and saved, but the up-to-date young farmer and his up-to-date wife are not doing that nowadays. I have in mind a young couple at whose home I spent a day or two recently. One knew as soon as one stepped indoors that it was a home, not just a house. The young man has purchased the farm once owned by his grandfather. No, his father did not give him the money because his father died years ago, but the boy has worked and saved, and with the co-operation of his wife I am sure they will complete their payment. Last spring they sold some of their milch cows and some of the neighbors remarked that 'they guessed Jack was going under', but I don't think Jack will go 'broke'. He sold the cows that he might purchase better ones and have the nucleus of an accredited herd because they expect to sell their milk, and in the city to which it is sent only milk from accredited herds is admitted. They have earned the right to be proud of the home they love, and like their pioneer ancestors they have, too, a fine spirit of community service.

"Possibly you may not quite see the connection between this story and the work of our committee. Let me tell you that because of this research there has been stirred up a great interest in these things, and it has become a matter of pride in many homes to be able to produce the crown deed with the family name on it. After all fine family traditions bear fruit sooner or later."

Unto the End

By Laura Bedell

FLING wide my casement! Nail the shutters back!
There's something in the out-of-doors I lack.
My heart seems lighter when it feels the breeze
Come kissing me that first has kissed the trees,
Its breath still freighted with the scent of seas,
And thoughts come flooding back into my brain—
Dear, happy thoughts, yet some are tinged with pain.

Oh, keep my casement open all day long!
Let in the robin's intermittent song!
Let in the gold that gilds the edge of day!
And in the evening when the crickets play,
I'll watch the shadows shift from pearl to gray—
And on from gray to purple till at last
Night folds them all in loving darkness fast.

Oh, keep my casement open! Close it not!
And to the open portal wheel my cot.
Let in the cool moist air of coming night
And while I watch the heavens' changing light,
The splendid stars will grow a brilliant sight
And shadows dipped in gold will fill my room
When from the hills up rides the laggard moon.

Oh, keep my casement open! Let me feel
The west wind touch my brow with mute appeal;
And all the fragrance of the flaming flowers,
Lord, concentrate for me in these last hours;
And let me breathe with more than human powers!
I love them all so dearly, I would take
The memory into heaven for beauty's sake.

Oh keep my casement open—open wide!
Let in the holy hush of eventide,
The quiet sound of waves upon the shore,
The little earth-bound voices I adore:
I need them all, I need them more and more.
The end draws nearer—can it really be
A spirit-heaven could dearer seem to me?

Oh, keep my casement open to the end!
The open space has ever been my friend.
Now very soon my wearied eyes must close,
My body wither as the fading rose
When my last breath upon the night wind goes,
And, like a shadow fleeing into dawn,
Light as the air my soul will wander on.

Library Training

An important development of the McGill University Library Training Courses is that, beginning with the forthcoming session, the degree of Bachelor of Library Science (B.L.S.) is to be obtainable by any student having a B.A. or B. S. degree from any accredited college who successfully completes the course in library training. Librarianship is described as "a growing profession and a profession to grow in."

An appreciation of books and a belief in their everyday usefulnèss to all classes of society should be the basic incentive to entering the profession, but beyond this, in its ever-widening sphere, there are a variety of more specialized interests which satisfy temperaments wholly unlike, calling as they do for abilities and powers completely dissimilar.

Among such varied types of work might be mentioned:

The "Country Librarian," who kindles a desire for books, secures public funds, builds an organization, plans a traveling book service, and who on occasion may even drive a truck over rough and lonely roads to bring good reading to those on isolated farms.

The circulation librarian, who develops a real ability to bring people and books together, even while following a day-to-day routine.

The reference librarian. who answers from books the "whos" and "whys" and "wheres" of an eager and busy public. His is a rare opportunity. He leads all sorts of folk into the highways and byways of knowledge and. like all good guides. he grows in resourcefulness and widens his own mental horizons.

The children's librarian, the worker with the foreign born, or the branch librarian.... the scouts and advance guards of the profession. They carry the library directly to people: to the worker in the factory; the children in the tenements; the tired and overborne who need the solace of romance; the hurrying crowd who yet may walk with culture in the pages of a book. Community service writ large is he work of these librarians.

The school librarian, the "friend in need" of every youthful prospector in the field of knowledge, and a person indispensable in the newer schemes of public school education.

At present there are approximately 6,500 public libraries in the United States and Canada, about 700 college and university libraries, and about 1,000 special and business libraries and a rapidly increasing number of libraries in all types of schools. Geographically the field is unlimited.

It is Reported THAT—

—Lord Willington has announced the third prize competition for $1000 in prizes for competions in music, literature, painting and sculpture. he prizes offered are as follows: Music, three prizes of $100 each; literature, four prizes of $75 each (two for English and 2 for French); painting, one prize of $200; sculpture, one prize of $200.

—members of the Winnipeg Branches of the Canadian Authors Association and The Dickens Fellowship honored Dr. A. W. Crawford with a complimentary dinner marking his departure from that city to reside in Hamilton, Ontario, after having been for twenty-one years head of the Department of English of the University of Manitoba.

—under her pseudonym "E. Barrington," Mrs. L. Adams Beck will be represented in October fiction with "The Duel of the Queens," a romance of Mary Queen of Scots, while under her own name appears a new volume of short stories, "The Openers of the Gate."

—George H. Doran noted Canadian and formerly head of the George H. Doran Co, merged in the Doubleday, Doran Company three years ago, has resigned the vice-presidency of that concern to join the executive of the William Randolph Hearst organization to devote much of his time to the development of the book publishing end of the Hearst organization's business.

—President John B. Haggerty, of the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders, in convention in Toronto last month, said that the hand-sewn hand-tooled leather bindings which our grandfathers prized, and which they ordered with such care to embellish their libraries, are not desired in this utilitarian age. "It's all production now—just like in any other trade—and aestheticism and artistry have gone by the board," he sadly declared and added that only a Rockefeller was ready to spend $250 on a beautiful hand-made binding nowadays.

—Mr. Justice Raney in dismissing the $500,000 suit brought by Florence Deeks against H. G. Wells for alleged plagiarism characterized as "Solemn Nonsense" much of the argument submitted for the plaintiff.

* * *

The first edition of "Testament of Beauty" by Robert Bridges is selling at a considerable premium. Since publication this book has sold to the extent of over 4000 a month.

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In the United States the books in greatest demand by collectors are those of the New England group of the early nineties with Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Thoreau and Whittier showing the greatest vitality.

A Few of the New Books

Sir Daniel Wilson: A Memoir. By H. H. Langton. Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons Limited $2.50.

A Review by JOHN W. GARVIN

THIS book has interested me much. It was my privilege to listen to Wilson's historical lectures, in University College, Toronto, for two years (1884—85—86). That I missed one is improbable. The lectures were apparently written out in longhand, and were read by him. His eyes were rarely lifted from the page even when he made comments..... It was not the matter of the lectures that attracted me so much as his fine flowing English.

It was President Wilson's three lectures on Robert Browning, delivered in November 1885, that interested me first in that great poet; and his thoughtful, appreciative appraisal, proved how much superior he was in intuitive perception and mentality, to Dr. Goldwin Smith, who had declared that Browning was not a poet at all.

Dr. Wilson was a poet himself though not a great one, but had he continued as an artist (as an etcher he had reproduced successfully, 'Regulus' one of Turner's paintings, and in sketching and in water colors he was proficient) he might have won distinction.... It was his marriage at twenty-four and the necessity to provide for his family that drew him to literary labors and iater to University Chairs.

Daniel Wilson was born in Edinburgh in 1816. He was the eldest son of a wine merchant who was not prosperous in business. Hon. George Brown, Prof. George Paxton Young and Dr. Wilson, afterwards intimately associated in Toronto, attended at the same time, the Edinburgh High School.

Wilson's first literary work of importance was "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time," first published in two volumes in 1847. In 1851, the first edition of "The Archaeology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland" was issued. Twelve years later, this latter volume was revised and re-written, and reproduced in two volumes, under the title, "Prehistoric Annals of Scotland." This important work placed him in the front rank of archaeologists. Ever since its first publication, it has been regarded by scholars as the standard work on the subject.... The University of Saint Andrews was appreciative, and in 1851 conferred on the author the honorary degree of LL.D.

Dr. Wilson was but thirty-seven years of age when he accepted a Chair in the University of Toronto. This was in 1853. During the next nine years he gathered the material for his next important archaeological book, "Prehistoric Man," which was published in 1862.

In 1880, Dr. Wilson was appointed President of University College, and in 1887 after the Confederation Act had been passed, President of The University of Toronto.

Wilson kept a diary, and there are many extracts quoted therefrom in this present volume. They are illuminating. How he detested the deception and trickery of politicians! The Hon. G. W. Ross in particular, who was Minister of Education, was his b e t e n o i r. Under the Confederation Act of 1887, the University was politically controlled, and Ross, whose academic training had not gone beyond that of a High School, and who, like every politician, was more or less governed by expediency, made it difficult for the President to keep up the high standard of scholarship and culture in the Professoriate. It was only by appealing often to Prime Minister Mowat, or by threatening to resign, that he could succeed in having his advice accepted.

As Dr. Wilson had the sensitiveness of an artist, it is probable that a number of his strictures pertaining to public men were not wholly deserved. But politics should have little to do with University academic matters and Canadians were not slow in learning that important fact.

There is one astonishing disclosure in Wilson's diary, if it can be relied upon. He intimates that the Mowat Administration was so anxious to secure the Methodist vote and influence that it was ready to hand over University College to Victoria University to ensure the confederation of the colleges. This seems to me incredible. The graduates who had attended University College were in number, many times those of Victoria, and the very suspicion of such a thing would have aroused, both privately and publicly, their intense indignation.

Mr. H. H. Langton's Memoir should be read by all graduates of the University of Toronto, and particularly by those who knew and honored and loved the distinguished and scholarly first President.

Mukara. A Novel by Muriel Bruce. Toronto: Thomas Allen. $2.50

A Review by JOHN W. GARVIN

Some months ago I reviewed for "The Canadian Bookman," a remarkable book, "The Lost Continent of Mu" by Col. James Churchward, which seems to give quite conclusive proof that the Motherland of the human race was a continent in the south Pacific Ocean, which sank beneath the waves thousands of years before what are called "historic times", and a thousand years before the destruction of Atlantis.... It was before the cooling of the earth's crust and the formation of gas belts produced the mighty upheavels which resulted in mountain ranges and vast destructive floods.

In this ancient Motherland, there lived a white race of many millions who had achieved, before their destruction, scientific and architectural development unequalled since. This is proved by the buried city of Chichen Itza, recently unearthed in Yucatan, where temples have been uncovered, the splendor and beauty of which surpass those of Greece and Egypt.... This god-like White race colonized many parts of the earth, the great old civilizations of India, Babylonia, Egypt, Greece, etc. being descended from them.

Miss Muriel Bruce of Toronto, having familiarized herself with the facts in Col. Churchward's book, and with the discoveries of Col. P. H. Fawcett in the Brazilian jungles, in the upper reaches of the Amazon river, and having an imagination of surpassing creative power and vividness, has given us a novel that will be read by many more than once.

"Mukara" is the remnant of a marvellous city in the highest mountains of the Andes, flung up many thousands of feet high when the frightful upheaval of mountains took place, and still retaining descendants of the ancient people with all the old power and wisdom. They have no communication with the outside world: they are Guardians of the Flame (The Essence of Life) and all the ancient mysteries.... There are lesser peoples in the environs of the city; and in the jungles below, there are Amazons—flat-breasted women warriors, who fight like devils—and blind dwarfs who live in underground caves and who are frightful in their bestiality.

In this ancient city of Mukara, the Powers of Darkness are seeking to overthrow the Powers of Light, and four explorers from the British Isles, two archaeologists, a chemist and a young man, are drawn into the Herculean struggle. Their adventures are thrillingly told, and the wonders they witnessed are graphically described and related.

It is an amazing story admirably conceived and written. It is romantic and imaginative to an exceptional degree, but the incidents are so consecutive and vivid in detail as to appear real and believable.... Congratulations are due the author and her native city.

The Gentleman from America. By Polan Banks. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. $2.50.

This is one of the cleverest of recent historical romances. The characters are taken from life just before the French Revolution, and they are admirably resurrected and portrayed. The chief character in the book is His Excellency, Hon. Benjamin Franklin, famous scientist and inventor and the author of "Poor Richard's Almanack," who for nine years had been United States Minister or Plenipotentiary to France.

Franklin is re-created as the sophisticated man he really was, the idol of many highly-bred ladies of Paris, who called him "Papa," sitting on his knees and permitting him to kiss their necks. Franklin had drunk deeply at the fountain of life and was a wise counsellor to many. When the story opens he was about eighty in years. His son William was illigitimate, also his grandson, and his great grandson.

The pivot of the romance is the love story of Temple Franklin (the grandson and the Minister's secretary) and Madame Blanchette Caillot. It is passionately conceived and written. One cannot read it without feeling that here is one of the most intense and vivid love stories of reality or fiction,—a love story that is climaxed by a noble and splendid self-sacrifice.

Hon. Benjamin Franklin's "Advice to a Young Man," and "The Speech of Polly Baker" (long-suppressed) are printed without expurgation, and they are humorously spicy. The latter I read for the first time and I could not help wondering if Bernard Shaw had read it years ago and come under its influence.

The publishers give us a short sketch of the life of the author. He is still in his middle twenties, and this is his second novel. His first, "Black Ivory," appeared four years ago, and induced the critics to prophesy for the young novelist a brilliant future. Polan Banks has written stories in Hollywood for the screen, and is at present aide-de-camp to Kentucky's governor. He is a Virginian, but knows society in London, Paris and Rome as well as in New York and in the South. His second novel should bring him extended fame and quite large fortune.

* * *

International Relations. By Isaiah Bowman. (In the Reading for a Purpose Series) Chicago: American Library Association 35c.

The author is a Canadian by birth. He is a geographer and a director of the American Geographical Society and sees in the subject of International Relations not only great variation of temperament and purpose among the peoples of the world but also grave difficulties occasioned by the need for commercial products and for territory in which the surplus population of congested countries may find a place.

To him Geography and International Relations have strong associations and include the reasons why neighbors chat in confidence

across the unguarded Canadian border while on other borders sentries stand with ready guns; why a spontaneous change in food habits in one part of the world may mean sudden prosperity or financial disaster in a country remote from it; and why these and many other conditions may lead to war.

This book of fifty pages is one of the "Reading With a Purpose" series of which a number of previous issues have had special notice in these columns. The series is entirely commendable and a feature of each issue is the list of other books suggested as a reading course for following up each subject.

The Pipes of Pan

Although issued two years ago there is a Carman book which has special interest at this time of Bliss Carman memorials. It is the reissue of "Pipes of Pan Definitive Edition," by the L. C. Page Co., of Boston. This handsomely bound book combines in one volume all five books of the "Pipes of Pan" series:

From the Book of Myths
From the Green Book of the Bards
Songs of the Sea Children
Songs from a Northern Garden
From the Book of Valentines.

The volume, which is published at $4.00, is highly decorative, with a painting of Pan by Edna M. Sawyer and a photogravure portrait of Carman.

Autumn Fiction

What an interesting time the devotees of fiction are going to have this season making their selections from the wealth of new novels put before them by the publishers!

Even if they confine themselves to potential "best-sellers," they will assemble a goodly-sized library of 1930 fiction. Consider for instance such offerings as Priestley's "Angel Pavement," Jeffery Farnol's "Over the Hills:" Booth Tarkington's "Mirthful Haven;" Dorothy Parker's "Laments for the Living;" "Miss Mole," by E. H. Young; Peter B. Kyne's "Outlaws of Eden;" W. J. Locke's "The Shorn Lamb;" "Prosperity Street," by Barnaby Brook; "The Young and Secret," by Alice Grant Rosman; "Philippa" by Anne Douglas Sedgwick; "The Fool of the Family" by Margaret Kennedy, author of "The Constant Nymph;" "Exit" by Harold Bell Wright; "The Unforeseen," by J. C. Snaith; "The King's Minion" by Sabatini; "The Lion and the Lamb," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, and "The Deepening Stream," by Dorothy Canfield.

This does not begin to exhaust the list of good new novels of the autumn publishing season and there are many really good ones that do not pretend to be in line for "best-seller" honors, their appeal being to the discerning few rather than to those who want what most people are reading.

Particular interest for Canadian readers attaches to several big novels by Canadian authors included in the season's new offerings. Among these are a posthumous novel by Basil King, "The Break of Day;" E. Barrington's "The Duel of the Queen's," a romance of Mary Queen of Scots; the same author's "The Openers of the Gate," under her own name, L. Adams Beck, "The Waters Under the Earth;" "The Lily of Fort Garry," by Jane Rolyat; "The Forest Barrier," by Marian Keith; "Red Man's Luck" by Constance Lindsay Skinner; "The River Fury" by H. A. Cody; The Yoke of Life" by Frederick Philip Grove; and "The Thirty Thieves" by Dyke Ackland.

The Day of Small Things

By O. Douglas

Author of

"Eliza for Common," etc.

Readers who enjoyed the characters in the O. Douglas story "The Proper Place" will become further acquainted with several of these old friends, in the author's new book "The Day of Small Things" which is a complete story in itself, but the author gives us another opportunity to drink tea with Lady Jane and Nicole in the drawing room of the Hasborn House. Here we meet Mrs. Heggie on her hungry quest for news. We see Mrs. Jackson thoroughly pleased with life and old Betsy gladly leaving it. You will enjoy the quiet humor and hominess of this tale. O. Douglas has once more captured the atmosphere of the places she describes; the salt sea freshness of Kirkmeihle, the witchery of Borden Hills, and the honey sweetness of lockside in Mull. Readers unacquainted with the author's previous stories will find this tale a pleasing introduction to the pen of O. Douglas.

$2.00.

THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY LTD.

PUBLISHERS TORONTO

Canadian Art

By Jeanne Adeney

AS THIS was Canadian year at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto, our "All Canada" shows of painting and photography gave us a chance to stand and survey ourselves in the light of art in the world today. If we had known no art but our own, this opportunity would not have been important,—as a pretty woman, who sees only her own reflection, means nothing in the world of fashion.

The splendid policy adopted by the Art Gallery of Toronto and other Canadian galleries in recent years, has made it impossible to look upon Canadian art as one would the clothes of a woman from the backwoods. We see the art of the world in our own country, month by month, year after year, as it becomes interesting to the world of to-day, not fifty years from now. We have exhibitions of the established "moderns" who are old enough to be pronounced masters, and exhibitions of the most brilliant and giddy of the young moderns who are making sensations but whose art has not lived long enough to show what they are. We see the work of solid academicians and of great Frenchmen who broke with the old tradition, and then we have an exhibition of the Old Masters. All this has grown right into our Canadian artists, and instead of influencing their painting in a hundred different ways, it has helped them to really see Canada by comparison, and to establish a Canadian art that can hold its place in the world. This would have happened to some of our artists in any case—those who had the opportunity of seeing outside art, without forsaking Canada; but the great benefit of the many exhibitions in our galleries, is that it lets the public into the fun. We, even as the artist, see and appreciate and are imperseptibly molded, and our sympathy sustains the artist and helps to form our art.

A show like the one at the Canadian National Exhibition must be about the most difficult thing in the world to manage. An attempt is made to represent each province, as many different artists and tendencies as possible and the best of the old Canadian artists, now dead. The result is a "representative" show which is not exciting, although it has some high spots. I should like to see some ruthless person collect a *real* Canadian exhibition containing only the finest pictures of our best modern Canadians, without a group of supporting pictures explaining their ancestry,—the scaffolding is not needed when the building is completed, however interesting and ingenious it may have been. Such an exhibition would interest the world.

We have some big artists in this country; nobody knows how big, but in a show like that now under consideration their work is unmistakable. Among them are several members of the Group of Seven, Elizabeth Wyn Wood, the sculptress, Prudence Heward, Charles Comfort and others, including Bertram Brooker, whose pen and ink work is extraordinarily suggestive, ("Prologue to Faust" for instance). There is some good photography being done in Canada too, though too many of the strange effects at this show were obtained by photographing queer groups, or familiar objects from odd angles. Occasionally beautiful effects may be got from angles of bridges and light and shade patterns, but their value lies in the artistic perception and choice of the photographer and not in their strangeness. For beautiful workmanship and real artistry, the pictures of Bruce Metcalfe were outstanding.

About Authors

Franz Kafka, whose novel, "The Castle," is to be published soon by Alfred A. Knopf, died five years ago in a sanitarium near Vienna at the age of 42. During his lifetime he published only a few volumes of short stories and novelettes, most of them at the persuasion of Max Brod, the well-known German novelist. He left the manuscripts of three long unfinished novels which he instructed his executor, Herr Brod, to destroy. But Brod refused to follow Kafka's instructions, and his decision has been approved, it is said, by every responsible critic in Germany. "The Castle" is one of these three manuscripts. The translation is by Edwin and Willa Muir.

* * *

Recalling the outstanding success scored by Margaret Kennedy with her novel "The Constant Nymph" this author has carried on the story of the Sanger family in a new book, "The Fool of the Family" which is to appear in October.

Irving Fineman, who won the $7,500 first novel prize offered by Longman's Green & Co. with his novel, "This Pure Young Man," has been summering in Paris but returned to New York in time for the publication of his book on Sept. 24.

* * *

650 pounds was paid at Sotheby's London auction rooms recently for a first edition of Goldsmith's "The Vicar of Wakefield,,, published in London in two volumes, in 1766. Though by no means a record, this is a high price, considering the fact that the book was not the rare first issue, but one of the later copies, with certain errors in the first print corrected. At that, however, the amount was more than ten times what Goldsmith received for the entire right of his novel.

* * *

Bernard Shaw's first book, written fifty years ago is to be published this year as a first edition. Its title is "Immaturity." The book had been published serially.

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A bumptious, blustering, prideful individual who guffawed noisely when he was happy and stormed blasphemously when he was angry—so was old man Haxby of "Haxby's." He started his circus as a lion-tamer but the boom of his voice was so great and the strength of his will so overpowering that he extended his abiilities to a complete circus. Year in and year out he pushed on from one Australian town to another and his family with him. His family? They were that but he rarely considered them as more than his "hands;" Gina was a bareback rider; Lil was the beauty; his boys were animal trainers, and "Ma" Haxby was the cashier and wardrobe mistress. So was Haxby's, always on the road, "The best little show on the road," until Gina "Came a Cropper." From then on the story belongs to Gina Haxby and her bitter struggle against the fearful odds that fate thrust upon her

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Canadian Book Week

Its Great Opportunities

THE National Secretary of The Canadian Authors Association, in a letter just sent to the Executive of every Branch says:

"Remembering the fine work done by Branch Executives last year, we know you will heartily welcome any suggestions for the coming Book Week, November 1 to 8. You may have devised admirable plans already. At any rate, now is the time to perfect them. Schools, colleges, clubs and societies, male and female, are opening their sessions, or soon will be.

Some of the clubs make their arrangements so early that all of them had better be asked at once for their cooperation. You have plenty of legitimate reasons to give them, in the interests of our national unity and civilization. The imperative force of these reasons will be admitted by every public-spirited body of citizens, even those who have paid small attention to literature, having not yet realized its immense power and prime importance for the future of our people.

It may be found possible even for a small Branch to hold a public gathering of its own, as larger Branches do, not necessarily of exactly the same kind, but of some kind that will catch even the casual newspaper reader's attention. Amateur dramatic talent might be enlisted; even reading in parts by our own members might be enough to convince the incredulous that good Canadian plays exist. Selections of good Canadian music naturally commend themselves for performance.

Originality might be employed in arranging shows in store windows,—not only in book stores, and not of books alone. Relics, for example, or other objects, pictures, costumes, models, maps, etc., illustrating the adventures of famous characters in our annals, along with Canadian books, expecially though not exclusively relevant thereto. A large proportion of our most distinctively Canadian literature, including fiction, naturally springs from the thrilling history of our explorers, traders, missionaries and pioneer settlers.

Every single Province has a local history rich in romance. Our artists, as well as owners of Canadian pictures, might be asked to lend their best works for exhibitions either large or small.

Our Nova Scotian Branch last year, by decorating Halifax with original posters produced for the occasion by a College of Art, set an example which other Branches might follow.

It is through our schools and colleges that we can do our most fruitful work. Some of our Branches have acted on this knowledge with great energy and wisdom, and all have the power to do so, either—

by pressing for the active cooperation of provincial and municipal authorities — they are generally more than willing—
by reaching the individual teachers through their conventions and periodicals,
by interesting addresses in schools, when we have members available for this agreeable duty,
by offering prizes for essay or story competitions; or by such other methods as the ingenuity of the Branch can devise.

The school competitions carried out last year at Ottawa and Edmonton have set an example that other Branches should not find it too hard to follow, with any modifications they may consider improvements. The educational authorities as a rule will call the attention of the scholars to the competition. If any exception is met with, the newspapers will doubtless be willing to give all the publicity needed. In Edmonton the newspapers even gave the prizes.

To promote the general adoption of this young people's scheme by our Branches, the National Executive will

add a special prize of $20.00 for the best of the first-prize-winning essays or stories in all the Branch competitions, and $10.00 worth of books for the best of the second-prize-winners.

Intelligent thought and quality of language will be equally considered, in our award, as doubtless they will have been in yours.

It will not be essential for all Branches to set the same subject; but it is suggested that competitors should be asked to write on any phase, event or character in Canadian history."

Victoria

In honor of Lady Willison, who spent some time in Victoria this summer, Mrs. Marion Isabel Angus, secretary of the Branch, held a reception at her home on August 14th. Lady Willison, who was presented with a sheaf of gladioli and a brief tribute in verse by Frances Ebbs-Canavan, spoke with emphasis of the great responsibility resting with Canadian writers. Of all the bonds between the Provinces, the written word would have the greatest value. Writers should only be satisfied with the best. The association of Marjorie Pickthall with Victoria led her to recall the delight of Col. Wood, now editor of "The Calgary Herald," in showing her the poem by Marjorie Pickthall, then a very young girl, which was to win her the first prize in the competition of the "Mail and Empire." Lady Willison spoke also of Dr. Drummond's poems interpreting to the rest of Canada a happy contented people, and of Judge Rivard's "Chez Nous," so much more typical of the Province of Quebec than Louis Hemon's classic "Maria Chapdelaine." These three writers had given something to Canada which we would be sorry to lose from our national life.

On this occasion, the Branch also welcomed Dr. Thomas Rickard, Berkeley, Cal., the noted scientist, who spoke enthusiatically of the treasures housed in the Provincial Archives at Victoria where he had been engaged in research work.

Mrs. Mabel Corbett sang "Duna," (Margery Pickthall) and "A Little Brown Bird," accompanied by Mrs. Fred Wright. Donald A. Fraser read his recent poem, "Victoria," Mrs Charles Hines, Portland, Oregon, of the League of Western Writers, spoke briefly on her work of producing "travelogues." Miss Justine Gilbert, formerly of Victoria but now of Portland, played a Chinese lyric of her own composition. Mrs. Ebbs-Canavan presided at the tea-table, and Dr. A. O. MacRae expressed the pleasure of the Branch in meeting the guests.

At the June meeting, convened by Donald A. Fraser, Miss Carol Menzies sang "The Four Leaf Clover," and "Ships That Pass in the Night." Dr. Unsworth spoke on "The Cultural Life of the American Negro," tracing the progress made since 1865 in all fields of artistic endeavor. Victoria Ebbs-Canavan recited "Roadways" by John Masefield, also "In the Woods" by Frederick George Scott. John Hosie spoke on "Some Untouched Fields for the B. C. Writer," and referred to the wealth of material stored in the Archives. Reference was made to Miss Perry's article on Frances Barclay. Mr. Pemberton thanked Mr. Hosie for his interest.

Calgary

The first meeting of the season was held at the home of Mrs. McClung, on September 9. There was a large attendance, including several new members. A report of the National Convention in Montreal, by Miss Vera McKim, was followed by a paper in which R. B. Forsyth dealt with the qualities essential to the finest and most peramnent literary work.

Mrs. H.B. Hill outlined the suggestions of the Programme Committee, including the topic chosen for each meeting, and the leaders who were asked to complete the details. These suggestions were unanimously adopted. A social hour concluded a very successful opening for the winter's work.

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THE COLLECTOR

"Frances Brooke: A Canadian Pioneer," is the title of a little essay in pamphlet form, recently issued by the author, H. R. Morgan, editor of "The Brockville Times and Recorder," for private distribution, which will interest the collector of, and, indeed, all who have any care for, Canadian literature. For Frances Brooke, it may not be generally known, was the author of the first Canadian novel, or rather the first novel to have most of its setting in Canada and to have been written in Canada. This novel was entitled "The History of Emily Montague," and it was published in London, in four small volumes, in 1769, being dedicated to Sir Guy Carleton, Governor of the Province of Quebec.

"The History of Emily Montague" was the fruits of four years' residence in Canada, the author having been the wife of Rev. John Brooke, chaplain to the garrison at Quebec. It was not Mrs. Brooke's first book, for before coming to Canada she produced a tragedy, "Virginia," and a novel, "The History of Lady Julia Mandeville," which ran into at least five editions, and another, "The Letters from Julia, Lady Catesby," to her friend, Lady Henrietta Campley," which likewise achieved five editions. In addition she was known as the producer of a weekly literary publication called "The Old Maid." She was a friend of the great Doctor Johnson, who is said to have kissed her affectionately when she was leaving for Canada. It is not surprising, therefore, that "The History of Emily Montague" met with instantaneous favor when it was brought out by Dodsley and became a "best seller" of its day.

The book is in the form of letters, after the model of Richardson and other writers of the time, and is marked by all the sentimentalism of expression and floridity of style characteristic of those writers;—nevertheless, as Mr. Morgan says, the author "has succeeded in handing down to future generations a most interesting and engaging picture of the Canada that she knew and apparently loved."

Mrs. Brooke seems to have devoted herself principally, following the publication of "The History of Emily Montague," to the drama, but it was not until 1783, when she was approaching her sixtieth year, that she finally realized her ambition by writing and bringing out a musical production, "Rosina," which is authoritatively declared to have been one of the most successful entertainments of the kind given to the public up to that time. Credit for this, however, must be shared with the composer, William Shield, of Covent Garden. Mrs. Brooke also wrote another novel, "The Excursion," in which she ridiculed Garrick, the actor-manager, because of the failure of a play of hers which he brought out: but she repented of this later and retracted her uncomplimentary references to Garrick. She died in 1789.

* * *

Speaking of the first Canadian novel warrants, The Collector feels, saying something about the first novel written by a Canadian and published in Canada. "St. Ursula's Convent; or, The Nun of Canada, Containing Scenes from Real Life," was published at Kingston, by Hugh C. Thompson in 1824. Mystery seems to surround the publication of this book, as it is one of the rarest of Canadian books, only two copies, apparently, being all that now exist. One of these is in the Toronto Public Library, and the other is reputed to have been picked up in a Toronto second-hand book store some years ago, though the name of the fortunate discoverer has never been divulged. As a matter of fact, the only evidence of the existence of "St. Ursula's Convent" for a full eighty years was contained in a review in "The Canadian Magazine" in 1824. Finally, in 1904, a copy turned up at the sale of the library of the late Senator Masson in Montreal.

Senator Masson was probably aware of the bibliographical importance of the volume, but there was no indication of this in the catalogue, it being listed without the author's name and wihout note or comment of any kind. However, the watchful eyes of librarians and collectors promptly singled it out, and when the sale took place there was something of a spirited contest for its possession. The book was finally knocked down to James Bain, then Librarian of the Toronto Public Library, for $16. Time has moved on in the world of rare books since 1904, and it is safe, therefore, to say that should another copy of "St. Ursula's Convent" be offered for sale now it would bring many times $16.

"St. Ursula's Convent" does not bear the name of the author, but it is known to have been written by Julia Catharine Beckwith, who was born at Fredericton, N. B., in 1796, removing with her parents in 1820 to Kingston, where a couple of years later she became the wife of George Henry Hart, a bookbinder. The Harts moved in

1826 to Rochester, N. Y. where a second novel from Mrs. Hart's pen "Tomewanta," or "The Adopted Son of America; An Indian's Story," was published in 1830.

Mrs. Hart died in her old home town of Fredericton in 1867. She was related, it is said, to the French-Canadian ecclesiastical historian, Rev. Abbe Ferland.

"St. Ursula's Convent" is in two volumes (though in the Toronto Public Library copy the two volumes are bound in one, and apparently they were issued that way,) Volume 1 comprising 101 pages, and Volume 2 134 pages.

* * *

One of the largest and most comprehensive collections of books and documents relating to the World War has been made by the Princeton University Library, according to George M. Peck, curator of special collections, who, with Dr. Ernest C. Richardson, has charge of the work of collection and arranging the war literature from 1914 to 1918. The collection was established by the late Benjamin Strong, governor of the United States Federal Reserve Bank, and is particulary important in respect to documents and reports dealing with the finances of the nations which were involved in the war.

* * *

Wilfred M. Voyinch, noted bibliographer and mediævalist and famous as discoverer of the Roger Bacon manuscripts, died in New York City recently, at the age of 63 years. The Bacon manuscripts, all in cipher, came into Voyinch's hands after having passed through several royal collections and many decades of complete oblivion during the seven centuries of their existence They had never been translated, and Voyinch at once placed them all at the disposal of scientists and antiquarians all over the world for deciphering, the work being finally accomplished, after many years of work.

* * *

A twelve-line letter signed by Mary Queen of Scots "your richt gud frind, Mary R.," addressed to the Earl of Leicester, in 1567, was sold in London recently at auction for 600 pounds. A document signed by Queen Elizabeth brought 85 pounds at the same sale.

* * *

Announcement comes from Chicago of the establishment by a group of prominent business men and collectors of that city of a permaent auction house to hold frequent sales of books, autographs, prints and paintings, objects art, antiques, etc. The ornanization will be known as Chicago Book & Art Auctions, Inc., and will have its headquarters in the Fine Arts Building, 410 South Michigan Avenue. The first sale of books and autograph material will be held about Oct. 15, covering a wide range of collectors' items in modern first editions, bindings, general literature, Americana, etc.

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Vagaries of Criticism

By Alexander Louis Fraser

James Russell Lowell, in his essay on the poet Keats, tells a story of the musician who gave violin lessons to King George the Third. He wished to compliment his royal pupil, and said that there were three kinds of violin players,—those who could not play at all, then those who played badly, and thirdly, those who played very well. Then he went on to say that his majesty had made such progress that he had left the first class behind and reached the second class.

I may say that there are three classes of literary critics: The first, those who know nothing about literature, and whose opinion is therefore worth nothing. Secondly those who are simply flatterers, who wish to please people and say nice things. Lastly, there are those who know the realm they are dealing with and the recognized laws which govern therein.

When we look at the history of literature some wonderful phenomena appear. For instance, we meet with the popularity of a man like Robert Montgomery, the subject of one of Macaulay's essays. Montgomery had an almost unparalleled vogue, reaching eleven editions in a short time. That was in 1830—just a century ago. Who ever reads him now? Let me quote a few sentences from Macaulay: "We expect some reserve, some decent pride in our hatter and our boot-maker. But no artifice by which notoriety can be obtained is thought too abject for a man of letters .... We have no apprehensions that puffing will ever raise any scribler to the rank of a classic."

Then we had the popularity of Byron. When word came to Tennyson that Byron was dead, he went out and carved it in sandstone and thought that the world had come to an end. Matthew Arnold said of him: "We felt him like the thunder's roll." But few read Byron to-day. On the other hand, some poets were very much neglected, and neglected for long. In many cases, however, time has come round to their side. The fanners of the years have blown away the chaff and left the grain.

It may be worth while to look hurriedly at a few of the literary estimates of the past, mark the advent of great writers and the reception accorded them. To take Tennyson, for instance. In *Merlin and the Gleam* which is autobiographical, we read:

"Once at the croak of a raven
Who crossed it,
A barbarous people,
Blind to the magic,
And deaf to the melody,
Snarled at and cursed me."

One critic said about his poem, "The Owl:" "Tennyson himself is the owl and should be shot." The result was he was silent from 1832 till 1842.

Matthew Arnold fared no better. Of his first book of poems no notice was taken and but a few copies sold. And later, when he had done all his

best work—and surely some of the best in the nineteenth century—and published it, only fifty copies sold and the book was withdrawn. Some said that it was not poetry at all. But he has made his way, and it is said to be a test of culture whether one can appreciate Arnold or not. At all events as culture becomes none general, he will be increasingly read, and loved. I once heard a college graduate say, speaking about Arnold: "Oh, yes he suits school-girls!" No greater evidence was needed to show that he had not the remotest idea of what the cultured Victorian stood for.

Take Wordsworth. Of some of his early work the critics said, "This will never do!" He introduced the use of simple phraseology and brought poetry down from the stars to the streets, but had no immediate vogue. Arnold said of him that for long he did not earn enough by it to buy his shoestrings.

Readers of Shelley's "Adonais" remember how with scorn he deals with the critics who annoyed Keats:

"The curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthy guest."

It is true that Keats did fare badly at the hands of merciless critics but he was determined to be among the best. He said in his Preface to *Endymion*: "This is not with the least atom of purpose to forestall criticism of course." On October 9th 1818 he wrote his publisher, referring to criticism: "Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic of his own work. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what *Blackwood's* or the *Quarterly* could possible inflict .... I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest." There is difference of opinion as to what extent criticism hurt Keats. One thing we know is that he has survived, and seeds have blown from his garden that have caught elsewhere and enriched the whole field of English literature.

These references to some of the incidents in English literary criticism show how misguided it often may be. What we need is not log-rolling, or booming; but real intelligent criticism. Matthew Arnold tells us (and he was on the whole one of our very best guides in criticism) that we should have in our minds some of the admittedly great lines of English poetry and test what we are judging by that. The trouble is some people turn to criticism without even equipment; or sometimes after reading an article in a magazine, or glancing through an anthology, often put arbitrarily together, deem themselves qualified to give a lecture on the literary heritage of a nation. A young lady once asked Henry Van Dyke to tell her how to study Tennyson. He gave her a good old-fashioned bit of advice: "Get a little green book called, "The Poems of Tennyson" and read it and read it again and again—the text, so that you will know it. "Booming will not keep bad work alive, nor will neglect or false criticism destroy good work. There is one thing the human race has done. It has tucked under its arm many of its treasures and carried them for generations. We see it now digging among the ashes of the past for what, by chance or hurry may have been left behind. The function of the critic is to help the race to appreciate its treasures.

An Acadian Singer

From Mr. H. G. Wade, of Winnipeg, has come a small but much-prized book, "An Acadian Singer," this being one of a limited edition, only 100 copies being issued. It was reprinted from the "Western Home Monthly" and is a tribute to the memory of Francis Sherman. At some later date this appreciation will be supplemented by the inclusion of Francis Sherman in the series "Who's Who in Canadian Literature."

From Erin Afar

By Erroll Boyd

Dear Maid ever loving!
Ah, heart kind and true!
'Tis morning and night
I am thinking of you.
Morning and evening,
Like dew on the leaf,
My sorrow lies on me
In cold tears of grief.

I saw Bridya dancing:
She came from the South,
Warm winds in her tresses,
A rose in her mouth.
From soft, silken garments
She scattered the may.
My winter abides,
With the White Rose away.

I saw Bridya fleeting—
Dear God, she was fair!—
Swift fawns leapt before her,
White birds in the air
Sang sweetly, so sweetly,
My heart turned to pain,
For when shall I welcome
The White Queen again?

Haven

By Constance Davies Woodrow

I who am kin to water, wind, and fire,
Shall heed no more the luring gipsy call;
I gladly yield the stars and moon and sun
For shifting firelight on a cottage wall.

The greening trails will beckon me in vain
Across the hills and through the woodland gloom;
Above the thrushes' vespers I shall hear
A kettle singing in a dusky room.

I turn forever from the winding ways,
Grown strangely weary of a nameless quest;
Enfolded in a garden's twilight peace,
I lean my head upon a tranquil breast.

Canadian Authors Association

The National Executive Committee

The newly-elected National Executive Committee of the Association held its first meeting on Saturday morning and afternoon in the Vice-regal Suite of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. Dr. W. D. Lighthall, the president, just back from the Philosophical Congress in Oxford, occupied the chair. The other members attending were Mr. Justice Surveyer, Vice-president; Lawrence J. Burpee of Ottawa; Dr. Pelham Edgar and John M. Elson of Toronto; J. Murray Gibbon, Leslie Gordon Barnard, Treasurer, and Howard Angus Kennedy, Secretary.

The National Officers, with L. J. Burpee, Louvigny de Montigny and John M. Elson, were re-appointed as a Copyright Committee, and will take steps to secure the passing of a just Bill amending the Copyright Act in conformity with the Berne International Convention which Canada has signed—along with all the other civilized or quasi-civilized countries except Siam, Soviet Russia, and the United States.

Attention was called to the failure of the Carrier publishing house, and to the claim at first advanced by the trustee that the copyrights assigned by authors to that firm were the property of the estate. That claim had been opposed by the Association's secretary, on the ground that the authors had only assigned their copyrights to the deceased firm for the process of publication, which neither the firm nor its trustee in bankruptcy nor anyone else in sight was now prepared to carry on. Eventually the trustee agreed to return all copyrights and contracts to the authors, as one condition of a Superior Court order allowing the firm's stock of books to be sold on payment of 10 per cent of the proceeds to the authors. As the books, dumped on a dull market, fetched about one twentieth of their regular price, this meant that the author of a $2 volume, entitled by contract to a royalty of 20c., got about 1c. instead.

The following were appointed a special committee to consider proposals for the revision of constitution and bylaws: the National officers; Donald A. Fraser, Victoria; R. L. Reid, K. C. Vancouver; Mrs. Nellie McClung, Calgary; Judge Emily Murphy, Edmonton; G. A. Palmer, Regina; Prof. W. T. Allison, Winnipeg; Dr. Sherwood Fox, London; Dr. Hardy and John M. Elson, Toronto; Arthur Beauchesne and L. J. Burpee, Ottawa; Dr. Victor Morin and B. K. Sandwell, Montreal; Madame L. F. Turgeon, Quebec; Major H. G. F. Christie, St. John; and Miss Juanita O'Connor, Halifax.

An outline of arrangements suggested by the Toronto Branch for the next year's National Convention was agreed to. The convention will be held in the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, at the end of June.

The National Treasurer, Mr. Barnard, presented a very satisfactory financial report. The National Convention in Montreal had been carried to a most successful conclusion without trenching on the ordinary income, thanks to the hospitality of the Provincial and City Governments and to E. W. Beatty, Lady Drummond, Sir Charles Gordon, T. B. Macaulay, and Sir Henry Thornton.

Major Lanctot, Dr. Harvey-Jellie and S. Morgan-Powell, allmembers of the Association, were congratulated on the literature prizes lately awarded them by the Quebec Provincial Government.

Herbert Thring's Visit

Herbert Thring, for many years the secretary and moving spirit of the Incorporated Society of Authors and Dramatists in England, has arrived in New York for a conference with American playwrights. As soon as that is over he is coming up for a visit to the Canadian Authors Association. He will be the guest of our Branches in Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Winnipeg.

As Mr. Thring is one of the leading authorities on questions of vital interest to all our writers, it is hoped that every member, at any rate in the cities which he can spare time to visit, will have an opportunity of meeting and hearing him.

Branch Meetings

The National Secretary earnestly begs his colleagues, the Secretaries of Branches, to send him for insertion in "The Canadian Bookman" a paragraph or two summarizing the programme of every meeting the day after it occurs,—as well, of course, as any news of the Branch apart from meetings. Some Branches send regularly; others—do not, by any manner of means.

The National Secretary never grudges the necessary editing of these reports, but the better they are written or typed, and the more closely condensed and perfectly edited, before they are mailed, the brighter will be his path and the warmer his fraternal affection for his secretarial colleagues.

Victoria and Islands

The first fall meeting of this Branch was held in Victoria College on September 11th, President Macrae in the chair. The Secretary, Mrs. Marion Isabel Angus, gave a detailed account of the National Convention at Montreal, and brief account of her experiences in New York. Miss M. Eugenie Perry spoke to the point on her recent experiences in Ireland and London, and gave the Branch up-to-date information regarding the market conditions and requirements in the Old Country. The singer of the evening was Fred Wright, accompanied by Mrs. Wright.

Donald Fraser was appointed a "committee of one" to arrange the Book Week School competition. Miss Perry, Mr. Fraser and Miss King will act as judges. First and Second prizes of $3.50 and $2.50, (probably in books) will be awarded for the best essays.

Dr. Macrae is to speak to service clubs, Mrs. Canavan to interview the local press, Miss Perry to arrange co-operation of local libraries, and Mrs. Rathom to arrange with local stores for special displays during book week.

Calgary Branch

The Calgary Branch opened its session at the home of its President, Mrs. Nellie McClung, on Sept. 9th.

Mrs. Lettie A. Hill, for the Programme Committee, said that the basic idea of the year's work was to be one of craftsmanship, the principles involved in the art of writing. Whether they had poetry or prose in mind, both eyes and ears should be on the alert for the most suitable word, phrase or sentence, for rhythm and arrangement, for sincerity, for originality and invention. Every writer's private problem was to find the best expression for his thoughts,—then why not make it the object of a collective effort on the part of the Branch, the thread running through the whole of the year's work? There were many readable books on the subject, including Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's "On the Art of Writing," Herbert Read's "English Prose Style," and H. M. Tomlinson's "Between the Lines." Why had great writers been so concerned with style? Perhaps the key lay in this statement: "The human heart with its imagination cannot be satisfied by bald statement of facts delivered on the printed page as messages are spoken on the telephone. There is a craving for beauty in humanity, a craving too easily and too often met by gaudy rhetoric and vain repetitions."

The October meeting will be devoted to "Style in Writing," Mrs. Hill introducing the subject and briefly reviewing some of the most helpful books. The November meeting will be more specific, with an address on "Descriptive Writing," by A. Calhoun. At the December meeting R. B. Forsyth will discuss the craftsmanship of the short story, and Mrs. E. B. Price the technique of the feature article. In January the Poetry Group will take charge, with Mrs. Elaine Catley as chief speaker. In February, when the full weight of winter's monotony is pressing upon many, the writers will take a trip to the land of laughter, and with Miss Winifred Tims as leader will survey the art of the humorous story. In March the threads are gathered up. "Words are the units of composition, the only currency in which we can exchange thoughts even with ourselves." Mrs. McClung will therefore speak on "The Way of Words."

April will bring the session to a close with the annual meeting.

Winnipeg

Professor A. W. Crawford, now leaving Winnipeg after 21 years' lecturing at the University, was the guest of honor on Sept. 12th at a luncheon given by this Branch in the Hudson's Bay Dining Room. Representatives of the Dickens' Fellowship, the English and Science Faculties of the University, and the Manitoba Teachers' Federation, were invited also as guests.

The President, E. K. Marshall, said that Dr. Crawford had never spared himself; in fact very few parts of the Province had not heard him as University Extension Lecturer. Dr. Crawford was Past President of this Branch, and was much devoted to its work. As a writer of many books and articles, he had a keen appreciation of the writer's art. In all his work he was sustained by very high ideals and was never carried away by the passing whims of the hour.

Chas. Yule, President of the Dickens' Fellowship, referred warmly to the valuable work of Dr. Crawford for that body.

Professor W. T. Allison, for the English Faculty of the University said that the Course in English was one of the best to be found anywhere and was largely the work of Dr. Crawford. He began his lectures in Manitoba with three students. Today over one thousand were taking the course.

Professor Frank Allen spoke for the Science Faculty, and Mrs. Lilian Thomas, Vice-President of the Branch, spoke warmly of the part played by Mrs. Crawford. C. W. Laidlaw, Past President of the Teachers' Federation, bore tribute to the great influence of Dr. Crawford in the molding of the thought of the teachers of the Province.

Dr. Crawford said he was sorry to part with his friends and his work, but he had to bow to the inevitable. He would always have very warm memories of his work in Manitoba.

Dr. and Mrs. Crawford intend to take up residence in Hamilton, Ontario.

* * *

Toronto

The Toronto Branch opened its series of monthly meetings at the Heliconian Club on Saturday Oct. 11, when delegates to Mont-

real Convention told those who had to stay at home how much they had missed. Members who had enjoyed literary contacts during the holidays passed on some of the pleasure they had derived therefrom.

From the neatly printed programme of the session we gather that on Nov. 8 Prof. Chester New will speak on "The Making of a Biography," and Arthur Heming on "The Story of an Art Colony." On Dec. 13 Mrs. Bertha Green and Miss G. C. M. White speak on "The Search for Material." On Jan. 10th some of the younger poets read selections from their work, of which Prof. Pelham Edgar is to give a critical estimate. Then follow: Feb. 14, Dr. Lorne Pierce on "Unexplored Fields of Canadian Literature," and readings by L. M. Montgomery from her own work. March 14, Prof. G. M. Wrong, "Canadian Historical Writing," and readings by Mrs. M. J. Benson from her own work. April 11, "Short Stories," by H. Napier Moore, "The Story of Canadian Art," by E. Wyly Grier, P. R. C. A. May 8 Annual Dinner and Elections.

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Montreal

On Sept. 8th this Branch had its first meeting of the season, in the Vice-regal Suite of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. Leslie Gordon Barnard inaugurated his presidency with a brief address, and welcomed the guest of the evening, "Ralph Connor," who, as the Rev. Dr. Gordon, was preaching for several Sundays at the American Presbyterian Church. Dr. Gordon, with many autobiographical illustrations, spoke on "The Making of a Book."

On Monday the 30th, G. K. Chesterton, who had just arrived from England and was to lecture that night, for Loyola College, was the guest of the Branch Executive at tea in the Ritz-Carlton. He was accompanied by Mrs. Chesterton.

The Poetry Group met on Oct. 4 in the home of Mrs. Martyn Pasmore, H. Wyatt Johnston presiding. Each member read a short original poem. Several members of the National Executive were present, — Dr. Lighthall, Dr. Pelham Edgar, Dr. C. Marius Barbeau, John M. Elson, Leslie Barnard and Howard Kennedy. Dr. Edgar read some typical passages from the very remarkable work of Audrey Brown, the young and hitherto unknown poet who has blossomed unseen on Vancouver Island.

Miss Ethel Boyd is the new Treasurer at Calgary, succeeding W. S. McDonald, who has moved to Ottawa.

C. C. Charters succeeds Miss Helen Cautley—another migrant to Ottawa—as Secretary-Treasurer of the Edmonton Branch.

It is Reported THAT

—the annual meeting of the League of Western Writers was held on Sept. 20th., when is was decided to form the First Canadian Chapter. In drawing up the Constitution, the following preamble was placed on file:

"Wheras there now exists the Canadian Authors Association, of which we as Canadians are justly proud, which Association has done and is doing splended work for our Canadian writers; and wheras there also exists the League of Western Writers, which American League embraces writers of British Columbia, and is striving to help them; it is now resolved that a Chapter of the said League be formed in Victoria, to supplement, to work in harmony with, and to assist wherever possible the work of the C. A. A."

—a tablet commenorating the 200th. anniversary of the meeting on Oct. 21, 1792 of Captain George Vancouver, with the Spaniards, was commemorated by the erection of a bronze tablet on a cabin on Marine Drive, rear of the University of British Columbia, the tablet bearing the inscription: "It was dawn for Britain and twilight for Spain."

—Dr. E. A. Hardy, addressing the convention of High Scool Editors, at Convocation Hall, University of Toronto, on Oct. 25th., quoted a prominent advertiser as saying that poetical contributions to a magazine gave it a higher value as an advertising medium because, if it contained verse, it was not so likely to be thrown away after being read. —Mr. Arthur Lismer, principal of the Ontario College of Art, told of the place of art in the high school magazine, and Prof. J. D. Robins of Victoria College spoke of the short story from the standpoint of the high school editor. Clarke E. Locke, dealt with the problem of magazine advertising.

—George Herbert Thring will address the Canadian Authors Association (Toronto Branch) on Nov. 8th. Mr. Thring holds a unique position in the literary life of Britain. For nearly 40 years he was the leading spirit in the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwright and Composers, of which Sir James Barrie is now the president. He was associated, in his capacity of secretary, with Thomas Hardy whom Sir James Barrie succeeded. He is an authority on English literature and drama and is in America at the invitation of the Dramatists' Guild, New York.

Historian Critic

Mgr. Camille Roy

FOR thirty years Mgr. Camille Roy, Ph. D., LL. D., Litt. D., has been a professor in Laval University and the Seminary of Quebec, the oldest eductional institution on the continent. Since 1902, when he assisted in the founding of La Societe du Parler francais au Canada, Mgr. Roy has been the leading mentor in the literary renaissance of Quebec. Motivated by a desire to rediscover the felicities of French language and literature, and to preserve those beauties in the growing literature of Quebec, he proceeded to fulfil his avocation as historian and critic. These duties were not divorced from those of the priesthood, for he sought, first of all, to isolate those ideas which had already given significance to the French literature of his native province, and discovered them in the pious associations of the altar, the felicities of the hearth, the social amenities of the parish, and the manners and custums which were handed down from the first settlers from the Old World. Those books, either prose or verse, which enshrined these ideals and traditions with the finest grace, he placed in the pantheon of the young nation's letters. Stressing the significance of content, and ever summoning the new writers to a remembrance of the supreme felicity of the French masters, he proceeded to write those multiplying books which have laid the foundation of literary history in Quebec.

A mere list of his publications would exceed the limits of this review, suffice it to say, that those who desire to know the writers of Quebec in the French tongue must go again and again to his critical works. Those who are familiar with his **La critique litteraire au dix-neuvieme siecle** know how he has followed Brunetiere and others of his chosen masters, in every book, from **Essais sur la Litterature Canadienne** (1907) to his latest work this year. The Church has raised him to the purple for his ecclesiastical services; he has been crowned by the Academie Francaise, and made Officier de la Legion d'Honneur; several Canadian universities have honoured him, while the Royal Society of Canada elected him President, and bestowed upon him the Lorne Pierce Medal for his outstanding contribution to Canadian literature.

Historie de la Litterature Canadienne is an expansion of his little **Manuel** (132 pp.), which first appeared in 1918 and passed through several editions. It is the first history of Canadian Literature in French, covering both French and Anglo-Canadian writers, and constitutes one of the finest gestures toward the **bonne entente** in our literature. Into 310 pages Mgr. Roy compresses the story of our native literature. One misses the fine swing of his noble prose style in these condensed pages, but the discriminating critic is there, wisely selecting, laying his finger on the strength and weakness of each, and naming their most representative works. One will have to turn to his longer critical essays, to his full-dress studies and orations, for the stylist; here he offers a road man to the student, the main highways, the chief sources of interest, what is apt to endure for awhile and what will probably not, with suggestions for further exploration. The book is enhanced by brief biographical sketches, and many photographs. Anyone interested in the literature of Canada, from the dim beginnings down to this present year, will find in Mgr. Roy's timely, helpful vade mecum, the guide, philosopher and friend he desires.

Histoire de la Litterature Canadienne by Monseigneur Camille Roy. L'Action Sociale, Quebec, 1930.

Prosperity Street. A novel by Barnaby Brook. Toronto: Thomas Allen $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN W. GARVIN

THE STORY opens with a description of Prosperity Street, a poor locality in a northern industrial town in England, and the introduction of the Gallus family, who kept a board and lodging house, and their guests. To this house and home with its affectionate warmth of hospitality, came Frank Peyton, a yong writer of ability who had just been appointed a member of the staff of the "Headley Chronicle." He and a capable young business man in a few months get control of the newspaper, and transform it into a modern journal with editorial and financial success .. In a few years Peyton meets Florence Bowden, the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer, and love and marriage and political success follow.

A number of the characterizations are exceptionally good. Fat Mrs. Gallus has a heart as big as her body and her conversational monologues are a delight. Here is an example. Joan had suggested that her daughter Marion Mary should learn dressmaking, and Mrs. Gallus said:

"I wouldn't mind, me being a bit of a dressmaker meself, this very working dress being made from a remnant that I picked up from Miss Prim only last week, only it was an awkward length and the stripes have to go round me the wrong way, it being what you might call fatal for a plump figure to have anything but ups and downs in a pattern, not, of course, that it matters in the house where there's only us to see each other .."

"Listen, Ma. Suppose I found a place for Marion Mary and she got say, three shillings a week, wouldn't it be a good plan to get a girl in to help you with the work?" Looking somewhat doubtful, Ma replied;

"What sort of girl, I don't want any 'ussies 'anging about Pa, I had enough of that, my dear, with the red-haired singing soubrette he once engaged, singing soubrette she called herself, simpering 'ussy I called her, not that Pa wanted her and her airs and graces, he has his faults but he's always been fond of his own old woman, Pa has, bless him, only I don't believe in having temptation hanging about the house, men being what they are, and girls being, as I've said before, no better than they ought to be, youth being frivolous, as you might say .."

Years before, Pa and Ma Gallus had belonged to the theatrical profession, and Pa's bits of dialogue, with his quotations and absurd affectations, are deliciously humorous.

"Oh, God!" said Pa Gallus in a voice of such profound despair that we jumped round to look at him. Having caught our eyes he continued, "Oh, God! that bread should be so dear and human lives so cheap." He replaced the agonized frown that disfigured him by a cheery smile; "Tom Hood," he explained brightly. Mrs. Gallus went off in one of her peals of easy laughter.

"I thought it was the colic," she said. "You shouldn't startle people like that, Pa, supposin' Mr. Paynim had a weak heart, he might have collapsed where he sits."

"Five shillings a week—for a young girl's body and soul. Aspasia Winterbottom, that delicate flower, handing people parcels. There is something rotten in the state of Denmark. A prettier child you never saw—except perhaps, Marion Mary as an infant—and now.."

The incidents and characterizations relate in time to the 1890's and to the early years of this century, and have at times a quaint flavor of the past.

* * *

Town Hall Tonight. By Walter McRaye, with an Introduction by Dr. Lorne Pierce. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. $2.00.

Reviewed by JOHN W. GARVIN

CANADIAN LITERATURE has been enriched recently, by several valuable books of reminiscence. Those by Sir John Willison, Hector Charlesworth and J. W. L. Forster have been of particular interest to many, and this year we are favored with the reminiscences of Walter McRaye, long and popularly known as a public entertainer.

McRaye will always be associated in thought and in the written word with Pauline Johnson, for they were constant companions in recital work, in Canada, United States and England, for a period of eight years (1901—'09); and it was her affection for him that inspired her last poem.

To Walter McRaye

This to the friend I love, who up life's trail
Rode side by side with me through gallant days
And who yet journeys near, that I may hail
Him as he passes through the old byways.

This to the friend who loves me, who would fain
Halt me from mounting for my lonely ride,
Who would give vast possessions to detain
Me on the range this side The Great Divide.

* * * *

But I shall pledge you in this stirrup cup
Before I ride into the far sunset —
I shall not fail you at the Great Round Up
O! friend of mine, who never failed me yet.

Fortunate indeed is the man who received such a tribute from Pauline Johnson, as she lay dying of cancer. McRaye was with her in her last moments. "East and West with Pauline Johnson" covers 32 pages of the book, and many of the details given are of surprising interest. Here are a few:

Pauline received from "Saturdag Night" for her most popular poem, "The Song My Paddle Sings," a cheque for $3. At the same time she

had mailed a copy of the poem to "The Youth's Companion." The latter accepted it also and sent her a cheque for $50., which she had to return .. "Rod and Gun" paid 70 cents for "The Train Dogs." This she promptly returned with a letter expressing her regret at their apparent poverty. This poem was offered to "Outing" and refused. Two years later it appeared as the frontispiece in the same journal with the name of another Canadian writer as author. The latter received $25. Exposure soon followed, but the money, we are told, was not returned. During her lifetime, Miss Johnson's income from her poems did not exceed $500. What a pitiable return for such talent! But Canadians showed warmer appreciation of her public recitals, which somewhat relieves our feelings.

The author's chapter on 'Canadian Literature' is comprehensive, pointed and timely. However, the Canadian Authors Association, in recent years, has done much to foster a wider and more intensive appreciation of our literature. And now, generally speaking, our institutions of learning are giving to this desired end, a fair measure af assistance. There is only one way of developing a great national literature and that is by encouraging native writers of talent. And such encouragement must take the form of financial support .. Major John Richardson, author of "Wacousta" and other works of merit, the first Canadian novelist to win international fame, died of starvation; and had it not been for a quarterly allowance sent regularly by an uncle in the Royal Navy, the brilliant Isabella Valancy Crawford might have had a similar fate. Pauline Johnson got $3. for "The Song My Paddle Sings," but Miss Crawford rarely received more than $2. for a poem. Reference is made, among a number of such, to Dr. Drummond's failure to get a publisher in Canada for "The Habitant." In this connection let me disclose some information, probably never before made public. In 1905 Dr. Drummond wrote me a letter, in which he told me that before the Putnams of New York would undertake to print and market the book, it was necessary for the author to put up $2000. in cash, as a guarantee to them against loss.

There isn't a chapter in McRaye's book that isn't interesting and instructive.

Jimmie Dale and the Blue Envelope Murder. By Frank L. Packard. Toronto: Doubleday Doran & Gundy, Limited. $1.00

THE JIMMIE DALE crime and detective stories, in which a prominent young society man of New York acts the part of the "Grey Seal, the Philanthropic Crook," in several disguises, well-known in the underworld, must take high rank it seems to me, among the best of that kind of fiction. The characterizations, the dialogues, the original plots and the many exciting situations are invariably so good as to sustain throughout quite intense interest.

Jimmie Dale and Marie LaSalle (alias the old hag, Mother Margot) are to be married in a month's time, when things happen which necessitate the reappearance of Mother Margot and Larry the Bat (the Grey Seal). Marie is in Paris, ready to return to New York to complete arrangements for her marriage when she learns incidentally that a diamond smuggling crime involving a half million in value is being committed, which endangers the life of their groomsman, an innocent man. She returns secretly to New York, and in the old way, by a letter, warns Jimmie Dale.. A blue envelope is the pivot of the story. The Grey Seal does his part with his usual skill, but the unforseen happens and their friend is murdered, with the Grey Seal execrated by the public as the murderer. How Larry the Bat, and Mother Margot prove his innocence and bring the criminals to the electric chair, is absorbing in its ingenuity and cleverness, and makes this Jimmie Dale story probably the best of the series.

Miss Mole. A novel by E. H. Young, author of "William." London and Toronto: Jonathan Cape. $2.00.

Miss Mole is a spinster in middle life "with a most refreshing sense of humour." She and a cousin, Lilla, the latter with wealthy parents, were educated at the same schools until eighteen years of age. But Hannah Mole's parents were poor farmers, and in time she was reduced to such poverty that she had to go out to service. Before this happened, however, she had a love affair with a returned hero from the Great War, which nearly blighted her life....Her rich cousin, now the wife of a wealthy member of a Nonconformist Church, and the most influential woman of the congregation, gets Hannah the position of housekeeper in the home of the Minister, then a widower with

a family. The Rev. Robert Corder's character and that of Miss Mole are the creations of a keenly psyhological and humorous writer of fiction, and will amuse and instruct the reader. Hannah is Mona Lisa to a bright nephew of the Minister, and the name seems applicable. She has much the keenest intellect of all the characters in the book, and she has a poet's love of beauty....But that one mistake with the returned hero(?) is like a sword of Damocles above her head. At last gossip cuts the thread, and disaster seems inevitable. She goes out into a cold rainy world, not knowing where to find a refuge, when a strong man's arms enfold her unexpectedly, and her dreams of wealth and happiness come true....Yes decidedly, I must read "William" anu other novels by this author (a woman I think) for she is talented in construction, characterization and humor, and knows how to write effective English.

J. W. G.

Rossignol Sonnets, by Phil Moore. White Point Beach, N. S., The Rossignol Press, 164 pp.

This is a book that is pleasing to the eye for its binding and good typography but it is also something to be welcomed into any Canadian library for its contents. The first group of poems are under the heading: "The Voice of the Forest." Of these the one which follows, won the American Poetry Society's sonnet contest:

LAKE ROSSIGNOL, NOVA SCOTIA

Aeons before the womb of myth and lore
Conceived that mystic, eagle-plumed god
Called Glooscap on the trails where Micmac trod,
Lake Rossignol caressed its fronded shore.
High singing sea! With smile or frothy roar
You challenge one to dare with reel and rod,
Or wonder did once fishes walk the sod,—
Those protoplasmic denizens of yore.

Unchanged yet ever changing is thy face;
Grey, green or blue, the crinkles in each cove;
The wavelets that with zephyrs run a race
Are tempered by the thunderbolts of Jove.

A troglodite, entombed by urban wall,
Mine ear doth crave the song of rossignol.

THE SUNNE-BEAM STAIRE

Among the most recent Canadian chap-books to come to us is this new collection of poems by Anne Sutherland, whose work is not new to the readers of "The Canadian Bookman." Among the poems is one which had been accepted for publication in this magazine but, through unwarranted delay, the chap-book has appeared before the poem got into print in these columns, so here it is now:

BOOKS

Tonight in this warm, lamplit room,
I was the lady at her loom,
Dreaming of Camelot. And I
Was Cleopatra with a sigh
For my king-lover. I did tell
Most anguished beads for Gabriel.
I was that gypsy maid who drew
A heart's-blood patteran, straight and true!

While you, across the hearth, have fought
Such splendid battles; staked the spot
Where in a royal name you claimed
New lands; with Launcelot's ardour flamed
To knighthood vows; slain mighty foes;
Kept that white guerdon of a rose
Your lady gave; and made a song
Ten thousand years will bear along;
Even, perhaps, have wept and worn
A strange rough crown of plaited thorn!

Now, with the old, old sweet surprise,
We lift each other startled eyes
And smile to find us safe and near—
A happy ending, Oh my dear!

* * *

At the time she submited this poem, Miss Sutherland said that it had been inspired by C. F. Lloyd's essay "On Reading by Winter Firesides," published in the February issue.

Wilhelmina Stitch

Contrary to a belief generally held, "Wilhelmina Stitch" (Mrs. Colles) is not a Canadian. She was born in England but began her active literary career during several years' residence in Winnipeg where she wrote under the name of "Sheila Rand." She gave her famous lecture "Silver Linings" in Toronto, October 30th.

* * *

Can you imagine a laugh on every page of a novel by Knut Hamsun, the author of "Growth of the Soil"? And yet that is precisely what O. E. Rölvaag, author of "Giants in the Earth," says of Hamsun's latest novel, "Vagabonds." Rölvaag, although he is rated as an American novelist, is by birth a countryman of Hamsun's.

Social Self-Identification A Form of Growth

By *Marcus Adeney.*

AN interesting comparison may now be drawn between the materialism of an industrial nineteenth century and the kind of believing it professed to supersede. God, who was All-Good (but whose idea of goodness was to us inscrutable) became a much less intelligible (because less intelligent) Fate; and the fatal complexion of things absolved the individual from social responsibility. After all it is a small step from the belief in a God who provides for sparrows to the idea that each sparrow is a toy of Destiny. A small but momentous step. For with it the light of an overseeing personal consciousness passed from the world, and thereafter civilized men entered upon a stage of grossly individual superstition.

To understand how this happened we must consider the first effects of industrialism on human society. The mass production of universally acknowledged goods made possible a two-way, impersonal exploitation of man. Every under-privileged member of a private-property-owning community desired a higher standard of living. Every profit-making overlord hoped to create and profitably dispose of as many goods as possible. The whole process had about it a convenient air of fatality. By virtue of some blind decree man lived for himself alone. His existence was necessarily one of struggle. Forces sometimes economic but generally personal placed certain individuals above their fellows. This accorded with 'nature' which favored only the strong. Exploitation was natural to everything that lived. Those alone survived who abided by a fatal necessity. Desire ruled all.

Unfortunately for this pleasant view of life there arose inevitable differences of opinion between exploiters and exploited. That difference has led to a cancerous growth on the face of human society, the Class Struggle.

The Class Struggle was possible only on a basis of opposing superstitions. Superstitions grow out of restricted self-interest. They are the half-intelligent formulations of a Good only half-realized; they envisage some real advantage but lead us to brush aside the very conditions by which it may be attained. Because men are still superstitious they build giant engines of destruction, in which other men may ride, in order to preserve their own safety. Because they are superstitious they fear the people of other lands—fear their culture, aspirations, religions practices and folk-ways. The Great War was fought on a basis of opposing superstitions. Millions of men lost their lives; happiness everywhere was turned to misery; superstition alone progressed. For war, which is the supreme folly, creates superstition.

Now, the idea of Fate is a superstition because it allows the individual to seek his own immediate advantage without regard to the more comprehensive good upon which his own welfare really depends. The idea of God was not a superstition, because it recognized the universal nature of Good, the commonality of human interest, the value of the whole as typified by the individual. By means of God the individual attached himself to an idea, something communally held that was greater than himself; by means of Fate he attached ideas to his own inadequate self and was so driven to bravado and rationalization.

Fate may have meant self-preservation to the man with a Christian heritage who found himself at sea in a world of terribly keen industrial competition. But we are no longer reacting against Christianity and the nature of industrial competition has profoundly altered (see Walter Lippman's Preface to Morals.) The individual man may now be considered not merely as a thing to be exploited or a sort of minor god who can bestow favors, but as a fellow-participant in a certain social order.

In fact we are now ready to transcend both the idea of God and the idea of Fate, to enter upon what might be termed the Second Period of Enlightenment—a time of mastery rather than of redemption, of universal concepts rather than of national ideals, of intellectual skepticism (the only possible way to genuine self-effacement) and emotional good faith.

This new development will, of course, affect the masses and the lesser leaders of the masses (in finance, business, politics, education, religion) only indirectly. No change ever takes place normally among those in whose hands the machinery of human affairs actually rests. Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and to amplify the scope of doing. True developments are to these people only disturbances, dangerous, absurd or merely irrelevant. If they are kind they say to the divinely-appointed instrument of human progress, be he Christ or some obscure journalist: what does it matter? If fear overcomes kindness (which is the most superficial of all our attributes) they crucify him according to custom.

Yet the new grows up within the mechanized shell of life which is all that humanity as a whole can comprehend. Its form is that of the individual, the advanced type of man. Every generation gives birth to innumerable men of potential greatness. Every generation successfully stamps out most of its creative fires. But the few survive and join hands, sometimes in a wholly unconscious community of shared ideals, and live effectively. These are the Chosen of the Lord, the unique embodiment, in fleshly form, of the creative idea. These have given

the unthinking, ungrateful and greedy masses all the advantages of civilization. These have created finance out of robbery, business out of barter, politics out of Absolute Privilege, education out of superstition, religion out of magic. These have somehow prevailed everywhere, prevailed even upon the cross; because a tiny spark of their white flame lives in every man and secretly identifies him with the cause he is most anxious to repudiate.

This individual fire, this peculiar, personal and incomparable kind of excellence, which has always characterized the great among men, must be identified with a kind of transcendental socialism. As we have mastered the elements, harnessed power, broken down physical resistances, so may we prepare a way for ourselves to live, here on earth. The problem in its initial stages is an individual one; later on it becomes social just like every other problem. No man can be happy alone; the well-being of one depends on the well-being of a group; in our interrelated world there are no known limits to the size of the group whose welfare is directly connected with our own. This the prophetic mind of the future will realize; this fiery message he will convincingly impart, and all the forces of a scientifically trained world will sooner or later be placed at his disposal: **You are one and indivisible. The community is as vast and as small as the world. The individual is responsible for the whole, the whole is responsible for the individual. Each man, within himself, is complete, the sum of all humanity, the sole justification of all society. His needs, however, are the needs of all. His happiness is the happiness of all; his knowledge, power, health, love, glory, exist only in so far as they are shared. For there is in nature no absolute possession, no absolute identity, no absolute good, save that which is representatively labored for, perfected, held.**

This will be, in substance, the scientific transcendentalism of the future, fruit of the union of experimental science with a transcendental humanism. Towards this consummation, which may only be a step on the way to further consummations, all that is good in our present communal lives will contribute. Our Christianity and our Judaism, our Theosophy and our Spiritualism, our Patriotism and our Internationalism. For by transcending ourselves in the service of any cause we qualify for the truly representative living which will some day be looked on as only normal. As individuals we find it hard to appraise the ultimate worth to humanity of any cause; it is easier to have faith; but the time will come when the same impartial scrutiny that is now applied to stones, machinery and the stars, will be turned upon human affairs. No longer will men of goodwill be set like mad dogs confusedly at each other's throats. No longer will the Good Cause conflict with someone else's Good Cause. At that time, in a truly orderly world, the appropriate and joyful labor of man will begin. And, gentlemen, we should not even then flatter ourselves, for that would only be the beginning, the lowest rung of a marvellous ladder of life already perceptible to far-seeing men in every land.

About Authors

One of the most entertaining chapters in Hamlin Garland's "Roadside Meetings" tells of the English writers whose friendship he enjoyed. He lunched at Bernard Shaw's home, showed Conan Doyle how an American throws a baseball, met Hall Caine, was taken by Zangwill to see Pinero, called on Thomas Hardy in his London apartment, and spent a Sunday with Henry James on the Sussex coast.

But it is chiefly famous Americans of the past and the present generation who throng the pages of this autobiographical story, and as most of them are presented in mufti it is a human and entertaining book.

J. B. Priestley, whose new novel, "Angel Pavement," has just been published, will not be able to visit America this month as he had planned. The birth of a daughter on the same day that "Angel Pavement" was published in London and the preparations for producing "The Good Companions" as a musical comedy in November made it necessary for him to postpone his visit.

Lines

By Ruth L. Bauer

I looked along my neighbor's line
And it was not at all like mine.
On hers there hung such tender things
As fragile as a fairy's wings
And here and there to catch the wind
A tiny colored frock was pinned,
And saucy socks all in a row
Kicked up their heels, and then bowed low
While bright hued panties danced and skipped
As if they loved the wind that flipped
Them up and down upon its breeze
But—many line hasn't things like these.

On my line, all in ordered rows
To catch the salf-same wind that blows
Are snowy linens hung with care
And side by side with haughty air
Hang garments of the latest style,
A man's smart shirts, but all the while
I'm lured by little fragile things
That look as soft as fairy's wings,
And in my heart the old hope stirs
That my things might be more like her's
I'm jealous of my neighbor's line
I wonder—if she envies mine!

WORKS OF CONGREVE

Edited by *F. W. BATESON*
Author of
"Eighteenth Century Comedy," etc.

That there is no definitive edition of our greatest comic dramatist is a serious matter; this deficiency the present editor is very well qualified to remedy. Mr. F. W. Bateson's book on eighteenth century comic drama has been acclaimed the standard book on the subject, and his articles recently appearing in the "Times Literary Supplement," on the text of Sheridan, show Mr. Bateson to be a very competent scholar.

The texts followed in this edition are those, with certain reservations, of the "Works of Mr. William Congreve," an edition published by Tonson in 1710, and described by Congreve himself as "the least faulty impression which has yet been printed, in which care has been taken both to revise the press and to review and correct many passages in the writing." The later eighteenth century collections, and all modern editions of the plays, except Mr. Montague Summer's (who reprints the first editions), are simply more or less inaccurate reproductions of this edition. The third edition of the "Works" (1719), in spite of the title-page's "Revised by the author," is identical with the first, except for the inclusion of two poems," "An Impossible Thing" and "The Peasant in Search of his Heifer," not in the earlier editions.

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"The extraordinary story of love, passion, and intrigue revealed in Signor Brunelli's volume, a story which might indeed, have furnished material for Vanity Fair had Vanity Fair been written in the eighteenth century...Besides their sentimental interest, these documents provide rich material for reconstructing the social and amorous life and the complicated psychology of an adventuress of the eighteenth century."
Times Literary Supplement.

"This book is as enjoyable to read as it is to handle, and one cannot say more. It is a biography of that 'Mlle X. C. V.' who occurs in Casanova's account of his second visit to Paris.... The extraordinary thing about Casanova is that, the more evidence comes to light, the more we are compelled to admit that he seems to have spoken the truth."
—"Sphere."

$2.00

musson, toronto.

Canadian Verse for Boys and Girls. Edited by John W. Garvin (N) $2.00.

One of the most interesting Canadian books of the season, of special interest in connection with Canadian Book Week about to open is this handsomely bound and illustrated book of over 200 pages which is bound to be a favorite for Christmas-giving this year. In his foreword the compiler says "It has been a pleasure to make this selection entirely from Canadian verse. Canada has reason to be proud of her poets, for they have reached a high plane of excellence, and the time has come when they should have more extensive and general recognition in our schools and homes."

* * *

Frank Harris is writing a biography of George Bernard Shaw.

* * *

"Andree the Record of a Tragic Adventure," just published, contains the full story of the inception and aftermath of Andree's adventure.

Writing for Profit. By Donald Wilhelm (McGraw-Hill.) $3.00.

A helpful book for amateur writers which covers very nearly every type of literary work: newspaper, magazine and syndicate articles, interviewing, publicity work and advertising, what editors want in verse and fiction, motion picture and talking scenarios, and writing for the radio. The book should rouse endless gratitude in young workers and those who live out of touch with publishing centers.

* * *

The Memoirs of Harriette Wilson with an introduction by James Laver (Mus.) $2.50.

This is a complete one-volume library edition (671 pp.) of the entertaining indiscretions of the celebrated Regency courtesan hitherto only obtainable in expensive editions. There is a colored jacket design by Vera Willoughby.

New-Season Novels

NOTE THE AUTHORS' NAMES

OVER THE HILLS
Jeffery Farnol

In the stirring period of the Jacobite uprising is set the stage for the newest Farnol tale. If you liked the others you will surely like this one. $2.00

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This, the finest Wright novel in three years, is of a type to please the multitudinous Harold Bell Wright admirers. $2.00

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Said to be the best story of the north since the days of Jack London, this is one of the stirring yarns af the season, done with all the Cullum characteristics. $2.00

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HAVANA BOUND
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A romance of the Atlantic with mystery, adventure and thrill running all through its plot. $2.50

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Wallace breaks out again in one of those remarkable mystery stories which make him perhaps the world's best-selling author. $2.00

THE FIRE WITHIN
George Gibbs

Against the background of modern life on the outskirts of a great city Mr. Gibbs builds the drama of two folk who faced a difficult problem and won through to spiritual happiness. $2.50

THE RYERSON PRESS

Canada's Pioneer Publishers, Toronto

THE WRITER'S CORNER

Conducted by Donald G. French.

A NOVEL IN OUTLINE.

Many would-be novelists are under the impression that all that it is necessary for them to do is to submit the outline of the wonderful plot of their novel and the publisher will know immediately that it will be a best-seller; others have the idea that, if a few preliminary chapters are shown and an outline given of the remainder of the story, the publisher can advice them whether or not it will be worth their while to go on and complete the story. They do not wish to spend time finishing it if it does not stand a chance of acceptance. Again there is the writer who will cheerfully tell you that the first four or five or six or ten chapters are, of course, only the beginning of the story—it will be much better further along. Of course it is quite true that there are novels upon which the experienced publisher's reader can pass judgment with a clear conscience after reading the first page—or sooner; but these are not manuscripts submitted by the readers of the *"Canadian Bookman."* Even, however, with the better type of manuscripts, remember that the publisher wants to see the *finished product.* Many a novel starts off bravely but "falls by the wayside." Therefore, before asking any publisher for an opinion, first write your novel in its entirety—then revise it until you feel that you have done the very best you know how. After that it will be time enough to submit it to the publisher.

The Newspaper Attitude

The newspaper gives us the news from day to day. It speculates to-day on what may happen to-morrow. Two weeks from now it may be giving information about a certain topic and contradicting what it has been saying to-day. Newspaper information is never complete. An informative book is just the opposite. Now I don't mean that there may be no new information which will make statements in the book incorrect, but I do mean that the information must be complete at the time the book is published—there must be no loose ends. Perhaps this can best be explained by an example. Suppose you are writing on the economic situation in Canada. Of what use is it to say, prior to the assembling of the parliament: "If Mr. Bennett does so and so, then there will be such and such a result." To do this is to put your book in the same class as the newspaper. Before your book can be printed. Mr. Bennett may have done something entirely different and your book is "out of date." You can, of course, discuss all sorts of policies and possibilities, but you must do it with an attitude of finality at the time of the issue of your book. You cannot recall your book and explain that something quite different had happened from what you had expected, while the daily paper can discuss any subject from a new angle and with new situations the very next day. A book, to a certain degree, is permanent and not ephemeral and should not be written with a newspaper attitude of mind.

Three Copies of Your Book manuscript

You have been advised again and again to keep a carbon copy of every manuscript you send out. In the case of book manuscripts, it is best to have TWO carbon copies made, especially if illustrations are required or even if the book is to have an illustrated jacket. The reason is this: then you can keep one copy for yourself in case of any reference to be made to it during the process of manufacture;

the publisher has one copy which he can send out to the artist who is to do the illustrations, jacket, etc.; he has one copy to send to the printer so that the type-setting may be proceeded with.

Again and once more again

Books to be sold for the Christmas trade should be arranged for at the beginning of the year. The complete copy should be in the hands of the publisher by early spring. There are many matters to consider in connection with the publication of a book other than the mere mechanical process of printing it. Publishers' catalogues of fall books are in the process of preparation in June and are completed by the beginning of August when the publishers' travellers start out on their trips to take orders for what books for Christmas selling they have not already sold on their spring trip.

* * *

From A Reader's Note Book

That there is nothing new under the sun is a truism; but to find an example of modern verse in old Japanese is worth recording. In his **Exotics and Retrospects**, Lafacadio Hearn states: "A fact noteworthy in relation is that the first poem written in Japanese in measure **bokku** by the famous Basho was about frogs." Three lines of five, seven, five syllables follow:

Furuike ya
Kawazu tobikomu
Midzu no oto.

translated: Old pond
Frogs jumping in
Sound of water.

In regard to this sort of shortland poetry the translator says: "The use of the word kawasu for the modern name kajika or singing frog indicates its antiquity."

* * *

Several important documents, bearing on the early struggles of the United Empire Loyalists in Nova Scotia, have been recently added to the wealth of historical material in the Dominion Archives at Ottawa. They comprise the Nova Scotia loyalists' memorial to the King and three constructive letters, and with them is the first banner of he loyalists. The memorial, which is couched in the rich language of ancient officialdom and is inscribed in most meticulous handwriting, invites the compassion of King George III. For those of his subjects who remained loyal to the British crown during the American war of independence and were compelled to abandon their possessions when they came north to Nova Scotia, and petitions for assistance to enable them to make new homes for themselves. The banner takes the form of a shield, which bears the word "Resurgam," and contains various symbols suggestive of heraldry.

* * *

The appointment is announced of William A. Slade, chief biobliographer of the Library of Congress, as chief librarian of the Folger Shakespeare Memorial in Washington, which will house the famous Shakespeariana collection of the late Henry Clay Folger. This collection contains more htan 20,000 volumes of Shakespeariana interest, in addition to much of the rarest Elizabethan literature in the world. Mr. Folger, who died last June, had pursued the hobby of book collecting for more than fifty years.

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A NEW HIGH RECORD

Three Book Clubs have chosen Two Irwin & Gordon books for November, thus making a publishing record:

SUCCESS by Lion Feuchtwanger is the choice of the Literary Guild.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER by Major F. Yeats-Brown has been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Eaton Book Club.

OTHER
NEW AND INTERESTING BOOKS

THE SEAS BETWEEN by George Blake
A study of the effect on a boy's mind of the social shames he is called to endure through the sins of his father. The scene is set partly in a Scottish seaport and partly in the West-Indies. $2.00

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"As compared with what are called 'war-books' this has several great advantages....But it is especially novel and excellent, because, in a sense, it isn't a 'war-book' at all."
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SUCCESS

This is Lion Feuchtwanger's first modern novel. The scene is post-war Munich, a city isolated in its customs and intrigues, seething with a thousand corruptions and plots, cosmopolitan in its sophistications yet as provincial as any small town.

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By Lion Feuchtwanger $3

SUCCESS

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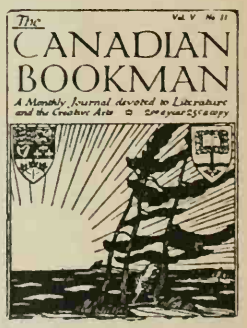

The Token By Edith J. Archibald. (R.P.) $2.00.

This is a delightful story of the Scottish farmer settlers of Cape Breton Island in the sixties of the last century, before the confederation of the Canadian Provinces. The character-drawing of these sturdy exiles is incisive and sure; their stern Calvinism counterbalanced by a sincerity and lovableness; their homely hospitality and their deeply-rooted love of native land, are strikingly portrayed. Sheila Morrison, the heroine, is the beautiful granddaughter of Angus Mac Roy, ruling Elder of the Kirk, unbending in his observance of the tenets of his faith. There is a strong romantic element to the book, which reveals extraordinary talent, and will appeal to all people who appreciate a good story told with sincerity and skill.

The Road from Echo. By Lillian K. Craig. (Page) $2.00.

This is a story of the simple and elemental folk who live far back in the Virginia mountains. It tells of the development of a mountain lad's character, from boyhood to manhood, and his struggle to understand the cruelty and beauty of his environment and to penetrate the veil of ignorance which blinds his people.

Into Dan's life come temptation and romance in the conflicting personalities of sympathetic Jane and ravishing Willow, both as unspoiled as the virgin country in which they live. But it is Dan's mighty thirst for knowledge and his longing to travel down the "road from Echo," in search of something better than he has ever known, that dominate and motivate the plot.

MAN AND HIS UNIVERSE

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

Never before has the story of a man's continuous struggle to adjust his inherited beliefs to the ever changing world of fact been attempted in a popular vein. The colossal scale of the survey, the magnitude of the author's perspective, the immense and penetrating qualities of his mind peering back through the ages, catching from musty and almost forgotten records of past achievements the glimmer of ancient beliefs, tracing the progress of knowledge right down to modern times, make this book one to be placed beside Wells', Durant's and Dorsey's great works on mankind. To those seeking enlightenment on the world as the best minds are discovering it and in the past have viewed it, this book will prove a long and unending source of satisfaction and delight.

$5.00.

musson, toronto.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM AMERICA

by

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THE COLLECTOR

With reference to the notice which appeared in this department last month of the pamphlet "Frances Brooke: A Canadian Pioneer," by H. R. Morgan, of Brockville, dealing with the author of the first novel ever published with a Canadian setting, namely, "The History of Emily Montague," it no doubt will interest not a few readers to learn that the Scholartis Press, of London, has recently issued in its series of Eighteenth Century Novels a reprint of one of Mrs. Brooke's other novels, this being "Julia Mandeville." A note in the Scholartis Press list for September-December says of this book: "This delightful eighteenth-century novel, entertaining in itself and valuable for the light that it throws on the life of the period, is edited by E. Phillips Poole, who, in addition to a long biographical and critical introduction, adds a biography. The latest but not the least of the series."

The edition of the Scholartis Press reprint of "Julia Mandeville" consists of 560 copies, five of which are signed by the editor.

* * *

A London bookseller has a manuscript which is hardly likely to be sold outside of England. It comprises about thirty-nine pages of vellum, closely but legibly written, and gives a secret account of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots.

The author is thought to have been an agent of Lord Burghley Elizabeth's Lord High Treasurer, either Richard Wigmore or R. Wynkfielde. The manuscript, which is dated three days after the execution, was for Queen Elizabeth's private persusal, and gives a graphic description of the last moments of the ill-fated Queen of Scots.

* * *

A party of six of England's notable university men, comprising the Bodleian Library Commission, under the chairmanship of Sir Henry A. Miers, M. A., D. S., fellow of Magdalen College, are at present touring this continent on an important mission. The Bodleian Library, founded in 1598 as an entension of the Oxford University library by Sir Thomas Bodley and housed partly in buildings which date from the fifteenth century, now finds itself in a serious predicament because of congestion, and it is for the purpose of studying the various methods of library operation in Canada and the U. S. that the Bodelian Library Commission have come out. The party when in Toronto were much interested in the system of the Toronto Public Library, and also the University Library, which latter they found very much a fellow-sufferer with the Bodleian through congestion.

* * *

Canadian collectors and their collections were the subject of a special article in a recent issue of "The London Times," dealing particularly with the Canadiana collection of W. H. Coverdale, president of the Canada Steamship Company, now adorning the halls and walls of the Manoir Richelieu at Murray Bay, Que.

Collecting in the Dominion, according to "The Times," has never been the spectacular pastime it is in the United States, but all great centers in Canada have their enthusiastic collectors. For example, at Montreal two of the most prominent collectors of Canadiana are R. W. Reford and W. C. Pitfield; at Ottawa there is W. H. Millen; at Shediac N. B. there is Dr. Clarence Webster, and at Toronto there is F. G. Venables. The article also mentions that the boardroom of Watt and Watt, stockbrokers at Toronto, is adorned with views of Canada and Canadian subjects, and speaks with high praise of the J. Ross Robertson collection in the Public Library at Toronto.

* * *

A copy of the first illustrated book ever printed in England was recently discovered by George Smith, senior partner of Ellis & Co., the London booksellers. It is the Machlinia "Book of Hours," and its value is placed at 20,000 pounds. It is understood that the British Museum is anxious to purchase the book for the nation, but owing to the recent strain on financial resources this probably will be impossible.

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VOL. XII. TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1930. No. 11.

Who's Who in Canadian Literature
MISS MARSHALL SAUNDERS

BY JOHN MEBOURNE ELSON

Some lives are so full of experiences, accomplishments, stories and colour that no orientation by a biographer is necessary. A mere narration of fact and incident is sufficient to make an engaging character sketch.

That is the case with regard to Miss Marshall Saunders, the most famous woman, in a universal sense, that Canada has yet produced. Her most widely known book, for evidence, has been circulated and read in eleven or twelve different languages. It is an achievement without parallel in this country and with comparatively few parallels in other countries.

When one thinks of celebrated feminine figures in the realm of prose, the names of George Eliot, Charlotte Bronte, Georges Sand, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Anna Sewell and others instinctively come to mind. That is because so much has been written about and around them in books, magazines and periodicals that pour into the Dominion to the number of millions of copies annually from foreign lands. It is easy to pick up a ready-to-hand smattering of information, in this way, about everybody else except your own native creators. It is equally easy to appear broad and cosmopolitan by holding a high brow up over the pretended inferiorities of your domestic citizenship. Fortunately, real merit and attainment always win recognition, sooner or later, despite obstacles! Often it is forced upon the reluctant by the seasoned judgment of a vast public beyond your own borders. This is true, to a large extent, so far as Miss Saunders is concerned, though with her gracious attitude toward humanity, she would be the last to make such a remark.

It is not argued that *Beautiful Joe* is comparable to *Adam Bede* for example, as a solid work of literature. Nor is it laid side by side with many other books that give deeply etched pictures of social periods, people and events. All that is contended, for the purposes of this article, is that Canadians have long been disposed, as a whole, to under estimate, if not to quietly ignore, greatness in their own midst. When a literary work, of whatever kind, goes on selling for thirty-six years and has been read by millions, it has an undeniable claim to classical value in its own particular niche. When the author can add to that creation numerous other books booklets and stories, distinction is correspondingly enlarged.

Not many careers, in any one generation, are crowded with more of what should be interesting and enriching than that of Miss Saunders. She has been like a wandering troubadour or minstrel of olden days, taken in from the world the most it has had to offer and giving out, in turn, to her fellow beings the wealth of a creative mind and of a generous soul.

It is significant that she was born in the period in and around Confederation, a period which is particularly interesting in the whole realm of Canadian literary history for it was then eight of the most outstanding figures of this country in poetry and prose began their lives. They are Sir Gilbert Parker, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, Archibald Lampman, Dr. Bliss Carman, Pauline Johnson, Ralph Connor, Wilfred Campbell and Miss Saunders.

Miss Saunders is descended from the Mayflower pilgrims on both sides of her house. Her great-great-grandfather, Timothy Saunders, emigrated to Nova Scotia from Salem, New Hampshire, as early as 1761. Her father, Rev. Dr. Edward Manning Saunders, was a clergyman of repute, Baptist denomination, in Nova Scotia, and the author of a history of the Maritime Baptists and also of a life of Sir Charles Tupper, a former Prime Minister of Canada.

Her early life was spent in the beautiful Annapolis Valley. When she was six ears of age her father resigned from this, his first pastorate, and moved to Halifax where he took charge of the First Baptist Church there. From him she gained the deep and sound elements of her education, so that when she was four she could read without difficulty books and magazines that were in the house. At eight she began Latin and at fifteen was sent to Edinburgh, Scot. There under the care of Mrs. Blaikie, wife of the late Rev. Dr. Blaikie, well known author, and at one time president of the Free Church College, she continued her studies in a boarding school near the Blaikie home. It is significant that the assistant preacher in the church which the school attended was no less a man than the famous Prof. Henry Drumond, author of that important work *Natural Law In The Spiritual World.*

From Edinburgh, Miss Saunders went to France where she continued her education in the quaint old city of Orleans. Her vacations at that time were spent with Miss Ada Leigh, of England, afterwards wife of the late Archbishop Travers-Lewis of Ontario. Miss Leigh had a wide reputation as a Christian philanthropist. Accompanying Miss Saunders to Orleans was the daughter of Mrs. Blaikie, and it was through the friendship of Miss Leigh for the Blaikie family that the two school girls were enabled to spend their holidays under Miss Leigh's hospitable roof in Paris.

After returning from France to this country, the future Canadian author taught school for several years. Then, yearning to see old lands again, she returned to the other side of the Atlantic and, with her friend, Miss Blaikie, re-visited memorable scenes in Orleans and travelled in other parts of France. In the meantime she had been writing, now and then, articles for newspapers and magazines which were indicative of the type of work she was to do more maturely later on.

Subsequent to this, she came back to America and spent two years in California and one in Ottawa, where she had a brother who became Deputy Minister of Finance, a position he held till his death.

Miss Saunders' first story, written when she was about thirty, was a novelette, entitled *My Spansh Sailor*, the circulation of which was confined to England till a later date when its name was changed to *Her Sailor* and then brought out in Boston.

Shortly after this appeared an announcement which was not only to make an epoch in her whole life but was to give to the world one of its most widely read and popular animal stories. *Black Beauty* the story of a horse by Anna Sewall, was deservedly renowned and captivating. The American Humane Education Society was looking for a piece of writing which would be a companion to this famous work. The prize, in those days considered a very substantial one, was $200, and the judges were to be the distinguished Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Hezekiah Butterworth and Rev. Philip Moxom. The narrative about how fate and fortune played with the manuscript which

Miss Saunders sent in for this competition would be worth reading in itself but sufficient here to say that when the decision was made the young Canadian woman of Nova Scotian birth was the winner. From that date on her fame began to grow, like that of Lord Byron, "overnight." As so often happens with unknown potential literary giants, the manuscript of Miss Saunders, which had gone begging among publishers in Boston, only to be rejected by one after another, fell eventually under the eye of one who saw its possibilities. The result was that in a few years, *Beautiful Joe* had sold to the number of over a million copies. It is still being sold and read in America, Europe, Asia and elsewhere.

Stimulated by this success, Miss Saunders began to keep her pen busy. Next came a booklet from her hand, entitled *Daisy* and then another called *Charles and His Lamb*. Thereafter her literary production kept active. There followed *For The Other Boy's Sake,* a book of short stories; *The House of Armour* which was a novel with the scene laid in the old military and naval town of Halifax, which she knew so well, and then *The King of the Park,* a story of a policeman's pet cat.

The summer of 1897 the young author spent among the French in the western part of Nova Scotia, where lived descendants of the Acadians whose expulsion is so poignantly told by Longfellow in his enduring poem "Evangeline." Many of this people had returned to Acadia from various parts of the world and had established new homes in the then wilderness, along Bay St. Mary. Here their descendants still live by themselves, speaking their own language and preserving fondly their own traditions and customs. Ingratiating herself into the good feelings of these people, Miss Saunders travelled with her mother through the State of Maine, obtaining material for her next story *Deficient Saints*. It is a chronicle of an old French family transplanted to that portion of the Pine Tree State associated with the fortunes of Baron St. Castin. She also took notes for her book *Tilda Jane,* which deals with an orphan.

In December of this same year—1898—she went to California for a second time. Her first winter there, on this occasion, was spent in San Francisco, and then next in Belmont, San Mateo County. The third year she passed in Berkeley, where the State university is located.

While in Berkeley, Miss Saunders revised her earliest effort, *My Spanish Sailor* in order that it might be brought out in America under the new title of *Her Sailor*.

In July of 1902 she sailed for Europe once more, this time with her sister, Miss Rida, who became later the wife of Prof. Clarence King Moore, of the Department of Romantic Literature, University of Rochester. They visited France, Belgium and Germany. After returning home again she started an aviary at her father's house in Halifax. Here she was to gratify in this way a life-long desire to have varieties of the feathered world close to and around her. Some hundreds of birds during the next two or three years passed through her care, the outcome of which was her book *My Pets,* a work, like most of her others, published and circulated in the United States.

Following this experience, she bought a farm af 200 acres in the historic Annapolis Valley, among scenes which she knew and loved so well. Hither she moved her birds and pet animals. At the end of two years, however, she sold the property and removed her pets back to Halifax. As the lure of travel was strong within her, she started forth once more, this time visiting Winnipeg, Vancouver, Prince Rupert, Seattle, Portland and other centres. The year 1909 found her back in Maine, spending six months in Bangor observing student life at the State university there. In 1914, after the death of her mother, she moved with her father and younger sister, Miss Grace, to Toronto from the old home in Halifax. The next winter she spent in Virginia and the one after

that in New York where she wrote *The Wandering Dog,* another of her delightful animal stories.

Miss Saunders is one of those writers who wants to get into the very atmosphere and spirit of a subject, and this is again manifest when it is stated that in 1919 she travelled from Muskoka to Kentucky, studying farm life and pony characteristics in preparation of another book which appeared in 1920 as *Bonnie Prince Fetlar* or the story of a pony and his friends.

The next work was the revision of *Beautiful Joe.* This meant the reduction of wordage in the book by some 25,000 words—no inconsiderable task, as anyone knows who has ever had that rather painful operation to perform on a favorite brain child. She chose a salubrious climate in which to do the job, however, for she and her sister Grace, passed the winter in Florida, while the work was being carried out.

After coming back again to Toronto, she wrote *Jimmy Gold-Coast* which is a narrative of a monkey and his friends. Subsequently she moved to Strathgowan Park, in North Toronto where she and her sister built for themselves an attractive little bungalo overlooking a well-wooded ravine and where natural beauty and wild life lent charm to the environment. Here she has since lived, in the midst of flowers and shrubs that adorn the lawns and cottage. Her cellar, and sometimes one of the sunrooms, is given over to pet birds of which she and her sister, who is equally humane and tender, often have seventy to eighty enjoying their care and affection. And not only do they take a delight in looking after this large feathered brood, but a pet dog and pigeon, displaying almost human intelligence, are always present to welcome callers and friends who visit the Renowned author from all parts of the Continent. Wild birds, too, and homeless or lost dogs and cats may come to her trees or garden and find food and water. She and her sister have even had built a nook under the veranda for toads that come up out of the valley and want habitation.

It was here that her last book, *Ester de Warren,* a novel about the experiences of a girl set in the Victorian period, was written.

In addition to her study and writing, Miss Saunders has spent a busy life helping along good causes in which she is interested, and in speaking and lecturing here and there in Canada and the United States. She is as popular on the platform as her books are with readers. Numerous short articles on animals and birds have appeared, also, from her pen. She received the honorary degree of M. A. from Acadia University, is a member of the Authors League of America; the English-speaking Union, New York; the Esperanto Club, Geneva; the Federated Humane Societies of America; the Aviculture Club, Chicago; the New Jersey Bird Society; a past honorary president of the Toronto branch, Canadian Authors Association, and belongs to several other organizations. A few years ago she was elected a member of the Royal Society of Arts and Commerce, London, Eng., an outstanding distinction for a Canadian.

Her *Beautiful Joe* has gone into so many translations it is difficult to find out about them all, but among those known are Japanese, Chinese, Swedish, German, Czech, French, Turkish, Bulgarian, Spanish, Esperanto, and one of the dialect languages of India. It is also being put into braille for the blind and Burmese is under consideration.

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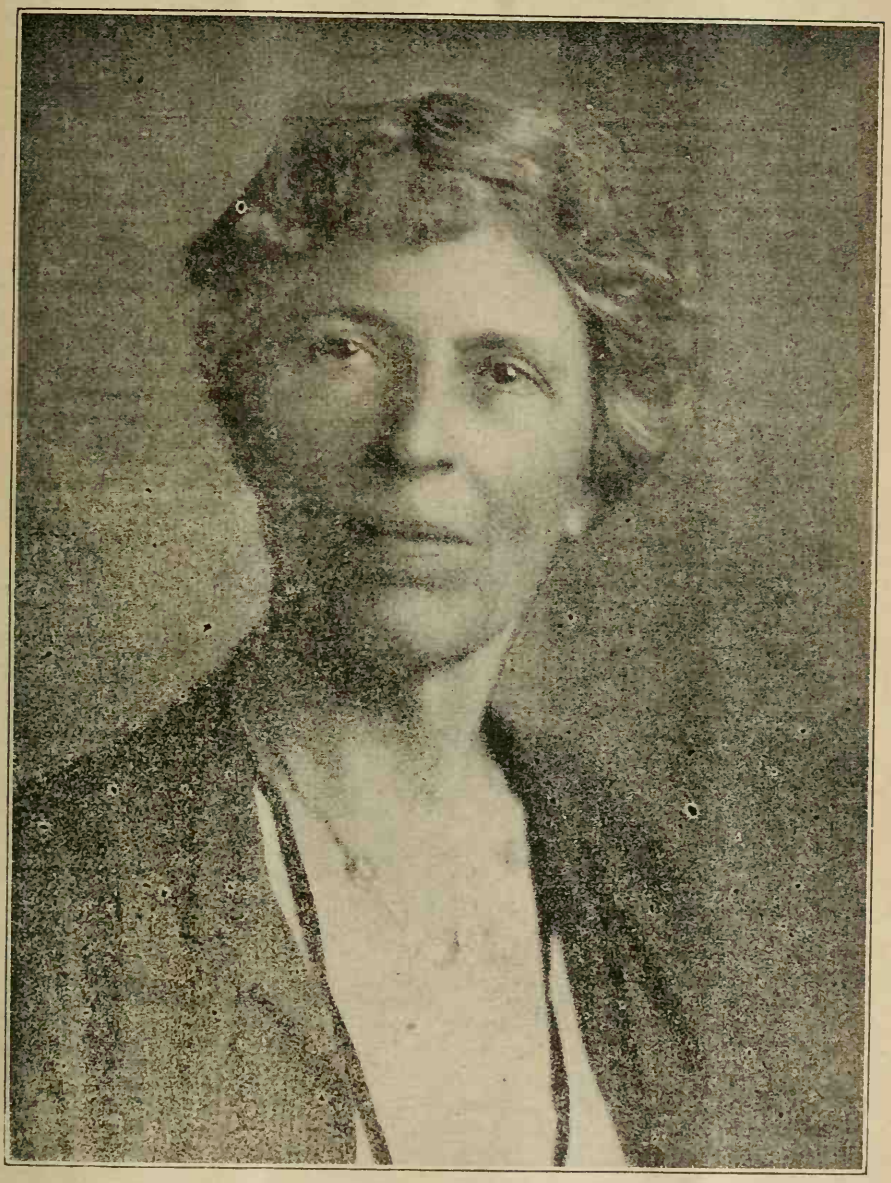
(Continued on page 228)



MISS MARSHALL SAUNDERS

(Continued from page 228)

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Inside Stuff—

In a message from Miss Jessie L. Beattie, a review of whose book of poems "Brown Leaves" appeared in one of this year's issues of "The Canadian Bookman" she expresses keen appreciation of this magazine singling out for special praise the essays of C. F. Lloyd, this poem "Degeneration" and the poems of Alexander Louis Fraser and Constance Davies Woodrow.

It is with pleasure that "The Canadian Bookman" welcomes back into its columns Miss Jean Whitman who is represented with a poem in this issue. Readers will recall the poems by Miss Whitman which appeared in The Canadian Bookman two or three years ago.

It is Reported THAT—

— following an address by Herbert Thring before the Winnipeg Branch of the Canadian Authors Association on the subject of copyright members complained that Canadian publishers were not all treating their authors fairly in the matter of copyright.Mr. Thring advised them to retain their own copyrights instead of selling them to the publishers.

— of the "twenty stories in O'Brien's Best Short Stories of 1930," one by Morley Callaghan is the only one representing Canada, but six other authors are listed in the honor roll at the back of the book as having produced "three-star" stories, and therefore share equally with Callaghan the highest rank, a three-star yarn being equivalent to three-star brandy. The six are Leslie Gordon Barnard, Donald W. Gillingham, Will Ingersoll, Roderick Stuart Kennedy, Raymond Knister and Murtha Thomas.

— L. Adams Beck, (or E. Barrington) has written her publishers from Japan that she has just finished the next book which they are to publish. This one is to be signed by her own maiden name, L. Moresby, as it it based upon her family history. "My family was mixed up with the development of England from the Norman Conquest on and I think it would make a very unique book," she writes. "At least I don't remember one like it. I should bring it down to my own father—a great explorer—and conclude with parts of the correspondence (which he left me in his will) between himself and Lord Fisher who was his oldest friend!"

— a disguised figure appeared at the November 5th meeting of the Ottawa Branch of the Canadian Authors Association as "Gilbert Knox," of "The Land of Afternoon" fame. It turned out to be Lawrence J. Burpee, who later, however, disclaimed identity with "Gilbert Knox." He had acted the part at the request of the executive just to promote the "lark." It is understood that the book was really a collaboration between two Ottawa authors—one a man the other a woman.

— the first prize of $100 in the Christmas card competition conducted by the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire was won by Mrs. C. J. Mitchell, Brantford; second prize, $50 by Madamoiselle Lionell de Bellefrutte, Ottawa and third prize, $25, by Miss Marjorie C. Fitzgibbon, Toronto.

— the executive of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association has well in hand the tentative programme of the National Convention to be held in Toronto next June and that an announcement in this connection will soon be forthcoming.

— the Hamilton Women's Press Club, with members in St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Galt, Kitchener and other Western Ontario cities, has a well-subscribed fund for the forthcoming memorial in honor of Canada's most famous woman journalist—"Kit" (Mrs. Coleman.)

Interesting New Books

Reviewed by JOHN W. GARVIN

The Complete Poems of Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited. $3.00.

It was my privilege to have had as a pupil in her 14th year, 'Bel MacPherson, long known to fame as Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. Before her untimely death in August, 1928, she had published three books of verse, five novels and several dramas, and in each of these branches of literature she won distinction.

In verse for children (see "The Shining Ship") Mrs. Mackay excelled, and in more serious poetry she attained a high degree of excellence. Her western poems such as "The Homesteader", "The Prairie School" and "Calgary Station", have a fine flavor of pioneer life on the Canadian prairies.

From "CALGARY STATION":

Dazzled by sun and drugged by space they wait,
These homeless peoples, at our prairie gate;
Dumb with the awe of those whom fate has hurled,
Breathless, upon the threshold of a world!

From near-horizoned, little lands they come,
From barren country-side and deathly slum,
From bleakest wastes, from lands of aching drouth,
From grape-hung valleys of the smiling South,
From chains and prisons, ay, from horrid fear,
(Mark you the furtive eye, the listening ear!)
And all amazed and silent, scared and shy—
An alien group beneath an alien sky!

* * *

From every land they come to know but one
—The kindly earth that hides them from the sun—
But, in their places, children live, and they
Turn with glad faces to a common day.
Of every land, they too, but one land claim—
The land that gives them place and hope and name—
Canadians, they, and proud and glad to be
A part of Canada's sure destiny!

What if within their hearts deep memories hide
Of lands their fathers grieved for, till they died?
The bitterness is gone and in its stead
New understanding and new hopes are bred,
With wider vision which may show the world
Its cannon dumb, its battle-flags close furled!
—Dreams? We may dream indeed, with heart elate,
While a new nation clamours at our gate!

Mrs. Mackay's love of children colored much of her verse, even in her serious moods. This is illustrated by

THE MOTHER

Last night he lay within my arm,
So small, so warm, a mystery
To which God only held the key—
But mine to keep from fear and harm!

Ah! He was all my own, last night,
With soft, persuasive, baby eyes,
So wondering and yet so wise,
And hands that held my finger tight.

Why was it that he could not stay—
Too rare a gift? Yet who could hold
A treasure with securer fold
Than I, to whom love taught the way?

As with a flood of golden light
The first sun tipped earth's golden rim,
So all my world grew bright with him
And with his going fell the night—

O, God, is there an angel arm
More strong, more tender than the rest?
Lay Thou my baby on his breast,
To keep him safe from fear and harm!

Of the fiction of this author, "Up the Hill and Over" is probably the most popular, but it is not as great as her last novel, "Blencarrow" which is admirably conceived and written. It is the best portrayal of life in an Ontario town, known to me.

All admirers of the late Isabel Ecclestone Mackay will rejoice that her "Complete Poems" have been issued in one volume. It is a book of about 350 pages and is nicely printed and bound. The edition is limited to 536 numbered copies.

The Duel Of The Queens. By E. Barrington (Mrs L. Adams Beck). Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy Limited. $2.00.

In a few years, Mrs. L. Adams Beck, probably the most remarkable woman of this generation, has given the world about twenty memorable books. She began her carreer as a writer while living in Victoria, B. C., and it was reported that she took no personal credit for her literary output, that she was but an instrument used by spirit authors.

During the Great War, I had experimented somewhat with spiritualistic phenomena, along with my friend the late Albert Durrant Watson, and the story of Mrs. Beck's manipulation by spirit authors interested me. So while I was in Victoria in August 1926, I questioned one of her most intimate friends as to the story's veracity. To my surprise she affirmed the truth of it. . . . Be that as it may, we know that Mrs. Beck is a daughter of the late Admiral Moresby who annexed to The British Empire half of New Guinea; and that she is descended from a long line of notable forebears.

As L. Adams Beck, this distinguished writer has given us novels of the Far East in in which Buddhistic mysticism and philosophy are interwoven with a penetrating and comprehensive knowledge of habits and customs. And as E. Barrington, she ranks with the best of present-day historical novelists, whose vivid creative imaginations supply numerous romantic details.

Until I read "The Duel of the Queens" there was no doubt in my mind that "The Divine Lady" was E. Barrington's superlative effort, but I am doubtful now. Her resurrection and re-creation of the life and character of Mary, Queen of Scots, is a supremely great piece of art and reality . . . This beautiful, noble and lovable queen had the misfortune to become a widow at eighteen, while Queen of France, necessitating her return to Scotland to rule over that turbulent nation. She had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and Scotland at the time of her return was controlled religiously, in large measure, by the intolerant Calvinist, John Knox. England, under Henry VIII, had declared for an Anglican Church with the King as its Head instead of the Pope.

France and Spain and other Roman Catholic countries regarded Mary, Queen of Scots, as the rightful heir to the English throne. This aroused Queen Elizabeth and the Protestant Lords of England, and they used bribery, deception and treachery of the meanest kind, it would seem, to defame the character of the Scottish Queen and to bring about her downfall. The contrast between the two Queens is vividly drawn, and the reader has a feeling of shame as the glory of Queen Elizabeth is sadly dimmed.

Queen Mary was naturally loving and trustful and her bastard half-brother, Moray, raised by her to the rank of an earl, took advantage of this and grossly deceived her. It was he who brought about the murder in her very presence, of her clever Italian secretary, Riccio; and later had her stupid and worthless husband, Darnley, the King, done to death, by blowing up the building in which he was lying ill. Darnley had not been loyal to the Queen, but her love of him was such that she forgave him. Think then, of the diabolical cruelty of the slander spread abroad by her enemies that she connived at his murder. This was done to arouse the Scottish people against her.

The rest of the story is painful in the extreme, and must be read to be fully understood. But the sympathy of the reader is entirely with the young Queen ,whose loveliness and charm won so many hearts, and aroused the bitter envy and hatred of Queen Elizabeth . . . The one defect in the book seems to be this: it does not clearly indicate the important historical fact that Protestant England had suffered much persecution under Queen Mary Tudor, and was determined to prevent another Roman Catholic sovereign from coming to the throne. The son of Queen Mary of Scotland was brought up a Protestant and at Queen Elizabeth's death, he, King of Scotland, was enthroned also as King of England.

* * *

The Wanderer: A Narrative Poem By Nathanile A. Benson. Toronto: The Ryerson Poetry Chap-Books. $1.00.

IN 1926, Mr. Benson won the Jardine Memorial Award at the University of Toronto for his poem "Twenty and After." In such a University, with thousands of undergraduates, this was a notable achievement. In March, 1927, "Twenty and After and Other Poems," was published. Since then three other books of verse by the same author have appeared, of which the foregoing is probably the most important.

"The Wanderer" is an autobiographical narrative poem, descriptive of the poet's experiences and observations in love and in travel, and has romantic and psychological interest. In this poem also are grateful appreciations of four of Canada's well-known poets: Roberts, Carman, Pratt and Macdonald.

The lines inspired by Carman's friendship are the most beautiful. After making a reference to Shelley, he says:

"I too have seen a spirit wandering,
Carman, the pagan faun and minstrel, come
Singing from Arcady and Sapphic isles
The sweetest music of our western world.
Kindly and gentle, yet remote from men
As carefree satyrs of the Grecian time,
He was a haunter of that mystic place
Where fade the real and dreamt-of into one,
The borderland of twilight where his race
Danced long ago beneath a phantom sun,
While wanton winds their love were whispering
And dark, unhurrying stars were hanging low,
While nightingales in oaks were lingering
To teach him music of true lyric flow."

Mr. Benson is a poet who takes his singing

talent seriously, maybe too seriously, as the following lines indicate:

"To be a poet is to stand apart,
Midway 'twixt God and Man, and
One has the love of neither; 'tis to be

Heedless of either's thanks, yet ever eager
To sing the beauties manifest in each
That men may grow a little more like gods,
That God may bend a handsbreadth nearer Man.

* * *

These are the poet's family, only these:
The stars, whose infinite light and mystery
Shine as the vestal ideal in his soul
Or as the eyes of loved ones yet unknown;
The rivers and the trees whose music wakes
The unsung anthems in a poet's heart;
The clouds, the single realm where he beholds
The castellated mansions of his dreams,
Kingdoms that never were and cannot be,
The seen fulfillment of his visioning —
And there's the wind—by night he wakes and hears
His unborn children crying in the wind."

* * *

An Abandoned Woman. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. Toronto: Doubleday, Doran & Gundy, Limited. $1.00.

This novelist was unknown to me before I met with this book, but we shall become better acquianted.

O'Brien was born in the middle west, educated at Yale, and is a husband and father. He served in the great War, as a second lieutenant of artillery, and seems to know Paris and the Riviera intimately. At present he is a member of the staff of the "Chicago Daily News," as a literary Editor.

Mrs. Stephen Rountree Hilliard (Joan to her friends), wife of a wealthy broker in Chicago, and a society leader, is the "Abandoned Woman." She is loyal to her husband and two children until the latter are in their 'teens, when she meets again a temperamental talented and rather shiftless portrait painter, whom she had really loved before her marriage. She begins going to afternoon teas and concerts with him, which arouses the mad jealousy of Stephen to such a degree that, in his own house and in the presence of his wife, he knocks down her friend, the artist. This brings the matter to a crisis and she leaves for Europe with her girlhood lover.

Then follows a very interesting study of the relationship of the lovers, of the poverty that beset them, of the unfaithfulness of the artist in due course, of Joan's fearful struggle for existence in London, of her refusal to marry a strong man of wealth who loved her (Stephen had procured a divorce), and of her return finally to Chicago, on learning that he and the children were in need of her.

There is a good lesson in this story for husbands who are immersed in business and sports to the neglect of their wives, and for discontended married woman who are surfeited with too many luxuries.

The Tragedy of the Stuarts By J. Desmond Gleeson. Publisher: Cecil Palmer, 49 Chandos St., London, W.C.2. $2.25.

THE TITLE PAGE contains these two quotations: "History is not only the fittest study, but the only study, and includes all others."—Carlyle. "History is bunk."—Henry Ford.

The older I get, the more history I read, the more inclined I am to agree with Henry Ford. The histories of the past have been much colored by the particular knowledge (or lack of knowledge), and prejudices, racial and religious, of the authors. Much of the history I read and studied in my University days, I have since been forced to discard. Who now accepts the flowing sentences of the Whig, Macaulay, without question? What Liberal or Reformer of the old school in Canada could have written the truth about the regimes of the Sir John A. Macdonald governments? What Royalist could be trusted to do justice to Cromwell, the Protector, and the fanatical Puritans, and vice versa .... The history of the past centuries must be viewed through a long perspective, with broad, highly educated, unprejudiced minds and hearts, to arrive at even an approach to the truth.

The Tragedy of the Stuarts by Mr. Gleeson impresses the reader very favorably. He is fair-minded and has comprehensive knowledge. He is an ardent admirer apparently of the historical writings of Hillaire Belloc.

Because of the frightful crimes committed in the name of Christ, in the 16th and 17th centuries, in the British Isles and throughout Christendom, those are black centuries indeed for present-day historians to interpret with a fair degree of occuracy.

The Tragedy begins with the young and beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, whose mother was French, and who was educated in France and married to the Dauphin at sixteen years of age.

At eighteen, after reigning as Queen of France for a few months, she was widowed and forced to return to turbulent Scotland, where religious feuds were rife. (See foregoing review of "The Duel of The Queens.")

It was Queen Elizabeth's failing health and the fear of the Cecils and other Protestant Lords of England that she would die and the prisoner Mary Stuart, a Roman Catholic, become Queen of Engand, that brought about the latter's execution. Mary's son, James V. of Scotland, had been brought up a Protestant and he was acceptable to the English on Elizabeth's death.

This history makes it clear that the struggle between Charles I and his Parliaments was not one between the King and his people. When Henry VIII defied the Pope of Rome, and made himself head of the Anglican Church, he confiscated the abbeys and monasteries with all their lands and chattels, and by a distribution of the spoil made his favorites wealthy. These Barons and Knights became increasingly wealthy and powerful, and steadily sought in their own interest to

curtail the authority of their Sovereigns. The Stuart kings were financially poor in comparison, and were forced to yield more and more to the dominance of those wealthier subjects. Charles I. failed in the Civil War and lost his crown and his life, chiefly because he could not adequately finance his armies.

This history does justice to a great man, the Duke of York, who reigned for four years as James II. He was an indefatigable worker, and it was he who laid the foundation of England's navy which has ever since dominated the seas. In a battle against the Dutch navy, he proved himself an admiral of the first rank, but because he was heir to the throne, he was not permitted to follow up his victory .... Like his great grandmother, James II, was a Roman Catholic, but was tolerant towards those who held other religious beliefs. But the fact that he sought to have laws passed, expressive of such tolerance, brought about his downfall.... It is difficult for a British subject of this generation to feel proud of the England of two hundred and fifty years ago, when intolerance and superstition were so prevalent, when poor old women were frequently burned as witches, when many of the legal statutes would have disgraced a nation of chimpanzees.

* * *

The Tide of Life and Other Poems. By Watson Kirkconnell. Ottawa: Ariston Publishers Limited. 79 pages.

That the author of "The Tide of Life and Other Poems" is a remarkable man, all who know him and his literary work freely admit. His extraordinary knowledge of foreign languages and his facility in translating them into English verse, has astonished critics and readers in the past. But this is a book of original verse written in a variety of metres, and he must now be judged entirely on his own merit as a poet.

Througout, metre, rhyme and continuity of thought are well-nigh perfect, but there are not a few passages that do not rise to the level or height of poetry. Here is one of them that gives interesting information about Kirkconnell's forbears:

"I searched the centuries to read my race,
To learn the ancestral lives from which I came,
And in six generations scanty space
Proved how the pride of the Castilian dame,
The fervor, of the Cambrian mountaineer,
The Teuton's strength austere
The black breed of the Highlands, and the grey
Virility of Viking Cumberland
Had dowered with diversifying hand
My patronymic blood of Galloway."

And yet, here are four stanzas that would not reflect discredit on Kipling:

"Borne in charioted ease,
Human bodies grow effete;
Sunk in soft prosperities
Fervent spirits lose their heat.
Happier he who tries in vain
Heights no travail can attain.

Grant us then no facile fame;
Give us Lord no idle dower;
Rather 'set' our hearts aflame
For the challenge of an hour
When rude dangers bid us rise
Through the press of high emprise.

Science calls from sea and hill;
Love begs battle with disease;
Earth's hard tillage beckons still;
There are godlike claims in these.
Fairest fate of fray we find
In the vanguard march of mind.

Last as first we ask for toil
In the ardent aims of youth,
In the tasks of town or soil,
In the quests of love and truth.
We would scorn all easy goals —
Give our lives and gain our souls.

* * *

The Yoke of Life. A novel by Frederick Philip Grove. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited. 355 pages. $2.00.

Years ago when Mr. Grove was a teacher in Manitoba he wrote two books of admirable essays, which were published in Toronto and much enjoyed by lovers of Canadian literature. It was clear that here was a new writer of unusual talent and promise.. But the author made no money worth mentioning out of these volumes, nor from the publication of his first novel, and his disappointment was naturally keen.

But in the last three years in particular, Mr. Grove has arrived in such measure that he can now devote all his time to literary effort and achievement; and "The Yoke of Life" is his fourth novel.

This novel is concerned chiefly with the life of Leonard Sterner, a young pioneer, from the time he was a lad in his early teens, to the day in his young manhood when he deliberately committed suicide with the woman he loved, in a northern lake. That such an ending logically followed from the premises, it would be absurd to believe. A few days before, he had forgiven Lydia her past lapses from virtue, and had taken her in his arms as a wife. This was because her love of him and her faithful nursing had saved his life, when death seemed imminent from a second attack of pneumonia. Then why renounce such happiness and force himself and her to a watery grave? In real life such an unnessessary tragedy does not happen,—unless the victims are insane.

It seems to me regrettable that so talented a novelist can see in the life of a pioneer, drudgery and tragedy only. Such a depictment is unhealthy morbidity. The happiest community me known and experienced by me was that of the pioneers in North Simcoe in the sixties of last century. There was drudgery of course and sometimes tragedy, but the humour and fun of life was the more prevalent. In the winter there were soirees,

sleighriding parties, and dances; and in the summer and fall, games in the evenings, occasional picnics in the afternoons, and barn-raising, appleparing and husking-bee parties, etc. There was no striving for social preemminence. All were neighbours and comrades, and a jolly, healthy, industrious, happy life it was.

Unfortunately this novelist seems to be a brooding pessimist. Not a gleam of humour lightens his pages. The comedy of life he never sees nor feels. But the disagreeable, the harsh, the cruel and sometimes the nasty are ever protruding in his line of vision. It is such a pity! Could he see life as it really is: The good balancing the bad; the beautiful, the ugly; the comical, the tragic; and success holding the balance with failure, he might win, in time, enduring international repute.

In contrast with "The Yoke of Life," it is a pleasure to read such pioneering tales as "The Viking Heart," by Laura G. Salverson; "An Army Without Banners," by John Beames; "Kinsmen," by Percival J. Cooney; and "The Golden Highlander," by Theodore Goodridge Roberts.

My Early Life: A Roving Commission. By The Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill; with maps and illustrations.
Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons Limited. 392 pages. $4.50.

At the regular monthly meeting of The Canadian Authors Association (Toronto Branch), held Nov. 9th last, Arthur Heming amused the audience by telling, among other things, what encouraged him in his young manhood to attempt public speaking. He went to hear Winston Churchill in New York after the Boer War, and the same evening he told his sister that the next time he was asked to make a speech, he would accept as he could "not possibly do worse than Winston Churchill." This will be news for the eminent British statesman who in his latest volume rather leaves the impression that he began his public-speaking career with creditable success.

It has not been my privilege to listen to an address by the Right Honourable gentleman, but I have read his books, and if he does not rank among the most eloquent orators of his time, he certainly takes enviable rank among autobiographical and historical writers.

This book gives a lucid, dramatic and comprehensive sketch of Churchill's adventurous and remarkable career up to 1902. It is characterized throughout by instructive matter and thrilling incident, and holds the reader's attention with a grip, as compelling as a best seller in fiction.

While still a young man the author had seen war in Cuba, in the Soudan, in India and in South Africa, and frequently his life was in deadly peril. His many narrow escapes, in the light of his subsequent destiny as First Lord of the Admiralty, during The Great War, sustains ones belief in an Over-Ruling, All-wise Providence.

This son of distinguished parents had all the advantages that high social and political rank could give him, but he owed much to his own initiative, energy, indomitable will and ambition.

For the first time, complete details of his escape from prison in Pretoria to Portuguese territory are given; and with fearless inpartiality he tells the facts as he saw them in the conduct of the Boer War.

Many eminent statesmen, and military officers of the highest rank, live again in his pages, and numerous forgotten episodes of historical, political and social importance are resurrected and revived.

The River Fury. A novel by H. A. Cody.
Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited. 305 pages. $2.00.

The river is Saint John, New Brunswick. The time is about the seventies of last century, in the early days of the lumber trade of that province, when the deals were taken down stream to the city of Saint John, in small sailing vessels. The Fury is a beautiful young woman, with rare skill and daring in handling her skiff, who acts generally on land and water as one half-demented. There is love, jealousy, stolen money, murder, wrongful accusation and arrest, with justice for the criminal in the end. There are several excellent characterizations and considerable comedy mixed with tragedy. It is my belief that "The River Fury" will prove to be one of Mr. Cody's most popular novels. It holds well the attention of the reader, and its tragic denouement comes as a real surprise.

Indian Nigths. By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. Decorations by Thoreau Macdonald. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited. 199 pages. $2.00.

"Indian Nights" is a delectable book of myths of the West Coast Indians written for anyone interested, but particularly for young readers, and artistically illustrated by Thoreau Macdonald. The lamented author was in the zenith of her literary development when she wrote this book, and it has all the charm of a master craftswoman.

A chieftain's young son, 'Tsauda,' has an enquiring mind which pines for an understanding of certain mysteries, and 'Sagabin,' a Wise Woman from the far edge of the Western World, is sent for to teach him; and so, such mysteries as the following are graphically elucidated and solved: 'Why People Die Early;' 'The Coming of the Salmon;' 'Why It Rains Once in so Often;' 'The First Fire;' 'The Fixing of the Tides' etc.

I do not remember ever reading any other Indian legends so original and fascinating. They grip the adult as well as the child. The English and the style of utterance seem to be the best possible; and the heart of the reader melts at the thought that this is the last book from the pen of so gifted an author.

Many will remember Isabel Macpherson as a girl in her teens in her native city, Woodstock, Ontario. Her beautiful personality pulsed with vigorous life; and the unfolding drama of existence had an intense attraction for her. She was modest and gratefully appreciative of any service rendered her. Later, in her chosen profession she was industrious to a degree, for she was wise enough to know that success could only come through persistent, untiring effort. And as a wife and mother, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay was a model. By her untimely death in Vancouver, August 15, 1928, there passed from us, a great and good woman, the product of whose genius, Canadians will long continue to cherish.

* * *

Stories From The Poets By W. B. Pern (Crowell) $1.50.

A delightful collection of children's stories, this, and one that should appeal to a wide gamut of reading ages. For the major poets have had a happy faculty in story-telling, and even when robbed of the music of their metre, the tales have an elusive charm. Take, for example, the well-loved stories of Evangeline and Hiawatha, here retold from Longfellow. Their appeal is well nigh universal.

None of these stories is told at great length. The idea, instead, is to give short, simple versions, which are the right length for a fireside interlude, and will whet the interest and lure one to read the original poem for himself. It thus serves a double purpose—to furnish entertainment on its own account, and to cultivate a speaking acquaintance with some of the major poets of the world, at least as to their themes.

Stories Of The Youth Of Artists By Mary Newlin Roberts (Crowell) $2.50.

This is a volume of over 300 pages with frontispiece in color and twenty pen and ink drawings by Constance Whittemore. Its primary interest rests, not on art, but upon the youthful aspirations and dreams of other young people who made their dreams come true. The story of Michael Angelo is given and those of nineteen others including Rubens, Van Dyck, Giotto, De Vinci, Titian, Correggio, Reynolds, Millet, Whistler and Rosa Bonheur.

Caw-Caw Ballads

By *Wilson Macdonald*

Any copy of this book, just off the press, which is ordered before Christmas will be autographed. Several business men have ordered 20 to 50 copies each to give as Christmas gifts.

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(b) The Service Club Crow
(c) The Henpecked Crow
(d) The Snobbish Crow
(e) The Golfing Crow
(f) The Fundamentalist Crow and many others.

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W. Somerset Maugham

Cakes and Ale: or, The Skeleton in the Cupboard. "The book is so filled with chuckles, so rich in satirical comment and innuendo, that it would be cruel to delve behind it," says Harry Hansen. "A more brilliant and bitter satire," writes Isabel Paterson, "than The Moon and Sixpence." $2.00

V. Sackville-West

The Edwardians. A delightfully ironic comedy of manners of a glittering decade before the War and the "fast set" of the court of Edward VII. Selected by the English Book Society and the Literary Guild. "The novel of the year," says the London Sphere. $2.00

(Doubleday, Doran & Gundy Books)

How The World Began By Edith Heal (Rockwell) $1.25.

Science at last tells its story for children. Edith Heal, the author of several outstanding books, including the new complete story of Siegfried, tells the story of science about the beginning of life on earth.

Here are found the answers to the many puzzling questions of children: What were the first birds like? How did they resemble the birds of today? What were the flying dragons? How big were their wings? And what happened to them? These and more interesting, little known stories of our own world are told in a manner that will capture a child's interest from the first page.

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The Token. A novel by Edith J. Archibald. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 315 pages. $2.00.

"The Token" is a story of a Highland Scotch community in Cape Breton Island, before the days of Confederation. It is the first novel published by an author who is in her middle seventies, but whether it has just been written or is a resurrected effort of former days, is not told us. If written recently it is a noteworthy event in letters.... Many will remember the surprised comments when William de Morgan, published his first novel in his 66th year. But Mrs. Archibald is nearly a decade older and her book has all the freshness, the vivacity and the invention of youth.... The author's knowledge and skilful use of the Highland Scotch dialect, with humour and pathos intermingled, is a constant delight.... There is tragedy of a serious character, the result of jealousy and quick temper, and hearts bleed in consequence, but in the end, love and happiness triumph.

Philippa, Anne Douglas Sedgewick. Toronto: Thomas Allen, $2.00.

Authors with one eye on the censor as a stimulus to achieving a best seller, should read this story to see how it is not done. Although intimate subjects are handled, they are managed in such a refined way that the most fastidious cannot object.

Philippa, with her direct straightforward way, and her correct estimate of her own character, shows up in striking fashion against the foil of a mother, lovable, but a trifle bewildered by life, and of a grandmother who has gone far enough on the way to look things over in a cynical fashion rather disturbing to her daughter. Then there is the father arriving at the time of life when he is subconsciously snatching after the thrills of a vanishing youth.

It must be an extraordinarily revealing experience for a man to see, in the daughter whom he adores, his own faults mirrored and utilized for her advantage. There is a lot of wisdom in this book. The grandmother's summing up of matrimonial success is that "The people who make a success of marriage are the people who realize that it's a calling like any other, requiring character."

But this is not a preachy sort of book. The plot travels swiftly on the shining feet of Philippa who manages to solve all their problems in order to solve her own.

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* * *

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Haunted

By Elinor Lennen

When memory comes upon a dream
In some deserted spot
As stark as an abandoned house
Within a weed-grown plot,

I muse, "Another might have wrought
With such a potent chance,
A palace worthy to endure,
Surmounting circumstance."

Forsaken dream, abandoned house,
Ghosts of the might-have-been;
Disuse, neglect, decay, without,
And haunting thoughts, within.

* * *

Bookweek in Toronto

During Canadian Book Week in Toronto, the activities centred largely in the delivery of addresses on Canadian Literature in twenty-five Collegiate Institutes and Colleges, 25,000 to 30,000 students being addressed by members of the Canadian Authors Association, including the President, E. A. Hardy, Wilson Macdonald, J. W. L. Forster, Nathaniel Benzon, John M. Elson and others.

The newspapers, carried articles pertaining to Canadian Book Week, but as regards such practical co-operation as the concentration upon Canadian books in sales efforts, either by publishers or booksellers, the Week was by no means notable.

From what has been said it will be understood that what was accomplished was of an altruistic nature. However, the reaction in interest in Canadian literature by the students who heard the various addresses, was such as to augur well for the future welfare of the literary productions of our own Dominion.

This definite and enthusiastic interest in Canadian Writings is borne out by the experience of John M. Elson in conducting the Course in Journalism at the University of Toronto. In connection with this course there have been addresses by three Canadian poets —Wilson Macdonald, E. J. Pratt and Nathaniel Benson, occasioning a degree of interest equalled by nothing else in the course. Until the inauguration of this course under the supervision of Mr. Elson, the University of Toronto has been notorious for its neglect of the productions of Canadian authors and poets.

Canadian Authors Association

Visit of *George Herbert Thring*

GEORGE HERBERT THRING, who is probably the highest authority in the British Empire on copyright and other practical matters affecting the interests of authors and composers, has just made a brief Canadian tour on the invitation of our Association. Unfortunately he could only visit four of our Branches, though he would have greatly liked to go on from Winnipeg through the prairies to the coast and also to have seen the Maritime Provinces. But he came overseas primarily to discuss international arrangements with the Dramatists' Guild in New York, and he had to return to that city for the completion of the business. Mr. Thring was the secretary of the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers from 1879 till his retirement last year and is still consulting secretary.

In Montreal, where he arrived on October 23, he was the guest of Sir Andrew Macphail. On Friday the 24th the Montreal Branch held a reception in his honour at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Leslie Gordon Barnard presiding. Mr. Thring in a brief address gave reminiscences of his first visit to Canada, in 1898, when our Dominion seemed approaching separation from the rest of the Empire in the matter of Copyright.

Mr. Thring was entertained at lunch in the University Club by the National President, Dr. Lighthall.

On Monday, October 27th, Mr. Thring went up to Ottawa, being accompanied by the National Secretary, H. A. Kennedy—and became the guest of Lloyd Roberts. The visitors were entertained at lunch in the Country Club by Dr. D. C. Scott. The Ottawa Branch gave a luncheon next day in Mr. Thring's honour, R. J. C. Stead presiding.

Leaving Ottawa on Wednesday night, the English traveller reached Winnipeg on Friday, and on Saturday night he was welcomed at a meeting of the Winnipeg Branch. In the course of his address, dealing with various phases of the Copyright question, he said that authors' associations taught the public to know that the author's work is real property and his rights to it must not be trespassed upon. He agreed that a good Copyright Law was very necessary for the growth of Canadian literature. A good Law had a tremendous influence upon the productivity of authors. After his address several of the members took part in a round-table discussion, including Robert Watson, Gerald Wade, Prof. Phelps, W. A. McLeod, John McTaggart and the President E. K. Marshall.

A week later, on Saturday, November 8th, Mr. Thring was received by the Toronto Branch, at its meeting in the Heliconian Club, Dr. E. A. Hardy presiding. Describing the work of the British society of which for 38 years he had served as secretary, he said it had been incorporated in 1884 by a committee of 12 under Sir Walter Besant, who was told "if he started such an organization, no more of his book would be published." Lord Tennyson, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy and now Sir James Barrie had been successively presidents. The society had stood between the author and publisher, protecting the former from the "Iniquitous agreements" to which authors sometimes had to submit. A pension fund to help meritorious but unbusiness-like writers was in operation. Mr. Thring said that the British society would help, in every way possible, the Canadian authors in their attempt to institute a more adequate copyright law in the Dominion.

Arthur Heming afterwards spoke, telling the story of an art colony. Mrs. E. R. Hastings sang, and Mrs. Fred W. Milliken, Ottawa, gave piano solos.

Members of the Hamilton branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club and Lloyd Roberts of the Ottawa Branch, C. A. A., were guests at this meeting.

Victoria and Islands Branch

At the meeting of this Branch on October 9th, Captain Carlisle, who is associated with British pictures and has lately returned from Hollywood, spoke on "The Building of the British Film Industry" now striving to establish a national art and to overcome foreign influence in films.

Major J. Gordon-Smith, a past president of the Branch, received a cordial welcome. He gave an account of his caravan journey through British Columbia and on to the Mexican Border.

Mrs. Ebbs-Canavan took the chair. Additional speakers were: Dr. Macrae, the president and Dr. J. K. Unsworth. Albert Russell sang, accompanied by Miss Smith. Miss Perry and Donald Fraser gave details of the prize essay or story competition arranged by the Branch for school children.

During Book Week the Branch gave prizes ident, and Dr. J. K. Unsworth. Albert Russell Branch for school chldren prizes of $5.00 and $2.50. being given.

Calgary Branch

The October meeting of the Calgary Branch took place on Tuesday October 11th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Garbutt. Although it was a very stormy evening, there was a large attendance. Mrs. H. B. Hill, in a paper on "Style in Writing" quoted from Herbert Reed's "English Prose Style" and referred to other critical works valuable to the aspiring author. She concluded with ex-

The president, Mrs. Nellie McClung, appointed two members to arrange details for Book Week.

Edmonton Branch

The first premier of Alberta, Dr. A. C. Rutherford, entertained his fellow-members of the C. A. A. on Wednesday, September 24th, in his home on Saskatchewan Drive, and gave an address on "Collecting as a Hobby," with his own magnificent library of Canadiana for illustration.

On October 22nd, the Branch President, H. R. Leaver, received the members at his home, and spoke on methods of interpreting Canada to her own people and to the world. Much of our literature in the past, he said, had been indifferent and trivial, and colored with artificiality and insincerity. Canadian history offered writers a rich field which had been only touched as yet. There was great need of first-hand study of records, and also of a simple, direct and truthful style of writing.

The Branch has just held a Provincial Poetry Contest, offering prizes of $10, $5 and $3 for the best poems of not more than 40 lines. The first prize was awarded to Miss Dorothy V. Irving, wiht H. R. Leaver 2nd, Miss L. C. Dempsey 3rd. About twenty of the 304 poems received will be published in a chap-book before Christmas.

Four prizes, two first of $7.50. each and two seconds of $5.00. each, were offered for essays by school pupils. The High School winners, Mary Frost (1) and Rose Beck (2) both wrote on Canada's contributions to poetry. The Public School winners were Marvin Montgomery (1) and Naomi Long (2).

The Branch has made a gift of $10 to the Bliss Carman Memorial Fund.

Saskatchewan Branch

On Saturday, October 25th, this Branch met in the Regina Public Library, Col. Garner presiding. Mr. Doxsee, reporting on Book Week arrangements said he had circularized all schools and collegiates through Mr. Ball, the Deputy Minister of Education; and Mrs. Complin stated that the Regina book stores were making displays of Canadian books.

Mr. Doxsee read a poem of welcome written by Mr. Palmer for the returning delegates from the Montreal Convention. A grant of $10 was voted for the Bliss Carman Memorial.

Mrs. Bothwell, in an address on current literature, said she hoped that members would become better acquainted with what the eastern authors were accomplishing. After speaking on some phases of Public Library work, she advocated group meetings of the members interested in particular lines of literary work.

At the opening meeting of this season, on Sept. 27, Dr. Graham of Moose Jaw, gave an account of the Montreal Convention. Mrs. Douglas read a paper on "The Way of Poetry," and G. A. Palmer followed with a short address on "The Metaphor, its Use and Abuse."

Members of the Branch have been asked to send in without delay any suggestions they may have for the revision of the Constitution.

Winnipeg Branch

The meeting of this Branch on Nov. 15, in the University, took the form of a celebration of the 2000th birthday of Virgil. Professor H. W. Wright presided. Professors Clarke and Johnston gave an account of Virgil's life and work. Professor Hugo spoke more particularly of recent research in Italy and the celebrations there. Professor Kirkconnell dealt with the influence of Virgil on Canadian Literature. He thought that our poets Archibald Lampman and Bliss Carman had drunk deeply at this fountain of ancient learning.

The meetings thanks to the speakers were expressed by Professors W. T. Allison and A. J. Perry.

On Tuesday, Nov. 18, in the dining room of the Huason's Bay Company, the Branch entertained Dr. George Locke, Chief Librarian, Toronto. Dr. Locke spoke on the growth and deveopment of the Toronto Public Library and libraries throughout rural Ontario. He looked forward to the time when every small community would have books at its disposal at convenient points. Dr. Locke, who is visiting western cities investigating library conditions, was thanked by Professor W. T. Allison and Dr. John W. Dafoe, Editor of the Winnipeg Free Press.

Book Week Notes

Canadian Bookweek in Montreal opened on the afternoon of Saturday November 1st with five-minute Oral Reviews by members of the Montreal Branch of New Canadian Books, at Morgan's store. On Wednesday, an afternoon of Canadian music was given at Tudor Hall, in Ogilvy's store. On this afternoon, Dr. W. D. Lighthall, National President, reviewed "Melody and The Lyric", by J. Murray Gibbon, with musical illustrations from the book by Harold Eustace Key, assisted by Miss Helen Johnston and Herbert Hewetson. "Out of Erin," a book of poems by Arthur Stringer, several of which have been set to music, was reviewed by Miss Lily E. F. Barry.

The week closed with a second afternoon of Oral Reviews on Saturday, Nov. 8th., at Tudor Hall.

Radio audiences were addressed on two occasions by Leo Cox.

Addresses by members of the Association were also given to the following clubs; Arts & Letters, Cote des Neiges Y. P. Society, Baron de Hirsch Book Club, Kiwanis, St. Lawrence Kiwanis, Kinsmen, Lions, Rotary, Westmount Rotary, Readmore, Women's Art, tracts from well known authors, to illustrate the points she wished to emphasise.

Gyro, Electrical, and Jewish Historical and Literature League.

Prizes were offered by both the English and French sections of the Montreal Branch to the school children of the city for letters to an imaginary friend concerning some events or character in Canadian History.

"The Gazette," as usual, issued a Book Week Supplement, with articles and poems by members of the Branch. The Star also devoted several pages to Book Week. Both the "Star" and the "Gazette" were most generous before and during Book Week in giving space to Book Week publicity.

The Ottawa members concentrated their energies on a fete, which was held in the Chateau Laurier on the night of November 5th. These were the "events" on the programme: Explanation by the President, Dr. Newton MacTavish: old French chansons by the Bytown troubadours: "the editor's mail," by R. J. C. Stead: three songs by Gertrude Stringer, the words by Kathrine Hale, Annie C. Dalton and Lloyd Roberts, the music by Gene Branscombe and Gwen Connell: Book Raffle, for books autographed and presented by about twenty local authors: "Five Poets to a Crow," by Lloyd Roberts: Dolls' Dance, arranged by Gwendolyn Osborne: and "remarks, more or less relevant," by Dr. C. G. D. Roberts.

At the Winnipeg meeting already referred to, on the opening night of Book Week, the President, E. K. Marshall, reported that reference to the celebration had been made and was being made at the various Teachers' Conventions; a few preachers were making it the topic of their Sunday addresses; several of the service clubs had speakers; Professor Allison was spending the week at several points in the Province speaking on literary topics; Professor Aaron J. Perry was giving radio addresses; the bookshops had made suitable announcements and displays; the local press had carried appropriate articles.

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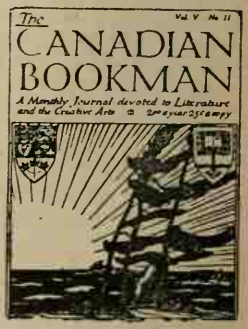

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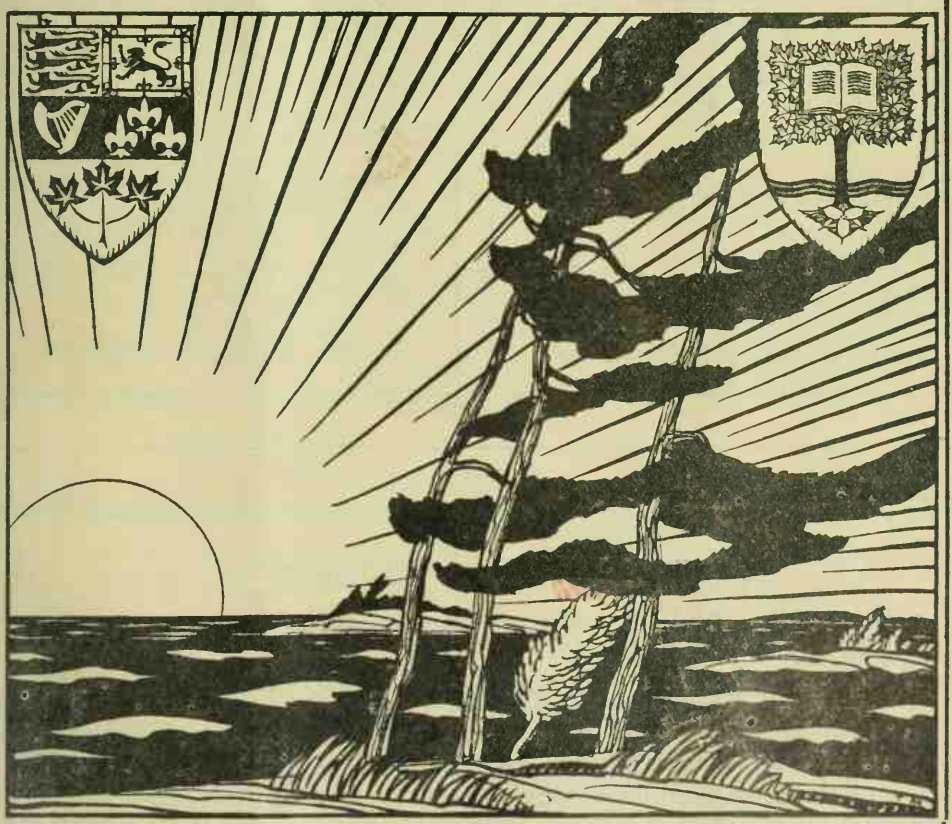

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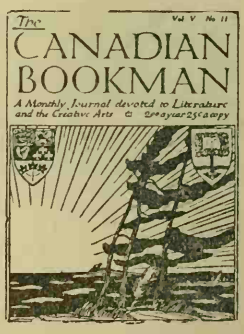

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Canadian Book Week 1930

A SURVEY.

WHILE this survey of Canadian Book Week is not presented as being even approximately complete, it is based upon data from all sections of Canada, chiefly in the form of reports and articles which appeared in the public press. "The Canadian Bookman," has already, through the good offices of the Canadian Authors Association, presented extensive data upon Canadian Book Week activities as represented in work done by various branches of that organization. The data which follows, in some cases supplements the reports given last month, but provides a great deal of additional Book Week information that will be valuable in forming an estimate of the significance and future possibilities of this annual event.

Taking up the thread "down by the sea," we begin with

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

"The Guardian" in a Book Week editorial quoted Sir Andrew Macphail as saying that it takes a Canadian author five years to get his works successfully before the public.

Marjorie Pickthall was writing her best verse for seven years, read only by a few intimate friends. Louis Hemon was unknown for three years after his death, until a translation of "Maria Chapdelaine" brought him fame.

"Canadian Book Week presents a rare opportunity for bringing to the front some new writer, for hastening the time when all the world will have heard. It is thus essentially 'a frank concession to the modern spirit of advertising, to do for books what has been done successfully for other commodities.' But a good book is something more than a commodity, and demands slightly different treatment. It is 'a living thing, shy, yet proud, content to prevail by quietness.' Readers really do desire good books, and are the more willing to buy Canadian books 'if haply they are to be found'."

Halifax.

Some Book Week sauce was provided here by the protest of officers of The Canadian Legion against "Generals Die In Bed," and West's history, "Modern Progress." Regarding the former the "Halifax Herald" said in an editorial:

"A book that tells the public that Canadian soldiers shot down in cold blood large numbers of the enemy who were trying to surrender, unarmed and with their hands raised, should be excluded from publication in this Dominion. It is a monstrous falsehood, and the circulation of the book should immediately be banned in Canada."

As providing the greatest human interest in Book Week, the Rainbow Club's annual reviews of Canadian Books as presented in Farmer Smith's interesting department for boys and girls in "The Halifax Herald," were in a class by themselves. In the junior group, (8 to 10 years) first prize was won by Dewey McElmen of Darthmouth, for his review "The Magic Universe," by Mary Benner.

Virginia Tufts, Wolfeville, aged 14, won first prize in the intermediate group with her review of "A Handbook of Canadian Literature," by Prof. V. B. Rhodenizer, while in the senior group, (15 to 18,) Margaret Mc Causland scored first prize with an admirable review of "The Runner," by Ralph Connor.

St. John, N. B.

The "Telegraph-Journal," referred to an evidently excellent but somewhat vague intention behind Book Week," expressing the opinion that it needed clarifying and ad-

vocated turning its observance over to the publishers and booksellers instead of the activities being restricted to the Canadian Author's Association. Book Week was to be commended for drawing attention to Canadian literature, "always remembering that there is more literature today outside the covers of books than within them."

Montreal.

Book Week activities in Montreal received considerable attention in last month's issue, but it is worthy of mention that the oral reviews of dozens of Canadian books of the year were not all in the nature of unrestricted panegyrics of praise, a fact which has some significance in connection with the advocacy by Mr. Justice Surveyer, in addressing one of the Service Clubs, of having Book Week become sort of an annual stock-taking of things literary in Canada, thus giving people throughout the country an opportunity of appraising what had been done by Canadian authors.

Ontario.

Toronto's Book Week activities have already had attention in these columns but no mention was made of the interesting meeting of the Toronto Women Teachers' Association when an address by Anne Anderson Perry was the main feature of the programme.

She said in part:

"'Book Week' is a fine thing, and we needed it badly in order to cure us of the inferiority complex from which we were suffering, and to show us the volume of real good literature that is being produced in Canada, but let us all, and particularly you teachers, hold fast to our ideals of what is good literature, and not allow second-rate stuff to be pushed over on our children just because it is Canadian. We certainly have a steadily increasing amount of good Canadian literary products, but let us be intelligent about the matter, and resolutely refuse to lower our standards of discriminating criticism. The work of Canadian writers should be judged by world standards and heartily supported when it is found good."

London observed Book Week in much the same manner as Toronto, activities being largely restricted to addresses in the schools and collegiate institutes on Canadian writers and their books. Book Week in Ottawa was briefly reviewed last month. In Brantford, Belleville, Pembroke, Brockville, Owen Sound, Stratford and many towns and cities the Public Libraries played up Canadian Book Week quite prominently, but in some towns it was utterly ignored. In Waterloo, for instance, the observance of Book Week was restricted to a newspaper paragraph to the effect that Canadian Book Week, which up to last year had been observed there as in other towns, had been discontinued because of the poor response by Waterloo citizens.

Most of the daily newspapers ran Book Week editorials of the obvious kind—the same last year, this year and forever!

In the West.

Concluding an editorial of nearly a column in the Saskatoon "Star-Phoenix," appeared this significant paragraph:

"These are a few scores of book written by Canadians and published this year. They are not world-shaking works but they stand up to books by British and American writers which have attained a respectable circulation. And the fact that they are probably unknown to 99 out of 100 Canadians is the justification for Canadian Book Week."

Item from a Regina newspaper:

"One Regina firm has sent a consignment of 65 books by Canadian writers to the Collegiate Institutes of the City, so that students may have an opportunity of learning the latest in Canadian authors and their works. One book of each writer is included in the display.

In Edmonton, twenty contestants submitted essays in the contest conducted by the Canadian Authors' Association. The first prize was won by Mary Frost, of Eastwood High School. The subject was Canada's contribution to poetry. In the contest restricted to Public school pupils, first prize went to Marion Montgomery, of Rutherford School for her fine appreciation of "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," by Charles G. D. Roberts.

In Calgary "The Albertan," in a Book Week feature article drew attention to books published this year by authors resident in that city including "The Exquisite Gift," by Ella Bell Wallis; "Be Good To Yourself," by Nellie L. McClung; "Raven's Feather," by J. C. Dennis; "Broken Gods," by Flos Jewell Williams, and the three-act play

"Maverick," by Mrs. Herbert Thurston, accepted by a Chicago firm and likely to be played in Calgary in January.

R. H. B. a columnist in the Victoria "Colonist," referred to the rich fare in the way of Canadian literature contributed to newspapers and magazines that never got into book form at all. "However great our country may be physically, and however rich in natural resources, we are but a nation of ten millions at most, compared with the one hundred and twenty millions of people in the United States and the fifty or sixty millions in the countries of Europe where literary merit reaps its deserved rewards.

We do not suppose this unfortunate condition of affairs will be greatly altered by setting aside a special week and calling it Book Week. As we may lead a horse to the water but cannot make him drink, so we may try to direct a people to the fountain of knowledge of the best in national literature, but unless they are thirsty we cannot persuade them to drink. To the reader of books, every week is a Book Week, and, if the conditions warrant, should be a Canadian Book Week".

A rather unusual viewpoint was expressed in a Book Week editorial in the same newspaper. The event was "a reminder that the best governments may be expected where the leading men of affairs are also men of letters. We have, perhaps, to reach that stage yet in Canada for it is mainly lawyers and those prominent in business life who attain political power here. Perhaps Great Britain is the most striking example of a country where men of letters have reached the seats of Government. There are examples of Lords Balfour, Rosebery and Birkenhead, of Viscount Grey, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Baldwin."

A prelude to Canadian Book Week as published by the Toronto "Globe," has purposely been reserved for the conclusion of this Book Week symposium in the hope that it may draw fire in the way of further discussion.

The "Globe" submitted the following books as "Canadian classics":

Anne of Green Gables, by L. M. Montgomery..

Beautiful Joe, by Marshall Saunders.

The Golden Dog, by William Kirby.

Doctor Luke of the Labrador, by Norman Duncan.

In Flanders Fields, by John McCrae.

Lords of the North, by Agnes Laut.

The Man From Glengarry, by Ralph Connor.

The Prairie Wife, by Arthur Stringer.

Sam Slick, by Thomas Chandler Haliburton

The Rise and Fall of New France, by George M.. Wrong.

The Seats of the Mighty, by Sir Gilbert Parker.

Roughing it in the Bush, by Susanna Moodie.

Songs of a Sourdough, by Robert Service.

From Ocean To Ocean, by George Monro Grant.

Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town, by Stephen Leacock.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party, by Sir John Willison.

The Inner Shrine, by Basil King.

Thoroughbreds, by W. A. Fraser.

The Viking Heart, by Laura Goodman Salverson.

Wild Animals I Have Known, by Thompson Seton.

THE MYSTIC

By Cecil Francis Lloyd

MY DAYS are spent among the things
My neighbours never see.
The cloud that rides the evening wind
Is more than cloud to me.
The perlieus of my Father's house
In sunset or in sod,
Are but his garment visible,
The guarantee of God.

Cold depths of being I have plumbed,
Strange heights my feet have known,
Across the starlit crags I hear
Celestial trumpets blown.
No rose in earthly gardens found
Is half so fair as mine;
Being's pure essence is my food,
The blood of God my wine.

Selma Lagerlöf.

Three novels which are closely linked together and still are not, strictly speaking, a trilogy, form the January selection of the Literary Guild, "The Ring of the Löwenskölds," by Selma Lagerlöf. Two of the novels, "The General's Ring" and "Charlotte Löwensköld," have already been published; the third, "Anna Svärd," is Dr. Lagerlöf's newest work. "The Ring of the Löwenskölds" will appear early this month.

Art Notes

By JEANNE ADENEY.

IN DECEMBER the Toronto Art Gallery was hung with Little Pictures by members of the Ontario Society of Artists. These vivid little paintings have perhaps done more than anything else to explain Canadian art to the people, being the step, as a rule, between nature and the finished canvas. They also have the advantage of being hung in groups of six, so that one may view several pictures by the same artist, at one time.

Although J. W. Beatty is our best known painter of the interior of woods, there is at times an indetermination about his large canvasses. His small pictures are more crisp and very interesting, especially "Waterfall, Kearney, Ont." and "Wood Interior."

F. H. Brigden shows us that Laurentian Hills and villages need not be painted crudely to be effective. But I think that he loses some of the rugged quality which makes these hills so attractive—even if the rugged painters sacrifice some of their subtlety.

A. J. Casson has achieved singularly beautiful and rich effects, notably in "Old House, Haliburton" and "October, Haliburton."

Charles Comfort is perhaps the only Canadian painter who is composing imaginative pictures which have nothing to do with interpreting Canada. These are received by the public in silence. If "Composition" came to us from a European artist with a reputation, it would probably create a stir. It is not just a picture of nude yellow ladies with green hair, it is an extremely interesting and vital painting. His five smaller pictures are outdoor sketches—I liked especially "A Church" and "Lighthouse." Mr. Comfort's painting always has an unexpected quality about it. His frames suit his pictures, they are black with a deep bevel framing the picture in shadow.

Once upon a time T. G. Greene learned very well how to paint the small racing waves that wash Ontario's shores. He continues to paint them but his style has become a convention which is no longer very interesting.

Lawren Harris showed six sketches of Mount Robson. These little pictures should aid in the understanding of Mr. Harris's recent work. They are simplified but less abstract than his larger pictures, and are very fine in composition and color. Their plain silver frames become them.

L. N. Loveroff was particularly successfull in his three Northern Lake sketches and G. A. Kulmala in "A Northern Village" and "Late Afternoon." Peter Sheppard landled "Farm House" and "Caledon Hills" very cleverly.

Arthur Lismer gave us a series of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick pictures of fishing boats and tackle and lighthouses. These were interesting pictures, well drawn.

J. E. H. MacDonald's Rocky Mountain sketches were not so succesful. They gave one the feeling of dizzy space, but they needed anchorage in order to suggest mountains.

Stanley Turner showed a group of Quebec sketches done with his usual charm of manner and color.

* * *

It is Reported

THAT—

—at their fourth annual convention, recently held at Berkeley, California, the League of Western Writers, appointed A. M. Stephen, Canadian poet and author, as Executive-Secretary of the League. Mr. E. A. Lucas, Vancouver, B. C., contributor to the "Saturday Evening Post," was appointed Treasurer, and E. P. Fewster, poet, also of Vancouver, B. C., was elected Canadian representative. The League of Western Writers, which has within its membership the leading writers of the West, from Alaska to the Panama Canal Zone, and such outstanding names as Kathleen Norris, Witter Bynner, Anne Shannon Monroe, Harry Noyes Pratt in the U. S. A., Levi P. Salmons, Mexico, and Sue Core, Panama Canal Zone, will hold its next convention in Vancouver, B. C. A Marketing Bureau, a Critical Service, a Legal Department, and a Magazine, are among the interesting features of the League's activities.

—"The Dove of El Djezair," a new novel by Laura Goodman Salverson is to appear shortly, being a seventeenth century romance of Iceland and Turkey.

—one of the publishing firms that featured new novels at $1 in 1930, will in 1931 publish new novels at $2, bringing them out in $1 editions six months later.

—following the success of new novels at a dollar in the U.S. an English firm is bringing out new novels in paper editions to sell at six shillings each. Special cloth bound editions will be available to libraries only.

Three Novels of Distinction.

Reviewed by KATHERINE HALE.

Out of the welter of the year's fiction, three pictures stand out. One is done in oils, carefully and meticulously painted so that it becomes a solid if somewhat feminine structure—"Years of Grace" by Margaret Ayer Barnes, the first novel of a Chicago writer. Here are emotions, authentic but carefully planned. The author is no modernist. She has a serene and beautiful quality of analysis, and a Puritanic New England mind at war with some almost Pan-like qualities. In other words this is the story of a charming woman who never lets her emotions run away with her. But she does have emotions, and that makes the book worth while. You follow her through the American social scene for four lively decades, and find her surrounded by pleasant grandchildren in the concluding chapter. The test of the book is that, having begun it you must read to the end.

"The Fool of the Family" by Margaret Kennedy is, by contrast, a kind of impish pastel. It is as magically colored as "The Constant Nymph", of which it is the sequel, having to do with Sebastian, th youngest of the Sanger family, and his 'Girl', Gemma, their puppet show and their baby, as they wander through the Dolomites in search of Fenella, the desired of Caryl. Not that Sebastian allows his half-brother anything which he himself can appropriate. For the Sanger blood is the blood of all great artists, dominating, possessive, self-willed, and as in the case of Wagner—the prototype of Margaret Kennedy's Sanger—the game of appropriation is carried to a far point. There is just one point farther, and that is the obligation to art, which is irresistable. The humor, the freshness and the reality of the story makes it as poignant as that figure of delicate beauty "The Canstant Nymph" herself.

"Cakes and Ale" by Somerset Maugham is a charcoal—vigorous, bold and faithful. It is portraiture of a stirring kind, true to the last stroke. Detail, as in most charcoal work, does not matter—the vital impression remains. Here is a great novelist limning a great novelist, raising him up out of the muck of sentiment and setting him out more nearly as he was. We shall always see Thomas Hardy more clearly now, and we shall see also the rotund complaisant figure of our genial friend, Hugh Walpole, trotting alongside.

The book bristles with satire, but it also shines wth pity. .The picture of Rosie Driffield, the buoyant, generous profligate first wife, "The Skeleton in the Cupboard", who gave warmth and promise to Driffield's early years, his fountain of life in fact, is done with beauty and tenderness. And the final picture of her at the age of seventy, a well preserved matron in a Yonkers flat, hearing unperturbed from far away, the storms of applause that follow the mention of her former husband's name, still giving forth an elderly radiance, still a lady to be telephoned to—is indescribably well done. To miss "Cakes and Ale" is not to be thought of by any civilized reader.

Everybody's Boswell. Illustrated by Ernest H. Shephard. (Dodd) $2.50.

Boswell's Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson is a world classic, but is still unfamiliar to great numbers of educated people. This edition of 600 pages, abridged from the original, and carrying excellent illustrations, should be popular with many who have not the time or the industry to read the longer version.

* * *

Dr. Henry van Dyke celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday a short time ago, and he is reported to have said on that occasion: "I shall not write any more books." Then he added: "Unless I cannot help it."

Modern Canadian Poetry. Edited by Nathaniel A. Benson, M. A. Ottawa: Graphic Publishers Limited. $2.00

Reviewed by John W. Garvin.

It would have been better, I think, had a more modest and more appropriate title been chosen. In a young nation it is difficult to find any poetry than can fairly be called 'ancient'.

Five of these young poets have won considerable distinction during recent years,—Edgar McInnis, Nathaniel A. Benson, Constance Davies Woodrow, Dorothy Livesay and Dorothy Roberts Leisner. McInnis won the Jardine Memorial Award at the University of Toronto in 1923, and the Newdigate Prize at Oxford in 1925. Benson won the Jardine Memorial Award in 1926, and has since published several booklets of his own verse. Mrs Woodrow's poems have been issued in two Chap-books; and Miss Livesay's in two also. Miss Livesay also captured the Jardine Memorial Award in 1928. Mrs Leisner has a Chap-book to her credit, if I remember aright; and is a daughter of Theodore Goodridge Roberts and a niece of Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts.

Of the other fifteen included, one stands out pre-eminently—Audrey Alexandra Brown, a young lady in her early 20's who lives at Nanaimo, British Columbia. Her genius seems to be akin to that of the late Majorie L. C. Pickthall. To illustrate, here is an excerpt from "The Reed":

The reed yet grows by the stream
In the shepherdess-land of pleasant Arcady,
Where the golden river seeks for the shoreless sea,
And the knotted hazels dream.
Pluck it, hollow it, shape it as you will
Into an ivory flute for a poet's blowing—
It has heard the feet of the wind on the purple hill,
It has heard the breath of the dawn in the iris meadow,
The breeze with all its linnets westward going,
And the shy oread singing to her shadow:
But most of all—
Sweetest of all sweet things by stream of or shore,
Sweetest af all sweet things since time began
It has heard the miracle-melodies of Pan,
And it is a reed no more.
It is an instrument for a poet's hand—
And whoso first shall set its music ringing,
He shall awake the drowsy ears of the land,
And all the world shall hearken to his singing!

Dr. Pelham Edgar and Sir Andrew Mac Phail have also given prominence to Miss Brown's verse . . .

But I find in the anthology quite a number of selections that should not have been included. Several seem to express no conceivable meaning and this is objectionable. Our good Canadian poetry of the past has been characterized by strong, clear, musical diction that any intelligent person can read and interpret without undue brain effort; and it does not please me to find careless thinking and obscure utterance appearing in the verse of our younger poets.

The book is quite handsomely printed and bound, and such zeal as the Editor has shown is desirable and praiseworthy. To give encouragement to any young poet of talent, not to mention genius, is altogether commendable.

Poetry Chap Books.

So many new chap-books of poetry have come to us that it is impossible to find space for more than brief notices notwithstanding the many exquisite lines that are to be found in them. Several of the collections are in the well known Ryerson series, notable among these being "Under the Maple," by Katherine Munro, and "Tao," by Alfred Bailey. Both of these poets will be recalled by readers of "The Canadian Bookman" for poems of theirs which have been published in these columns. Others are "Bittersweet," by Elsie Woodley, "Outward Bound," by Edith Henderson, and from the Livingstone Press, comes "Winged Words," by Annie Marion Fox while from Vancouver comes a most artistically produced book, "White Desire," a collection of poems by Ernest Fewster, a prominent member of the Vancouver Branch of the Canadian Authors Association. The lure of old Quebec and the impressions made upon a New Englander during a sojourn there, is inspiration for a collection of poems by Helen Slack Wickenden, published under the intriguing title "A Quebec Bouquet."

* * *

Gamaliel Bradford's next book, to be published soon after the first of the year will be entitled "The Quick and the Dead." It will contain biographical portraits of Roosevelt, Wilson, Edison, Ford, Lenin, Mussolini and Calvin Coolidge.

The King's Minion. By Rafael Sabatini. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Limited. $2.00.

This historical novel presents an unforgettable picture of King James I, with his rickety limbs, slobbering mouth, cunning and pedantry, and enlightens us as to the intrigues of his courtiers for a decade.

King James, and his favorite, Robert Carr, a young Scot, with nothing to advance him in royal favor, but beauty, athletic skill and charm of person, are the two chief characters in the story, with the young and lovely Lady Essex, married in name only, and the scholarly and astute Sir Thomas Overbury, second only in importance.

No other writer in this generation equals Rafael Sabatini in historical romance, based on historical fact. He recreates with a master hand, characters long known to readers of history, and so inter-relates them that they unfold their destinies by their own words and acts.

It is probable he makes their dialogue often more brilliant and subtle than it was in real life, but that enhances the fascination of each novel, and increases the admiration of the reader for the author's keenness of intellect, and capacity for vivid and graceful expression . . . . In "The King's Minion" the strife of rival factions at Court which leads to murder, divorce, and farcical trial, with the Privy Councillors as judges, is graphically portrayed; and special prominence is given to the wrecking of a great career, by Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, and Lady Essex falling madly in love with each other . . . Prince Henry, eldest son of King James, who predeceased his father, is also a conspicious figure in the story.

By Reason Of Strength. A novel by Gerald W. Johnson. (Allen) $2.00

Years ago, the late Rev. Dr. J. A. Macdonald, Editor of "The Globe," Toronto, told me an interesting story of a Highland Scotch community he had found in North Carolina. They had sent him an invitation to lecture to them. Their forefathers had crossed the Atlantic in the 18th century, and it gladdened his heart to find that the present generation, largely increased in number, still spoke the Gaelic (as well as fluent English), and had retained a number of the ancient Highland customs . . . Dr. Macdonald's enthusiasm as he told the story was recalled by the above novel. The scene is in North Carolina, and the chief characters are Highland Scotch.

Catharine Campbell, daughter of The Campbell, Laird of the Scottish clan, married a young farmer—preacher (Donald White), because he was strong enough to forsake her, if need were, to do his duty in the new land across the sea, and went with him to the rough life of pioneers.

Catharine's dowry in gold sovereigns bought a large tract of land in the New World, and after their cabin was built, Donald started to clear the land. They prospered and had several children; bought slaves to save them from being sold to cruel masters and gave them a chance to earn their freedom and on the Sabbath day Donald preached the Gospel with eloquence and power. After twenty years of pioneering, Catharine was left a widow, but she carried on bravely and intelligently into her "eighties', living again in her grandchildren and in her great great grandchildren. She saw the New Campbell Clan, initiated by herself and husband, steadily increase in numbers and in wealth, until the devastating War of Secession brought death and ruin and almost blighted her fondest hopes . . . .

Gerald W. Johnson is a novelist worth while. He does not spare the reader the tragedies of life, but the joys of love and labor and material success are expressed also, and the book as a whole, appeals to what is noblest in the reader.

J. W. G.

* * *

A Boy Of The Great North-West. By Robert Watson. Ottawa: Graphic Publishers Limited, 259 pages.

This book consists of nearly two hundred different incidents, experiences and observations in the life of a boy of the Great North-West. He is a real boy who mixes with cowboys, hunters, trappers, fur-traders, fishermen and Indians, and every other kind of native, apparently, to be found in Canada's four Western provinces. The stories are short and told felicitously in boy language. They entertain as well as instruct. They are suggestive of brave effort and manly conduct.

Robert Watson, the novellist, knows the Great North-West as few men know it, and the many facts, experiences and observations related have been seen, felt and learned, doubtless, not only through his own eyes

and sensibilities but through those of his son . . . There are nearly one hundred reproductions of snapshots as illustrations, and altogether the book is an admirable one for boys,—adventurous, instructive, wholesome.

J. W. G.

Canadian Verse for Boys and Girls. Chosen and edited by John W. Garvin. Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons. $2.00

It is always a satisfaction to chronicle the appearance of any highly creditable new Canadian book and such, in a very real sense, is this new anthology for which John W. Garvin is responsible—a man to whom we are already highly indebted for his more pretentious anthology "Canadian Poets."

This new volume has over 200 pages and includes poems by more than fifty of Canadas singers—selected for their adaptability to the volume's title. To quote from the foreword:

Poems have been chosen to suit different ages, and their originality and charm should appeal as well to elder brethers and sisters and to teachers and parents. Those by Arthur Bourinot, Florence Randal Livesay, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, and Marian Osborne, "A Small Boy Prays," by George Herbert Clarke, "Little Bateese," by W. H. Drummond, and several by Ethelwyn Wetherald, have been chosen specially for the younger readers. Those somewhat older will like these also, but may prefer "The Ships of Yule," by Bliss Carman, "Jack," by Frederick George Scott, "The Christmas Baby," by Isabella Valancy Crawford, "Sandpipers," by Helen Merrill Egerton, Jean Graham's poems, "My Dog and I" and "The Lost Shoe" by Nora M. Holland, "The Heavenly Runaway" and "Rainbow Row in Heaven," by John Daniel Logan. "Whist-A-Wee," "Ylette and Yvonne" and "M'sieu," by Wilson MacDonald, "Legend of the Valley Lilies" and "Sweet Pea Blossoms," by Alma Frances McCollum, "Swallows" and "Daisy Time," by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, Lloyd Robert's poems, "Exile," and "A Southern Lullaby," by Virna Sheard. "The Fruit-Vendor," by Frances Beatrice Taylor, "The Sparrow," by Albert Durrant Watson, and the bird poems of Ethelwyn Wetherald. All the others are suitable for more advanced readers.

Musical and emotional and sometimes humorous verse, such as the poems chosen, are particularly attractive to young people when read aloud, even though the meaning be not fully understood."

As a piece of book-making the volume is most creditable. The jacket, with its appealing picture of a redskin plying his birchbark canoe along a wooded stream, the striking end-prieces and the numerous black and white sketches by Elsie Dean, all enhance the book's appeal. Unquestionably it will find a warm welcome in many a Canadian home.

* * *

Fifty Years In Western Canada: Being the Abridged Memoirs of Rev. A. G. Morice, O. M. I. (The Ryerson Press) $2.50

This is an abridgement of the Memoirs of a great Canadian Missionary of the Oblate Order, Father Morice, who, during nearly half a century wrote his name in the splendor of toil and faith, upon the mountain peaks, valleys and rivers and lakes of British Columbia, bringing as a missionary the message of the Cross and its civilizing light to the Indians of that vast region.

Two years ago, Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, at the request of the Ryerson Press, who had planned a series of History Readers for our Secondary Schools, prepared a brief biography of Father Morice.

All these brochures dealing with our outstanding Canadian statesmen, soldiers, missionaries, explorers, &c, had necessarily to be limited to forty or fifty pages; and so could not well deal with anything not pertinent to the subject or theme proper.

Dr. O'Hagan had to consider Father Morice, as a Missionary only, not as a Master of Indian Dialects, though he did not in his biographical brochure ignore the latter, subordinating it, however, very properly to his main theme. Within this volume of nearly three hundred pages, consisting of twelve chapters, bearing the titles: Preparation; Missionary; In the North; With Brutes; Benefactor; Farther North; Exploring the Mountains; On and About Water; Writer; He and Others; Trials and Reward, the reader interested in the shifting and sometimes dramatic scenes in the life of a great missionary, spiritually, and the intellectual storing of his mind resulting in his mastery of Indian dialects, cannot but be interested, instructed and entertained. The volume is a valuable addition to Canadian literature.

The Portrait Of A Dog. By Mazo de la Roche. Toronto: (Macmillan) $2.00.

Jock The Scot. By Alice Grant Rosman. Illustrations by Joan Esley. Toronto: (Thomas Allen). $2.50.

Thy Servant A Dog. Told by Boots. Edited by Rudyard Kipling. (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy) $1.50.

Reviewed by John W. Garvin.

This is the most remarkable literary coincidence known to me. Here are three books by outstanding authors, published at the same time, and each about a Scottish terrier.

"The Portrait of a Dog" is a biography of Miss de la Roche's 'Bunty', long known to fame among the author's many friends. It is a peculiar type of biography, as the details of her life are addressed to Bunty as if she were there in person listening. And so realistic at times is the narrative that the reader actually pictures the shade or body as present, with eager eyes and ears, and thumping or wagging tail.

The story begins when Bunty was a puppy two months old, and thence-forward her misdeeds, adventures, travels, dog comradeships, acts of intelligence, loving loyalty, blindness, and her final illness and death, are all vividly recorded.

There are both laughter and tears in the pages, but in the latter part of the book the note of sadness prevails. The bereavement is still keenly felt . . . Exquisite descriptive passages are numerous and the English throughout is so perfect in its beauty and effectiveness, and the artistic unity so good, that the work as a whole must be regarded, it seems to me, as a masterpiece and a future classic.

* * *

"Jock The Scot" is a different kind of story. Jock's life is unfolded to us for a few months only, but in that time he has several painful adventures, due to the thievish conduct of a chauffeur, before he wins happiness again by being the means of bringing together in romantic fashion, Roger Perch, a young man who had been a fruit-grower in British Columbia, before he had inherited Brindlea, a small but quite valuable estate in Sussex, and Gillian Ivery, the daughter of a deceased artist, who is living in the village with an uncle and aunt.

The story has as much human interest as dog interest, and is charmingly told in felicitous English. It so pleased me that I at once sought other books by the same author, and found them equally delightful.

"Visitors to Hugo" and "The Young and Secret" are two referred to. To recommend to those unfamiliar with her work, such a novelist as Alice Grant Rosman, is a pleasure indeed . . . Miss Rosman has apparently a warm regard for well-bred dogs. They appear in all her novels, and in two instances, at least, are instruments of destiny. Parents seeking wholesome literature for their family circles should become acquanted with this author.

* * *

"Thy Servant A Dog" gave me a shock. One expects so much from Kipling. But he has given us in this book nothing but puppy-dog realism, told in the form of baby-talk twaddle. It is evidently intended for children under school age, but even such young children love stories that excite their wonder. Here are two samples:

8 (page 14)

Harry with spade has brought a Rat . . . Look, please! Please look! I am Rrreal Dog! I have killed a Rat. He bit me on the nose. I bit him again. I bit him until he died. I shook him dead! Harry said: 'Go-ood boy! Born ratter!' I am very-fine-dog indeed! Kitchen Cat sat on the Wall and said: 'That is not your own Rat. You killed it to please a God.' When my legs are grown, I will kill Kitchen Cat like Rats. Bad! Bad! Bad!

9 (page 14)

Time soon After. I wented to Walk to tell my friend Ravager about my Rat, and find more things to kill. Ravager said: 'There is 'waresheep for me, and there is 'warechicken for me, but there is no 'wareBull for me. Come into Park and play Bull-in-yard.' We went under Bull's gate in his yard. Ravager said: 'He is too fat to run. Say!' I said. Bull said. Ravager said. Slippers said. I got under water-trough and said dretful things. Bull blew with nose. I went out through fence, and came back through another hole. Ravager said from other side of yard. Bull spun. He blew. He was too fat. It were fun. We heard Mister-Kent saying loud. We went home across Park. Ravager says I am True Sporting Dog, only except because of my little legs.

But the fourteen illustrations by Marguerite Kirmse are well-nigh or quite perfect. They alone are worth the price of the book.

Howard Ferguson,. by John Henderson (Macmillan) $1.00.

What with speed of production not only in the writing of Howard Ferguson, the Romance of Personality, but in its printing, binding and distribution to the trade, this aspect of the publishing of this volume has created quite a stir as has also the inevitable criticism from those none too friendly to the subject of the sketch, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, from critics whose target seems to be the author or the publisher rather than the redoubtable Howard.

The result is an unusual amount of "talk" which may or may not help the sale of the book but which is undoubtedly bringing an extraordinary amount of attention to

a comparatively small volume (145 pages), which might not otherwise have been quite so distinctly placed within the orbit of the public eye.

Certainly, with the almost unprecedented haste taken with this book, it was obviously not the intention of its producers to have it rank as a first-class biography of the statesman who has just became Canada's High Commissioner at London, but rather to be on hand with a timely volume at a popular price likely to have a wide sale just at this time.

It is an appreciative biography giving the high lights of Ferguson's career, ending with this paragraph:

"He is fired by a warm ambition to crown his career with a last great service to Ontario Canada and United Empire. His engaging personality, his consummate tact, his power of initiative, his extraordinary executive ability, his genius for inspiring others and for getting things done, will be felt at the heart of the Empire. So here's a prophecy: His reign at Canada House will lift the High Commissionership to new levels of achievement. Canada expects just that—Canada will get just that."

Yesterdays Of An Artist Monk By Dorn Willibrord Verkade O. S. B. (Kenedy) $2.00.

This is an English translation of a book already translated into several other European languages. It tells of a questing artist's adventures in religious and his eventual acceptance of the Roman Catholic faith.

While living in an Italian Franciscan monastery Verkade learned for the first time of Beuron and its Benedictine monks who have done such remarkable art work. He visited Beuron, and was so impressed by the life and work of the monks there that he later decided to dedicate his talents to God at Beuron.

Horatio Nelson

By *George Edinger* and *E. J. C. Neep*

The Nelson who was brave, who was fired by passionate love, and who flaunted his achievements with magnificient splendour is the man in these pages, not the Nelson on the high pedestal in Trafalgar Square. He tried to storm life and conventions as though they were frigates. When they struck back at him he used death as a way out. A spectacular suicide at Trafalgar! These authors give substance to the renown that has persisted for over a hundred years.

$3.50

(A Cape Book)

THE CLUE OF THE SILVER KEY

By EDGAR WALLACE

This is Edgar Wallace's latest novel. From cover to cover it is a real thriller. Mr. Horace Tom Tickler, a well known scoundrel is found cruelly murdered in a taxi. "Taken for a ride" gasped "Surefoot" Smith of Scotland Yard. Not many days later, the avaricious Harvey Lyne, once Tickler's employer, is mysteriously murdered with a patent gun, while being wheeled through the park by his servant. A full length Edgar Wallace mystery story.

$2.00

musson, toronto

Canadian Authors Association

CALGARY BRANCH.

On Thuesday, November 4th, the Poetry Group held a meeting at the home of Mrs. Agnes A. Hill and laid plans for the Poetry evening of the Branch in January. Some time was spent on a study of the Ode, and Mrs. Elaine M. Catley enumerated famous examples of this most difficult form of poetic expression. Some original verses were then read by members.

On Friday, November 14th, the Annual Book Week dinner was held at the Board of Trade Rooms. The guest of honor was Mrs. Jamieson, well-known to Alberta readers as a writer of poems and articles under the name of Edna Jacques. J. E. Wodell introduced Mrs. Jamieson who spoke of her early experiences as a writer, and illustrated her talk by some of her poems.

Mrs. Nellie McClung presided, and the regular monthly study was contnued by Mr. Alexander Calhoun, who gave an address on "Style in Descriptive Writing." "Sincerity and Restraint," he described as the basis of a good style and quoted passages from "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and from one of H. M. Tomlinson's books, as good examples.

Booke Week was observed in various ways. Letters were sent to ministers suggesting reference to "the ministry of books" in their sermons. Speakers were supplied to the Parent Teachers' Associations and other bodies. Mrs. Elizabeth Bailey Price spoke on Canadian Authors at a Women's Institute Meeting, when members appeared as well-known writers, or characters, taken from their books.

A very popular feature was a radio programme planned on two evenings by Mrs. Stanley D. Skene. The first consisted of prose selections, second, of poems by Calgary members, with several scenes written and composed by this branch. These were sung by Mrs. Paddon, one of the composers.

The December meeting, held at the home of the President, Mrs. Nellie L. McClung, on Dec. 2nd, was quite a record in regard to the numbers present, and the practical nature of the papers presented.

The president welcomed Mrs. Laura Goodman Salverson, a former member of the branch, who was visiting in the city. Mrs. Salverson, besides speaking of her pleasure in seeing old friends again, briefly referred to her aims in her own writing.

Mr. Dennis and Mr. R. B. Forsyth then spoke on the short story, and Mr. Dan Campbell and Mr. McGeere respectively on Feature Articles and "Leads and Titles." All agreed that these four speakers had given unusually informative and helpful advice, and a brisk discussion followed.

MONTREAL

A Bi-Lingual Banquet

The banquet in the Mount Royal Hotel on Saturday evening, December 13th, was a very happy event. The Montreal Branch of the French Section joined forces to congratulate the winners of the Provincial Government's Literature Prizes. Leslie Gordon Barnard and Jean Bruchesi, heading the two wings of our organization in the Province of Quebec, jointly presided. Four of the five winners spoke in response to the felicitations of the two presidents, Rev. Dr. W. Harvey-Jellie, Rev. Father Lamarche, Major Gustave Lanctot, of the Dominion Archives, and S. Morgan Powell, the literary and dramatic critic of the Montreal "Star." The fifth winner, Marcel Degas, is in Paris, on the staff of the Canadian Legation.

Dr. W. D. Lighthall, National President, added congratulations to Dr. W. H. Atherton, historian of Montreal, on his appointment as Chevalier of the Order of St. Gregory.

Two of the city's notable singers, Mme. G. Trudeau-Bruchesi and Frank H. Rowe, provided the vocal music, with Mme. Jean Bruchesi and F. H. Blair respectively accompanying.

All the speakers referred pointedly and gratefully to the exceptional appreciation shown by the Quebec Government for artistic and intellectual work, an example which, it was hoped, the other Provinces and the Federal Government would have the grace to follow.

TORONTO BRANCH

At the Toronto Branch meeting on December 13th, in the Heliconian Club, Dr. E. A. Hardy presiding, the chief speakers were Miss M. E. C. White, ("Bride Broder"), Mrs. Bertha E. Green (author of "The Bradley Woods"), who gave the advice of experience in writing children's stories, and Professor Chester W. New, author of the biography of Lord Durham which brought the Royal Empire Society's gold medal to Canada for the first time.

Dr. New said he had spent ten years on that book and wished he had spent more. He censured careless and inaccurate writers for circulating false impressions of history which it would take centuries to eradicate. The crime of the mud-raking "de-bunking" biographers was worse than murder. We were now, he was glad to say, coming to more notable things.

Christmas solos were given by Dorothy Allan Park, with Miss Agnes Scott accompanying, and selections from Bach, Brahms and Dohnany, by Miss Etta Coles.

VICTORIA AND ISLANDS BRANCH

The Victoria Branch reports that Book Week on this Island was very successful. The papers, particularly the "Colonist," gave the occasion much publicity. Spencer's store had specialized in Canadian books during Prosperity Week, and always push Canadian books. Hibben's pioneer book store had an excellent display, while Diggon's had a fine Book Week poster. The Public Library had a large pictorial poster at its entrance.

Service Clubs were notified and requested to remember Canadian books when choosing their Christmas presents.

The Contest for school children drew a lot of attention, although the fact that exams were being held at the time reduced the number of contestants. The first subject set was "Any phase, event or character in Canadian history." The first prize, $5, went to Anna V. Clendenan, Victoria High School, for her essay on "Canada's Last Great West," and the second prize, $2.50 to Noreen Creelman, Esquimalt High School, for his "Alexander Mackenzie." Winners of honorable mention were Ernest Mills, Esquimalt High School, and three from Saanich High School, Catherine Faickney, Ian Humphreys and Henry Somers.

WINNIPEG BRANCH

At the meeting of the Winnipeg Branch on December 16th, in the University, there was an excellent attendance. The President, E. K. Marshall, was in the chair, and gave a brief account of work which Winnipeg authors were now doing.

Three books were privately published this Fall by Winnipeggers. Mr. J. W. Wilton, a Winnipeg lawyer, published "Power at Any Price," criticising certain prominent Liberals who broke away from Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Mr. J. N. Sturk in his "Looting of a Legacy," censures the teachings of the United Church of Canada. Mr. Daniel Mooney in his "Life and Times," gives his opinions on practically every subject. The President thought that our times might very well be expected to bring forth other books of a satirical nature. In addition to these three, he referred to a new book by Canon Gill; three books by Professor Kirkconnell; Mrs. Munday's "The Mountie's Wife"; Gerald Wade's "An Acadian Singer," second edition; and Robert Watson's "A Boy of the Great West." Other writers engaged in work which has yet to appear are, Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. Thomas, Professor Wright, Mrs. McWilliams, and Dr. John W. Dafoe.

The President also drew attention to the appeal for the Carman Memorial Fund.

The guest of the evening was Mrs. Laura Goodman Salverson, who spoke on "The Romance of Common Clay." Mrs. Salverson told a number of realistic stories, some of them very pathetic. She said that in spite of the materialism of the times she believed in the rainbow, and thought that feeling and sentiment were superior to erudition in literature. The stories which she told were stories of every-day life of common people. The thanks of the meeting were tendered her on motion of W. A. McLeod and Professor Aaron Perry.

* * *

Miss A. Ermatinger Fraser.

Miss Rene Norcross sends a careful appreciation of the late Miss Annie Ermatinger Fraser, scolar and author, who had made Vancouver her home for the past twelve years.

Born in Kingston, Ontario, Miss Fraser was an M. A. of Queen's University, and gold medallist of her year, in English. Coming with her family to the Coast, she taught school in Victoria. Hence she went to be librarian in Lincoln High school at Seattle, but left that position after eight happy years rather than sacrifice her British citizenship. Coming to Vancouver, she was appointed to the staff of King Edward High school as teacher of English literature, and of history.

In the words of a colleague, "she inspired in her pupils a love and enthusiasm for literature, and made every lesson in history an adventure into the world of romance."

To those who know the quality of her writing, it must seem that Canadian literature has suffered a grievous loss. In her highly intellectual and richly stored mind, her lively imagination, her kindly humour, she possessed treasure which her trenchant pen transmuted into the glamorous written word as rapidly as her limited leisure permitted. Her first completed novel, "The Drum Of Lanoraye," dealing with early days in Quebec, was accepted by an eastern firm but is not yet in print. A second novel, touching on the War of Independence, was almost finished when illness forced Miss Fraser to lay aside her pen. Her book reviews were of out-standing excellence. Wilson Mac Donald said that she "had entered the world of creative criticism." Her articles were welcomed by such scholarly magazines as the English Bookman, International Studio, and Queen's Quarterly Review. O'Briens new book of best short stories for 29-30 awards a star to one of Miss Fraser's, which appeared last spring.

It is impossible in one short article to do justice either to the lovable personality or the many accomplishments of this widely cultured woman. She was a connoisseur in art, and an authority on the great musical composers. Her address before the C. A. A. Convention in Calgary on the poets of Canada was reproduced in the Authors' Bulletin of 1928.

She has died at the zenith of her powers,

and her memory will long be in the hearts of hundreds of young men and women who have passed through her class room, to the lasting benefit and enrichment of mind and character.

Caw-Caw Ballads. By Wilson MacDonald. The Ernescliffe, Toronto. $1.50.

Reviewed by Constance Davies Woodrow

Those of Wilson MacDonald's admirers who peruse his latest book, "Caw-Caw Ballads," will be astonished at his versatility. Gone is the haunting, ethereal loveliness of those unforgettable lyrics, "Whistwee," "Exit," "He Has Kept Faith With Beauty," and "The Miracle Songs of Jesus." Instead, we find a delicious blend of Puckish humor and biting satire.. This so ardent disciple of Beauty has, for the present at least, turned his rapt gaze from "moon-fires kindled in a pool" and "the endless sweep of skies," in order to "tear from all men their false trappings."

Between them, Wilson MacDonald and his clever illustrator, Guy Rutter, have snared us all in the pages of Caw-Caw Ballads." Only thinly-disguised by the feathers of our "crow-shade suits" of male or female cut, we are all here—ourselves, our friends, our foes: none of us seems to have escaped the fowling-net. Here are the society folk, the politicians, the critics, the snobs, the Babbits, the members of various "orders," the artists of the Group of Seven, the lawyers, the fundamentalists, even the hen-pecked husbands with their Maggie Jiggs-ian wives.

The snobs are satirized in "The Exclusive Crow":

"The parents of a crow
Of the female gender
To a ladies' school
Decided to send her.

"And she learned at the school
How to turn up her nose,
In a way that was cruel,
At the common-school crows.

"And she grew to think
She was very swell
And that private school crows
Had a sweeter smell.

"But on that day
When the school did close
She had just as many fleas
As the common crows."

"The Titled Crow" is among the cleverest things in the book:

"'Arise, Sir Crow,
Said the Caw-Caw King
To a brave young bird
With a valiant wing.

"But the democratic crows
Said: 'Titles should be banned;
We want no sirs
In a free-crows' land..'

"And a great, stout crow,
With a badge on his breast,
Said: 'All good crows
Should arise and protest.'

"And the bird who thus spoke
Was a democratic Colonel
Who was Grand High Kleagle
Of a lodge supernal.

"And a worshipful, great
Grand Master took a notion
That he'd like to second
The High Kleagle's motion."

On further reflection I have discovered the omission of a couple of crows that I personally would have liked to see included: "The Writer-Crow" and "The Publisher-Crow," but perhaps Mr. MacDonald had his own good reasons for leaving this pair of birds on the wing.

* * *

Drama.

Six Canadian Plays. Edited by H. A. Voaden. (Copp) 60c.

Among the really distinctive Canadian books of the present publishing season is this will-produced book of plays infused with the vigorous outdoor spirit of Canada. These plays are "deliberately Canadian" and in their philosophy of Canadianism they bear a close relationship to the achievements of those of our artists who have painted the north country and other sections of the Dominion so ineluctably identified with the spirit and inate character of Canada. The relationship with Canadian paintings is strengthened by the illustrations in this book, reproductions of canvases by Tom Thomson, Arthur Lismer, Lawren Harris, J. E. H. Macdonald and drawings by Lowrie Warrener.

The editor has written a preface and a stimulating introduction in which he has pointed to the example of the Irish Literary Renaissance and the prophetic achievement of Walt Whitman, making an appeal for Canadian culture and art, and particularly a Canadian theatre and drama, that will reflect our own land and people. He has indicated the directions in which such a Canadian Theatre can progress. In addition to the preface and introduction he has contributed an introductory note to each of the plays, telling about the author and the play. Notes on the staging of the plays are included.

The plays include "The Bone Spoon," by Betti Sandiford; "The Mother Lode," by Archibald Key, "Manitou Portage," by T. M. Morrow; "Lake Dore," by J. E. Middleton; "God Forsaken," by C. E. Carruthers, and "Winds of Life," by Dora Smith Conover.

The Carman Memorial Unveiling

By R. H. HATHAWAY.

BLISS CARMAN—as all will recall to whom the news came as a personal shock—died suddenly on June 8, 1929, in the little Connecticut town of New Canaan, where he had made his home for many years his body being subsequently cremated prefatory to interment in the little cemetery of the church which he had attended. This, although he had left no written instructions on the matter, was in accordance with his frequently expressed wish. He was always modest and unassuming in matters concerning himself, seemingly never having dreamed that there would be any expectation on the part of his fellow-Canadians that his ashes would be buried in his own country. It was, however, only a question of time when they would be brought home, and consequently, in response to a general expression of feeling, the consent of those immediately concerned having been obtained, they were removed to Fredericton, N. B., where the poet was born and spent his formative years, and on August 19th, 1929, following the holding of an impressive memorial service in Christ Church Cathedral, placed in the old family plot in Forest Hill cemetery, overlooking the city.

A movement was set afoot almost immediately thereafter to have the poet's grave suitably marked, and the outcome of this was that Saturday, October 18th, last, saw the unveiling of a memorial, or rather shrine at the grave.

The unveilling ceremony, which took place under a drooping sky and amid a drizzling rain, it seeming almost as if Nature mourned for her dearly loved lost son, was attended by several hundred persons, many of them prominent in various walks of life, and not a few of them being from more or less distant points, such as Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal.

It was a simple, yet impressive, ceremony, and the memory of it will ever remain in the minds of those who attented. .

Dr. Cecil C. Jones, Chancellor of the University of New Brunswick, where Carman was once a student, conducted the proceedings which, owing to the disagreeable weather conditions, took place, not at the graveside, as had been planned, but in a small pavillion near by, in the cemetery grounds.

"We are gathered to-day," said Dr. Jones in beginning his introductory remarks, "to do honor to the foremost poet of Canada. Bliss Carman, whose memory we perpetuate, was chiefly instrumental in founding the Canadian school of literature. It is fitting that his ashes should be rest on this hillside, for his youth and early manhood were spent here in Fredericton. He was a graduate of the 'College on the Hill,' and a pupil of Sir George Foster, who is with us to-day. Carman was a good student, and early showed that he was destined to leau a fine and useful of the interest which the public had taken life."

Dr. Jones, after expressing appreciation in the commemoration of the poet, read a telegram from the Canadian Women's Press Club at St. John, intimating its participation in the spirit of the ceremony.

His Lordship Bishop Richardson, of Fredericton, gave the invocation, after which Dr. Theodore Goodridge Roberts, cousin of the poet, read his fine memorial poem to Carman, beginning:

* * *

In some far green valley of the Hills of Har,
In some such twilight happy poets know—
Of dawn and the soft shining of eve's star
And moonrise and the spent day's afterglow—
He walks—and lo! the quest we thought was done
Starts bright before him as if just begun.

* * *

Sir George E. Foster, who was Professor of Classics at the University of New Brunswick in the late seventies, when Carman was student there, then delivered the dedicatory address.

"It is very fitting," said Sir George in opening, in a voice showing evident signs of emotion, "that the ashes of Bliss Carman should rest in this particular spot, which was the scene of his school and college days. Bliss Carman's poetry was a national, possession its scope surpassing the bounds of locality, and this gave a national interest to the occosion which was not a time for sorrow or to lament the death of the poet, or to chant a requiem, but rather a time for Canadians of like spirit to learn the les-

sons of life as taught in Carman's works.

"Bliss Carman," Sir George continued, "was a man who lived close to nature and had a particular power to understand and express the mysteries of nature and of man's life. He loved beauty and pursued it; he sought to lie close to nature's heart and to translate it. Nature was his study, all the mysteries which belong to nature's life. He has left us his rich thought and a love for the spiritual in man and in nature."

"Carman's life," said Sir George, "was a protest against the grosser materialism of modern civilization," and he declared that by none in this young nation of ours had the battle-cry against gross materialism been sounded more strongly than by Bliss Carman.

"He has sounded the battle-cry that matter is inferior to spirit. This ceremony seems to me to mark a step in advance toward the dominance of the intellectual and the spiritual over the material that we, as a young and growing nation, may learn the lesson he has taught. Canada has been endowed with a noble body and is strong of limb and keen of mind, but if she has no soul within her she will never reach the realization of her people's hopes.

"If we are to attain that end, the achievements of the poet we honor to-day will be contributing factors. It is a strong, virile and homelike expression of thought that Bliss Carman has left us."

Dr. H. V. B. Bridges, principal of the Provincial Normal School and classmate of the poet at the University of New Brunswick, then read the poem "Vestigia," in which Carman expresses his belief in immortality.

Premier J. B. M. Baxter, of New Brunswick, as the proceedings drew to a close, removed the Union Jack which draped the memorial stone, and prayers of dedication were pronounced by the Rev. George Telford, pastor of St. Paul's United Church, Fredericton.

The Memorial is a straight shaft of native New Brunswick granite, eight feet in height, with, on one side, an inset panel of gothic design, based on plans drawn by the poet himself, and on the other a verse from his work. The panel contains a cross, above which are three interlocking circles, bearing the words: "Good," "Truth," and "Beauty," and below the simple inscription: "Bliss Carman, 1861—1929." At the foot of the panel is a desk displaying an open book, and at the base a kneeling bench.

Following is the verse from the poet's writings which is inscribed on the reverse side of the shaft:

"Have little care that life is brief,
And less that art is long.
Success is the silences,
Though fame is in the song."

* * *

Gunner Gunnarsson, the best known of the younger Icelandic novelists, was the guest of honor recently at the P. E. N. Club's dinner at the Cafe Royal in London. The total population of Iceland is about 100,000, considerably less than that of Ottawa. Naturally the livelihood of an author writing in Icelandic is decidedly precarious. For this reason Mr. Gunnarsson changed over to Danish, which gives his work a wide currency in Scandinavia as well as in Canada and in Iceland. Now his books are being translated into German and English. His new novel, "Seven Day's Darkness" is hailed by Rölvaag as worthy of becoming a classic.

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THE COLLECTOR

The autograph manuscript of Rudyard Kipling's famous "Recessional Hymn" was purchased by Gabriel Wells, the New York rare book dealer and collector, at auction in London on November 14th for 650 pounds. The poem, it will be recalled, was written on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887.

* * *

A musty, treasured and hitherto unknown collection of James Boswell's original manuscripts has been recently acquired by Col. Ralph H. Isham, the well-known United States collector, from Lord Talbot De Malahide, a descendant of Boswell, from whom he secured a similar collection in 1927. The papers include 107 pages of the original "Life of Samuel Johnson," the complete original of "A Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," and a projected outline of a biography of Lord Kames. Col. Isham refuses to divulge the price he paid for them, but intimates that the collection may overshadow in value his previous acquisition, which was described by scholars at the time as the find of the century, and which a New York book dealer priced at $80,000.

* * *

Louis Blake Duff, secretary of the Welland Historical Society, intimated at the annual meeting of the organization, held at Welland, that the society's fourth volume will be issued next year. Mr. Duff said that one of the interesting features of the forthcoming volume would be the letters, plans and reports of William Hamilton Merritt, of 1823, the oldest known documents in connection with the construction of the Welland canal. Mr. Duff told the meeting that interest in the work of the Welland County Historical Society had been so widespread that universities in various parts of the United States were now eager to acquire its publications.

* * *

The largest known collection of "horn" books which were used by school children in olden times has been discovered in an old house in the Isle of Wight. It consists of some 50 examples, many of which are believed to date from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. "Horn" books consist, in most cases, of a piece of carved wood with a simple lesson on one side, and were so called because the letters were protected with a strip of horn. Some are made in the form of animals and other figures.

* * *

A. S. W. Rosenbach, the well known Philadelphia book dealer and collector, has given the University of Pennsylvania $20,000 for the establishment of an honorary fellowship in bibliography. The fellowship is believed to be the first in this field established at a university in the United States, and was endowed by Dr. Rosenbach because of his appreciation of the steadily increasing interest in bibliography.

* * *

A letter which was said to be the most important one in existence by Thomas Jefferson, brought $23,000 at auction at the American Art Association—Anderson-Galleries in New York city on Nov. 20, the purchaser being Dr. A. S. Rosenbach. The letter which covers two folio pages, and which was the property of Mrs. Raleigh Minor, of University, Va., is dated July 1, 1776, and is addressed to William Fleming, a lifelong friend of Jefferson's. It tells of the drafting of the Declaration of Indepence, the conspiracy against Washington in New York, and the campaign in Canada, giving in the last connection a discription of the disastrous retreat of the American Army on the St. Lawrence, after the siege of Quebec, and adding: "The fatal sources of these misfortunes have been want of hard money, with which to procure provisions, the ravages of smallpox with which one-half of the army is still down, and an unlucky choice of some officers."

* * *

The largest Jewish library in the world, that of the Jewish Theological seminary of America at Broadway and 122nd Street, in New York city, is now open to the general public. It contains about 84,000 printed books, some of which were published in the fifteenth century, and about 6,000 manuscripts, including some dating from the ninth century. All these books and manuscripts deal with topics relating to Jewish history, ideas and culture. They are written in Hebrew and many other languages beside.

* * *

"The Book-Collector's Quarterly" in England is now to be published by Cassell & Company in co-operation with the First Edition Club of Belford Square, London. This new journal will be "devoted to the interests of those who concern themselves with the production, preservation or study of books."

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This issue of "The Canadian Bookman" will be followed up within the next week with the July issue in the regular form. The present issue serves the double purpose of furnishing an index of the articles appearing in the 1930 issues thus far published and enabling us to publish the regular monthly issues in the first instead of the last week of the month, beginning with the July number.

The co-operation of the contributors and advertisers is earnestly requested with the view to having all future issues of the magazine appear in the first week of the month.

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